

BRITANNIA



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NOVEMBER 23rd, 1928

No. 9.

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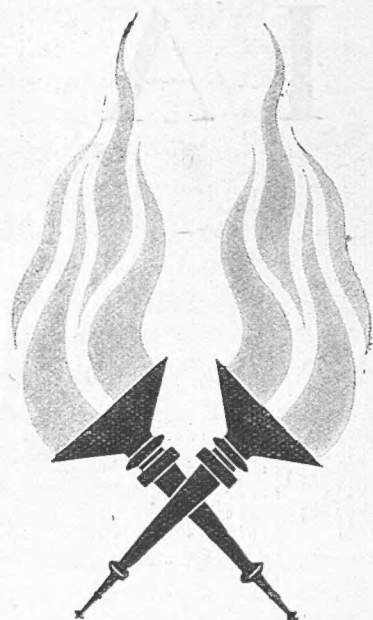
Use

MAZDA

LAMPS



and see things in the right light



THE FLARE *of the* TORCHES

Watchman, What of the Night?

By GILBERT FRANKAU

IT has been suggested by various of those "friends" whom Job knew aforetime, that BRITANNIA has no real policy; and that she is merely out to "knock" everything and everybody.

These and similar criticisms are, of course, inevitable—as inevitable as the fact that, after every war in history, there has followed a period of turmoil during which the lessons of war have been forgotten, and men, discarding their armour, have sought short cuts to the millennium at other people's expense. During such periods, moreover, you will nearly always find patriotism at a discount, clear thinking deprecated, and an almost complete lack of men willing to take the responsibility of saying what they know to be right. A multiplicity of counsels, hardly one of them disinterested, prevail during such periods. Until, at the end of them, a nation either goes under for want of efficient leadership—or, thanks to efficient leadership, emerges clear-eyed and more resolute than ever from its post-war ordeal.

The policy of BRITANNIA, therefore—since who in Great or Greater Britain can doubt that this Empire of ours is undergoing just such a period?—is, and always has been, a clear-eyed resolution to face actual facts. And one of those actual facts, perhaps the most important one, I propose facing to-day.

WE of Great Britain pride, and have long prided ourselves, on a system of Government known as Constitutional Monarchy, which has hitherto worked, taking it by and large, with the most admirable results. Up to 1914, at any rate, the people of these islands enjoyed larger measures of freedom, better health, greater prestige and more prosperity than the inhabitants of any other country in the world. Even admitting that, in the decade prior to 1914, our system of Government was suffering certain shocks—principally the abolition of the power of the House of Lords—the majority was satisfied with it. Our women had no votes. Even the number of our male voters was limited. Democracy—in the sense that our present-day Press and politicians understand and preach democracy—was unknown. Yet we prospered; and prospering, built up an Empire such as the world had never seen.

Then came the War; and if ever a national star shone clear, if ever a national honour was vindicated, it was our star, our honour, during that cataclysm of horror which shook Earth to her foundations and ensanguined all the seas. Our best went to that war. Our best died in it. The rest—after many years—returned; bruised, battered, broken . . . to find the men who had not fought in command.

The situation was an old one—as old as history. Yet complicated, as no other situation in history, by two factors: the growth of British democracy and the growth of international finance.

WITH the question of international finance I do not propose to deal at length in this article. It may be for Earth's ultimate good—because the power of international finance, properly directed, is Earth's best insurance against another holocaust. It may be for Earth's harm—because the power of international finance, in the wrong hands, is a weapon against the freedom of individual nations. But there the thing is—growing, and always growing: so that no one man can, and eventually perhaps no one country will be able to, withstand it. The growth of British democracy, however, with its menace to the freedom of the British individual, is a question of a different order, and one which it behoves every intelligent citizen of our Empire immediately to take into account.

Now, obviously—however much a thinking man may be perturbed about them—it is no use quarrelling with those various extensions of our franchise which have at last culminated in the universal vote. For better or for worse, we are wedded to the full democratic experiment. All that remains to be seen is whether, as a people, we have sufficient balance, sufficient commonsense and sufficient sanity to find us efficient leaders—and, having found such leaders, to follow whither they lead.

FROM 1918 to 1928—let us admit—the democratic experiment, regarded in the light of pure reason, has not been particularly successful. The "land fit for heroes to live in" has not materialised. The "rare and refreshing fruit" is still hanging out of

reach on the branches of that high Utopian tree, "Illusion." A few people of astuteness rather than creative ability have made money. A few trades are flourishing. But for the rest, we have been spending and not saving; cutting into our capital and not increasing it. While our national prestige, our chiefest asset—that asset to preserve which a million of our best paid the death penalty—has declined.

ONE does not write such truths with pleasure. Possibly not with profit. But such truths are better written while the national heart is still in us; while we still have the wit and the courage and the determination to alter them—than afterwards, when it is too late. And having written this truth, not gloomily yet with a full sense of responsibility, I ask BRITANNIA's readers to consider, very carefully, the immediate future of our democratic experiment as it concerns us all.

Prior to 1914, let us remember, we had a limited electorate. That electorate, moreover, was limited in its choice to two parties—the Liberals, who had adopted such cries as "No food taxes," "Chinese slavery," or "Down with the Dukes"; and the Conservatives who, having striven vainly for Imperial Unity under the full Chamberlain programme of Imperial Protection, never invented another cry until they discovered the word "Tranquility," and with it, turned Liberalism out.

Party cries apart, nevertheless, Liberalism and Conservatism were essentially from the same Constitutional stable; until Liberalism, with the connivance of a cowardly House of Lords, sold the pass of law, order, and the validity of social contracts to organised Trade Unionism, and then destroyed the power of that same House of Lords with a cynical effrontery which has no counterpart in the history of our State.

AGAIN, do not let us quarrel with the past. Our Trade Unions, despite the recent legislation, are still outside the laws of contract. Neither they nor their officials can be sued for breaking an agreement. And our House of Lords is a mere debating chamber, with no more control over our national or Imperial destiny than the Urban District Council of Puddleton-on-the-Marsh. These things are so. And only a fool would gainsay them. Our Constitutional safeguards are gone—and a third Party, a Party whose avowed aims are to upset the very plinth of our Constitution, individual liberty under the Crown, is now asking for power from an electorate so vast and so new to the responsibilities of the ballot-box that those whose cry is "Socialism in our time" may not be such criers in the wilderness as those temporarily in authority of them so placidly dream.

ONCE more, let us face facts and not imaginings. Four years ago the people of these islands, seeing that the Liberals they had elected as Anti-Socialists had put Socialism into office, and that the Socialism once in office was coquetting, naturally enough, with Bolshevism, turned out both malefactors

and thrust Conservatism overwhelmingly into power. Conservatism, however, after four years of power (and whether this is Conservatism's fault or misfortune does not affect the issue) has not delivered those goods which the electorate demanded. More steel workers are unemployed. More iron workers are unemployed. More coal miners are unemployed. The cotton trade has not revived. The linen trade is being shot to pieces by foreign competition. Agriculture is languishing. Taxation is still swollen and State expenditure still swelling. Accordingly the electorate—and who shall blame the electorate?—is meditating, if it has not already decided upon, a change.

Already a practised observer can see portents of this change in those organs of public opinion, nominally Conservative, whose ecstatically boomed circulations compel them to jettison principles and go with the tide. Already both oppositions, Liberal and Labour, are plotting the downfall of Conservatism. Already—alas!—certain weaker members of the Conservative Party are saying, "Oh, well, even if they do get in, it can't do much harm."

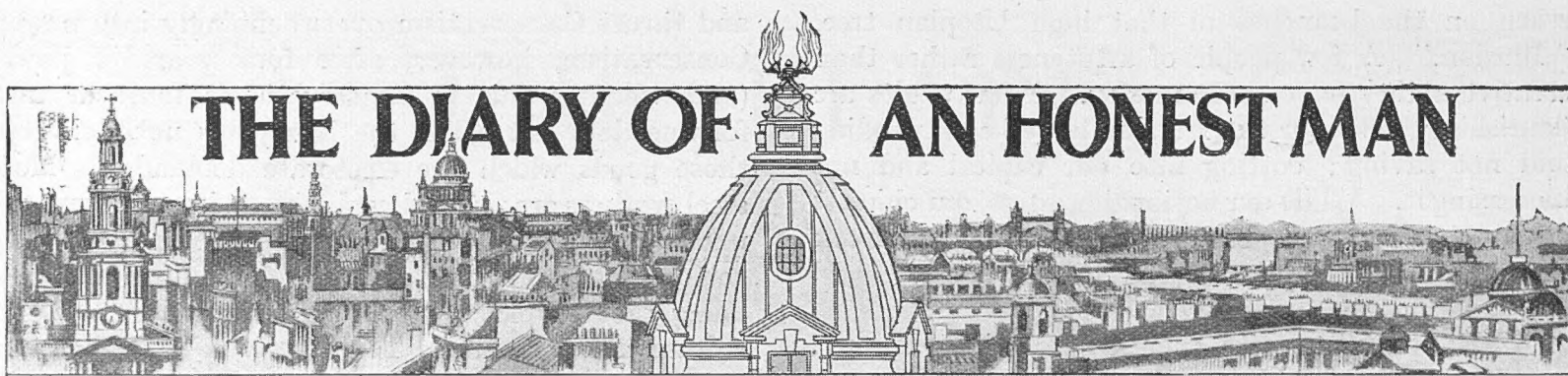
And possibly this is true. Possibly a Liberal-Labour Coalition, or even a very small out-and-out Labour majority cannot, for the moment, do very much harm.

BUT is this the real issue? Do we want negative leaders? Is this Empire of ours to be run on the lines of the old war-time ditty? Are we to go about singing "Another little Government wouldn't do us any harm," with still more steel workers unemployed, and still more iron workers unemployed, and still more coal miners unemployed, and our cotton looms idle, and our linen looms rusting, and our blast-furnaces smokeless, and our fields unharrowed and our crops unsown?

That is the position which may, which almost inevitably must arise, should the next General Election result either in a Free Trade Liberal-Labour Government, or a Free Trade Labour Government, or in that stalemate which the Tadpoles and Tapers of all parties are so merrily prognosticating. It need never arise if Conservatism will grasp the nettle of Safeguarding, with a reasonable programme of Imperial Preference to follow, now.

If only Mr. Baldwin, with his vast personal influence over the electorate, will grasp this nettle with a firm hand; if only the Conservative Party will start, and immediately, to enlighten the workers of this country about the benefits which they will receive under Safeguarding; if only, in fact, there can be resolution where there has been vacillation, and strength where there has been weakness, in the counsels of Conservatism—there will be no stalemate at the next General Election. And no "Socialism in our time" either! Because Socialism at its best is only the last, most miserable experiment of nations who have lost their courage, lost their temper, lost their initiative, and must eventually lose their trade.

Great Britain is not, as yet, at such a pass. Neither must she come to it. Even if the democratic experiment has eventually to go by the board.



Hasty but without Vice.

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE'S celebrated Armistice Day address, in which he announced to the world that the United States was moving forward to the drum-beats of a new destiny, has brought the British Press to their senses. They have at last discovered that when America appears to claim the right to a predominant fleet the thing behind the appearances is nothing more difficult to understand than the reality. She claims predominance because she means to have it.

As *The Times* wisely remarks, the American nation "will take by the building of warships or receive by an agreed limitation the world's acknowledgment of its influence and importance." Europe will not withhold that acknowledgment. Europe, in fact, has infinitely more respect for the drum-beats of a new destiny than for the pact-beats of an old hypocrisy. Judging, however, from the following figures, the drum is beating a little faster than is strictly necessary. In 1913 France was spending £49,000,000 and America £50,000,000 in armaments; in 1925 France was spending £57,000,000 (an increase of 16 per cent.) and America £130,000,000, an increase of 115 per cent. Still, youth was always in a hurry.

A Chance to Show Goodwill.

THE Reparations tangle is nearer solution. Monsieur Poincaré has notified his agreement in principle to the appointment of a Commission of "Independent Experts," as opposed to Government representatives, to recommend a final settlement, and he has also accepted in advance the principle of "Some combination for the mobilisation of German debts and perhaps of Allied debts."

The importance of this lies in the fact that it suggests fixing finally the total of German indebtedness at a figure which Germany can borrow in the world's market.

Times have changed since the fantastic invasion of the Ruhr when black troops poured into Germany to assert the claims of civilisation over "*Kultur*," and a satirist could write without protest in an English newspaper:—

*I met murder on the way,
He had a mask like Poincaré.*

Small men never admit their mistakes. Monsieur Poincaré has admitted his and has given a new hope to Europe. The forthcoming conference, he has declared, "will not fail through any fault of France's." The issue now lies with America. Will the authors of the Kellogg Pact accept German bonds in payment of the interest on American loans to France. It is an interesting test of "Goodwill."

Rye.

WE sometimes use the word "hero" too lightly, but not so in the case of the crew of the Rye lifeboat who lost their lives last week. This crew, like other lifeboat crews, had exercised their privilege of choosing the type of boat which they would have and had chosen the non-self-righting type, not because it was safer, but because on account of local conditions it was more quickly launched. The disaster

will strike, perhaps, a final blow at what remained of the once famous Rye Fishing Fleet. But, at least, that tiny fleet preserved its traditions to the end.

A Film to See.

"IT was a real pleasure," says the *Sunday Worker*, "to see *Soviet Russia To-day* (the film belonging to the Friends of Soviet Russia), shown in the Co-operative Hall, Tooting, last week." "The place," says the writer, "was packed, largely with women and children." What the film was packed with is not disclosed.

A Great Reform Bill.

MR. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN'S Local Government Reform Bill is the most important piece of constructive legislation introduced since the War. It is a national not a party measure, by which I mean that its passage, which is assured, will do infinite good to the country and none whatever to Conservative candidates at the next election.

Amid a welter of legislation designed to bribe the electorate, this measure stands out as a bold and honourable exception. When we read, as we shall, that it is unpopular, we shall know why. There are three points which I should like to make clear. The first is that the Government Derating Scheme is merely the occasion for this Reform Bill. The two have no necessary connection. The second is that the length and complexity of the Bill are due not to the changes which it introduces but to the complications and anomalies of the system which it supplants. The third is that the Bill deals not with the politics of the parish pump but with the greatest political issue of our time; the limitation, control and administration of expenditure on public assistance.

Poor Law and Highways.

THE principal administrative changes in England are the abolition of Boards of Guardians (though the existing personnel will remain to form consultative committees); the transfer of the financial responsibility for the administrative control of Poor Law Relief to County Councils and County Boroughs, and the transfer of Highway Administration, with certain exceptions, to the same bodies. The same broad principle justifies and requires both changes. The fewer the number of authorities the better their personnel and the better their administrative staff. Above all, the new authorities are responsible to an electorate representing all interests.

The argument which will be used against this is that most men have not got time to serve on County Councils, and that the dice are thus being loaded against the very men who know best the real needs of the poor.

The Case for Reform.

There are two answers to this, both of which will be unpopular and both of which are unanswerable. The first is that it is not the poor man, but the busy man, who cannot serve

on the County Council, and that if the electorate in its wisdom places vast powers and the control of vast sums in the hands of local bodies—the amount spent by local authorities last year was twice as great as the entire national expenditure under Mr. Gladstone—the days when local administration can be left to very busy men are past. The second answer is that the needs of the poor are less important than the needs of those people, still, thank God, in a majority, who are in work, but will not long remain in work unless due economy is exercised in local as in national administration.

Moaning at the Bar.

TWO grave complaints of sex discrimination are made in the *Daily News* and the *Daily Herald*. The first is upset because two women were refused cocktails in an hotel, and the second because women barristers are being refused briefs.

These are clear cases, say our contemporaries, of sex discrimination. Our contemporaries are wrong. These are simply cases of discrimination. Whether they are wisely exercised is beside the point. The right to discriminate is precisely what we mean by our freedom (now that women by surrendering their privileges have conferred it on us), and we intend to keep it. On the whole we are grateful to them.

Labour, Prohibition, and Revolution.

FOUR prominent members of the Labour Party, including Mr. Philip Snowden and Mr. William Graham, have thought it wise to telegraph to New Zealand recommending the inhabitants of that Dominion to "Vote in favour of the total prohibition of the liquor traffic." The Prohibition Vote is evidently not one which the Labour Party is prepared to lose.

I commend to their attention the judgment of a member of their Party whose services place him above parties and enmities. "Lenin," says Mr. Henry W. Nevins in his reminiscences, "did not realise that nothing would stir the British working man to bloody revolution but starvation and prohibition."

It is a wise saying. Significance lies in the fact that Mr. Maxton's policy will give us the first of the aids to revolution and Mr. Snowden's policy will give us the second. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald will give us only a little of either, but the answer to that is, that a little revolution goes a long way.

Germany's Army.

AN interesting commentary on Mr. Lloyd George's recent speeches is provided by Professor J. H. Morgan's letter in *The Times* at the end of last week. The Germans, he pointed out, can already and without having broken the disarmament provisions of the Treaty of Versailles, put 874,000 trained men in the field. This is because although their Army is the smallest by far of any of the (once) great Powers, she has adopted a short service system which accumulates reservists rapidly.

Professor Morgan also points out that Germany's expenditure in guns, munitions and equipment is to-day just twice our own, though the strength of our army is 50 per cent. greater than the "Treaty" strength of Germany's. These facts expose the incredible levity of the attack on French militarism. In the face of these facts the reduction of the French period of service to one year is a bold and generous action.

English Crews For English Ships.

THE loss of the *Vestris* should shock the conscience of this country. Happily there is no word of truth, as is now admitted, in the singularly base insinuations of cowardice or inefficiency on the part of the British seamen involved in the disaster. That the breakdown of discipline among the native crew was largely responsible is, however, undeniable, and it will be recalled that this is not the first occasion on which lives have been lost on British ships from this cause.

In the case of the *Vestris* there is evidence not only of indiscipline but of faulty seamanship on the part of the crew. It is a matter which reflects on our good name all over the world, and Englishmen will expect that the privilege of flying the British flag will be conceded less lightly in the near future. There are occasions when Governments cannot interfere too quickly. In this matter interference is overdue.

Equality.

AN International Education Society has been formed to circulate on gramophone records and otherwise the lectures of great thinkers of the day. In this way, it is claimed, future generations will be able to hear the lectures of dead professors.

This is true democracy. At present people who want to do this have to go to Oxford or Cambridge.

Foolish Wickedness.

THE Commintern or Communist International have decided to organise committees of negroes and other native races in America, South Africa and the British West Indies, with a view to working up unrest which can be exploited in the interests of Communism. Similar attempts have already been made in this country, through the "Workers' Welfare League of India" which collected £442 5s. 2d. in aid of the strikers in Bombay.

The policy of fomenting and subsidising strikes in countries which are faced (for good or ill, but quite irremediably) by a "colour" question, is however not one which can be excused as being non-political. To credit such an excuse we have to attribute to those behind the scenes at 162, Buckingham Palace Road (which is not only the address of the Workers' Welfare League, but of the Labour Research Department) an ignorance of human nature which they do not possess.

The Commintern are, as usual, more straightforward. Not only are they not ignorant but they do not pretend to be. They know precisely what they want, which is a racial rising leading to that chaos in which Communist minorities get their chance. I do not attach the slightest importance to their activities; but they are dangerous to foolish people who pretend that they do not exist.

Lords and Commons.

LORD BUCKMASTER is to move a resolution in the House of Lords deploring that nothing has been done to prepare that august assembly—by reforming it—for the contingency of a change of Government. I have little sympathy with this attitude. If this country returns a violently Socialistic Government it returns it to power, not to impotence. If an electoral freak enables a

minority Government to seize the reins of power, it is the fact that they are a minority in the country which will be decisive. In neither case will the House of Lords decide the issue.

Finally, if it were to prove that the House of Commons had become incapable of governing the country, the only honest course would be to reform the House of Commons openly, not to try and nullify its activities indirectly. It is the doctrine that the power of majorities is absolute that is the trouble. So long as the people are taught by men of all parties to accept this as gospel, the House of Lords, however constituted, will be powerless against a popularly elected House of Commons. To pretend otherwise is to deceive ourselves.

Bona-Fide Students.

LADY WESTMORLAND pleads with the Government to enable us to enjoy our museums. I agree with her. Our museums are the finest in the world, and as certain a cure for foolish ideas about the past as any in the world. But as regards present needs they are sadly defective. Selfridge's or Harrods realise that they have so much to show their customers that unless they let them sit down and have a comfortable meal they will never stay to see all that there is. The Office of Works who house collections a thousand times more valuable, and whose business it is to encourage visitors, have not yet made the same discovery.

Here is another chance for Sir Lionel Earle. Let him win the tender heart of the Home Secretary and amend the laws as applied to museums to provide suitable facilities for *bona-fide students*, a much more deserving class than the once privileged *bona-fide traveller*. Then our museums will be filled once more. Of course, cocoa could also be provided for students of comparative sociology.

Professors Prefer Negritos.

PROFESSOR ELLIOT SMITH has taken up the cudgels in *The Times* in defence of man. The pugnacity of man, he says, is an acquired vice. Primitive man was a gentle being. Our conscientious contemporary, the *Daily Herald*, is delighted with this "discovery."

The Professor's logic and the *Daily Herald's* jubilation are equally interesting. The few primitive peoples whom we can study to-day are, according to the theory: (a) gentle, and (b) uncivilised. Therefore, says the Professor, it is false to claim that man is naturally pugnacious. If the Professor is right the only possible deduction would be that man had to lose his gentleness in order to become civilised. Personally if I had to choose between war and a reversion to the "gentle" culture of the negritos of the Congo, I should prefer war. Happily there is no reason to take so gloomy a view. When we find a theory which leads to the view that "it is civilisation itself which is responsible for savagery" we have clearly got to choose quickly between the theory and civilisation. I do not find it difficult to choose. I hate theories and confess, not being a professor, to some admiration for the artistic achievements of mankind.

God and Mr. Shaw.

"ENLIGHTENED" people are beginning to attack the Armistice Day ceremonial and the religious services held in commemoration of the end of the War. Mr. Bernard Shaw in particular has described one particular service as "wickedly blasphemous."

His point is a very old one. To offer thanks to God for victory is he thinks to treat God as if he were an Englishman and to assume that our enemies were God's enemies. Age has not deprived this argument of its lack of fragrance. We do not thank God for our follies or crimes but for our escape from their consequences. We do ask for a blessing on our

institutions and the symbols and instruments of their authority, not because we are perfect but because we are not.

"Let us auspicate all our public proceedings," said Edmund Burke, on a memorable occasion, "with the ancient warning of the Church, *sursum corda*." That was not only better theology but better citizenship than Mr. Bernard Shaw's contribution to present-day discussion. Loyalty is an ineradicable human even if not Shavian instinct. The task of a Christian society is to see that it is used to good purpose.

Oxford Again.

KING GEORGE of Greece has taken up the cudgels in defence of "athletic" as opposed to "aesthetic" education at the Oxford Union. Naturally on that forcing ground for new fallacies he was defeated. The tide is turning against sport. Young men talk more volubly to-day of complexes and complexions than of hunting and shooting. Oxford, as usual, leads the way.

I have often wondered what dishonest but ingenious propagandist invented the story that Oxford was the home of Lost Causes. In the nineties it was yellow. In the nineteenth hundreds it was blue. In the great days of Liberalism, it was Liberal; the rising tide of Labour sees it going red. The fault, of course, is the ridiculous susceptibility of the Don to the influence of the Undergraduate.

Thieves Actual and Potential.

AN hotel thief pleading guilty at the Old Bailey last week explained that he had adopted his profession because stealing from hotel bedrooms "seemed to be the least shameful form of law-breaking . . . it seemed to be the most wholesome and gentlemanly." Actuated by these ideals, he asked for another chance. Why the man who fails in the criminal profession should be allowed to start in another profession at the public expense was happily no more clear to the Recorder than it is to me.

As Mr. Edgar Wallace pointed out the other day, however, it is an invariable assumption of criminals that they are more entitled to sympathy than an honest man. It is a view shared by many prison-reformers. Their motive is in some cases less unselfish than appears.

Labour's Policy.

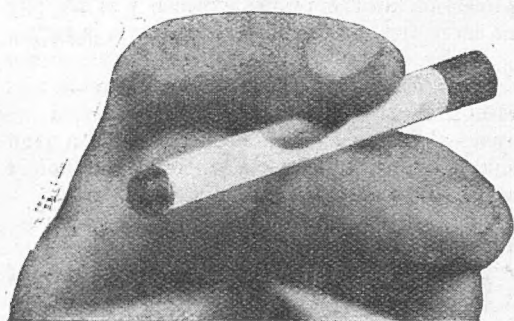
THE Opposition view on questions of economy is revealed by the debate on the Unemployment Insurance Bill. Miss Susan Lawrence voiced the policy of the Labour Party when she suggested from her place on the front Opposition bench that, instead of playing about with "the cumbersome and lengthy process of lightening the burden of industry by the De-rating Scheme," the twenty-four million pounds earmarked for this should be paid immediately into the Unemployment Insurance Fund for reduction of contributions and increase of benefits.

Mr. Shaw, Minister of Labour in the late Labour Government, had previously made a bitter attack on the 1927 Act which lays down that after next April no one can claim benefit unless he has paid thirty contributions in the preceding two years, i.e., unless he has got thirty stamps on his card out of a possible 104. In other words, the thin pretence at present maintained that Unemployment Insurance Benefits are related to the contributions of the insured, is to be swept away, and a vast cash subsidy is to be paid.

His Majesty's Opposition are, however, wise in their generation. They understand full well how invidious and unpleasant it is for people who—if only by their own exertions—are tolerably well off, to call for a cessation of the policy of bribing the electorate.

"SAMUEL JOHNSON."

"Never let
smoking
give you
a sore throat."



Remember!
there's always
Craven "A"

★ Every modern scientific invention known to this generation (Air Conditioning Plant, Dust extractors, etc.) has been installed in Carreras New Wonder Factory to ensure that the 100% Virginia Tobacco used in Craven "A" comes to you Pure, Fresh, Perfect to the Palate and above all, Unvarying

CRAVEN "A"

CORK-TIPPED VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

The Only Cigarettes Made Specially to Prevent Sore Throats

20 FOR 1/-. CARRERAS LTD. 140 YEARS' REPUTATION FOR QUALITY

SPEAKING INTERNATIONALLY



H.R.H. Prince Nicholas of Greece.

ON pages 240 and 241 of his first volume of *Memoirs*, Prince Nicholas writes: "My poor father (George I of Greece) lay lifeless on the bed . . . and never shall I forget the hushed silence. The Foreign Consuls arrived to offer their sympathy, and to them it was impossible to say more than 'thank you.' And as I sat almost choking for want of breath Crawford Price—the correspondent of 'The Times,' who had been so helpful to me in many ways—came and offered me his kind services. It was he who wrote for me the English telegrams addressed to many relations. Whatever may be the reason for this kind friend changing his sentiments towards King Constantine and the dynasty, I cannot help, even to-day, expressing a feeling of the deepest gratitude for what he did in my moments of deep sorrow. 'A friend in need is a friend indeed.' Crawford Price was a friend in these days, and I am still grateful."*

These, indeed, be *Memoirs* to stir up sad Memories. Only a week before the tragedy, King George, rejoicing in the capture of Janina by his son Constantine and the consequent welding (so long delayed) of the dynasty and the people, had turned to me at luncheon and exclaimed: "This is the proudest moment of my life." Alas! how fleeting a happiness. Seven days later, almost to the hour, he walked by my garden in Salonica, parried a few words in Greek with my little son, and passed on to meet death at the hand of an assassin. The first ruler of modern Greece had gone to his Maker. We saw him next as he lay in splendid state, guarded by sailors of the British Fleet, of which he was an Admiral. And on March 25th, 1913, as a sorrowing veil drew over the eastern sun, the royal yacht, with its mournful burden and imposing escort of foreign warships, rode out across the placid waters of the gulf and disappeared, phantom-like, into the Aegean mist.

Thus passed a good King, an adored ruler, a beloved parent and a perfect gentleman.

The Night of the Tragedy.

The night of the tragedy itself still lingers with me as one of the most poignant episodes of an eventful career. I knew that a summons might come, and about ten o'clock, amidst a deathly silence, Prince Nicholas' Cretan servant announced that his royal master requested my presence. And together we talked, not of the material dead, but of the spiritual living, not of the majesty of earthly thrones but of the glory of God and His eternal creation, until, as dawn broke upon the broken-hearted Prince and his eyelids drooped with sorrow and fatigue, I left him to rest awhile 'ere he faced the burden of the morrow.

Such relationships, like the trials of war and the travesty of peace (for of real peace there then was none), bring men very close together. We had much, very much, in common, and I shall ever feel that only the barrier of rank

prevented what might otherwise have been the greatest friendship of my life. Nicholas would never, perhaps, have been counted amongst the great ones of this world. There was nothing about him of the cave man, the iron hand, the ruthless soldier, politician, statesman or ruler.



King Constantine during the Second Balkan War.

Rather was he soulful, kindly, artistic, sentimental, a deep thinker, and above all else lovable—talents that store up treasure in heaven. And if the war with its repercussions conspired to sever our friendship, I would have him know that its sad events have not changed my sentiments towards him or the dynasty to which he belongs.

A Great, Human Story.

Our differences were occasioned by questions of national (and international) policy with which the political chapters of the Prince's two volumes deal at some length. Although their arguments are necessarily somewhat one-sided, they constitute the fairest statement of the case that has yet been published. They should certainly be read and studied by all who are interested in the history of the Great War, and, for that matter, by those who are not. For there is here a great, human story—the story of a King who, acting in what are regarded as the best interests of his people, declined to face

inexorable facts, and, in consequence, was forced to abdicate and died of a broken heart. In the process he was misunderstood, mis-trusted and cruelly reviled.

A Divided Nation.

It is impossible, in the space of a brief article, seriously to discuss the vast issue which Prince Nicholas again raises in these pages. What dictated the inaction of Greece? Different causes at different times. On the occasion of the attack on the Dardanelles it was the faulty strategy and unpreparedness of the Allies, and few to-day would hold that Constantine was not justified in his opposition to that terrible misadventure. Then the King and Venizelos fell out, and the Allies, to their lasting discredit, took sides in what should have remained a purely domestic conflict. Thus Greece became divided into Royalists and Venizelists, with Germany backing one faction and the Entente the other. Perhaps against his will Constantine was drawn into the vortex of party politics, surrounded by a clique who were anti-Entente because they were anti-Venizelist—men who plainly saw that the entry of Greece into the war would mean the loss of position, power and profit. And when France finally took over the control of Entente policy their only hope of personal salvation lay in a German victory.

Blunders of the Entente.

Meantime, Entente "diplomacy" contrived to commit every conceivable blunder. It lost control of the Athenian Press for the sake of a few thousand pounds; it offered the territory of Hellas as a bribe to her hereditary enemies; it starved and humiliated the population; it bombarded the defenceless royal buildings; it imported a horde of secret service officials who inflicted gratuitous suffering upon innocent suspects and justified themselves by flooding the Allied and neutral countries with fantastic inventions. Oh, that secret service! The French agents were positively wicked. The British, with a novelist and a playwright as first and second in command, enacted the most ridiculous farce that it has ever been my misfortune to witness.

A German Victory.

For their part, the Germans played a rotten game with less venom and a greater sense of dignity. On the occasion of King Constantine's birthday in 1916, when British hearts were rent with disaster on land and sea, the monarch rode to the Cathedral through serried ranks of cheering citizens. Then comparative silence until the German Minister, seated in a magnificent automobile, and surrounded by resplendent officers with flashing helmets, received the plaudits of the crowd. "Parathesis (money)," whispered sympathetic hotel servants. Possibly. Yet one felt a deep sense of natural humiliation as the British Minister went by alone in an old, disreputable horse-drawn cab hired from a rank at 2d. a mile, with not a cheer to speed him on his way. The Germans had won a notable victory in Greece.

* *My Fifty Years*. By Prince Nicholas of Greece. Hutchinson. 21s.

Political Memoirs. By Prince Nicholas of Greece. Hutchinson. 24s.

IN THE PILLORY

Being a record, with some comments, of things said, wisely and otherwise, by the celebrities, notorieties, and nonentities, of our day.

Said:

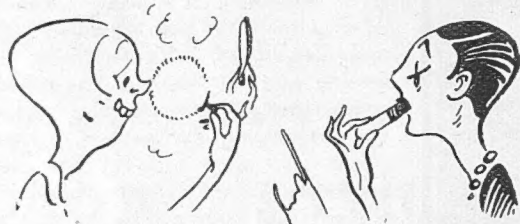
HM King George of Greece.

Nothing more distinguishes English citizens than their independence at home and their effrontery and cheek abroad.



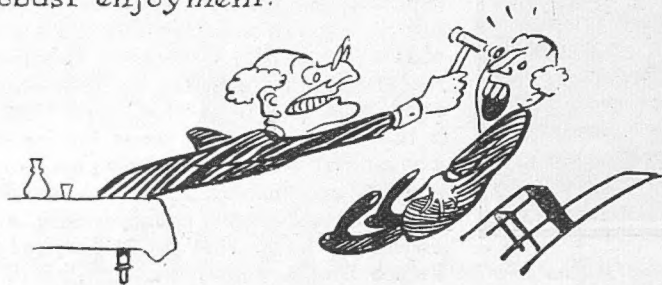
Miss Rosita Forbes.

In this shorn and naked year, girls can depend on no advantages except those with which nature has vastly endowed them.



Sir Edward Parry:

Even bishops have their hobbies, and two or three gathered together in congress can spend a lot of time hammering each other about rituals and rubrics with manifestly robust enjoyment.



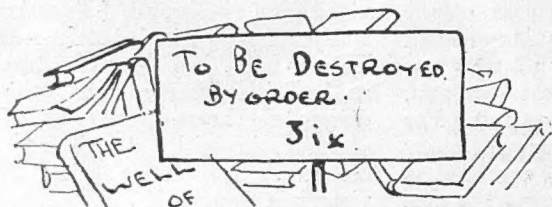
Newspaper headline:

Speed limit of "Local Bodies"

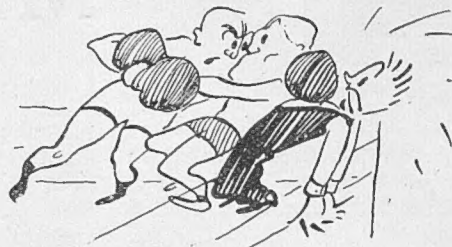


Miss Viola Tree.

Work is ruining our Sex.

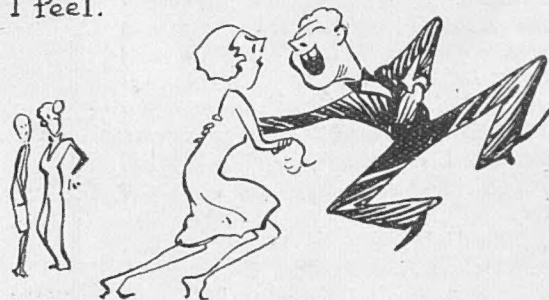


Mr. Bernard John Angle, the famous referee
A referee's place is not in the ring.



Correspondent in a Sunday Paper

I decline to indulge in the unvarying, monotonous business of sliding forward, one foot after the other. I introduce steps and movements, attuned to the music and gaiety I feel.



Mr. George Malcolm Thomson:

The Scot carries his country about with him.



Miss 'Vi' Loraine.

Then will come the first cue ... I shall take the reins between my teeth and go all out to win a good race.



Mr. Baldwin

I would gyrate rather than stagnate.



D'Ermine.

THE WEEK IN THE DOMINIONS

THE Parliamentary anvil has not emitted many illuminating sparks these last days. Mr. Wheatley, who, as an M.P., costs the country £400 a year, invited the nation, according to *The Times* account, "to consider all expectations of any good results from Empire settlement as humbug." Mr. Ramsay MacDonald cheered all migration workers by the assurance that emigration had a very limited value for the easement of unemployment.

WISDOM at WESTMINSTER

By J. SAXON MILLS

Mr. Lloyd George thought we ought to borrow 200 million pounds. What for? For developing the latent resources of our tropical colonies so as to provide new and extended markets for our British products or for financing migration schemes? Nothing of the sort. Just for tinkering with the roads of this land, to enable the towns to slop over into the country, thus diminishing our small agricultural acreage, making us more dependent on the foreigner for food and restricting the area of the healthiest employment.

Yorkshire Sense.

And then people complain because on a general view I say there is no statesmanship in our professional politicians.

But there is at any rate one intelligent gentleman in the House who knows that to leave the Empire out of English politics is not only to belie all our history, but to renounce the advantages our forebears won for us. I mean Mr. Robert Geoffrey Ellis, M.P. for Wakefield.

He provided the following little oasis in a wilderness of words: "If in the future arrangements were going to be made for emigration, some effort should be made to take it on a much larger scale than at present."

"What he would like to see was that if our Colonies (Dominions, rather, Mr. Ellis) were not prepared to take a larger part in that distribution of population which was essential if the Empire was to continue to exist, we should take it into our own hands as a nation and try to get them to give us some portion of their territory for us to deal with in our way."

And a much better way, too, of spending some of the 200 millions than setting our workless workers to make roads that are not wanted.

Bear and Southern Cross.

Those who are wondering what the general election is going to bring to England should note the New Zealand election results. New Zealand is a sort of Great Britain in miniature.

There is a Conservative or Reform party under Mr. Coates which corresponds to our Conservatives under Mr. Baldwin. The United party under Sir Joseph Ward answers to our Liberals under Mr. Lloyd George, but is rather bigger.

Then there is a Labour party in both places, both keen as mustard on nationalisation, but differing about some other matters such as the tariff, the New Zealand comrades being more strongly protectionist than our own. I just note, too, that the New Zealand Labourites look rather askance on immigration.

And there are other similarities. Mr. Coates, like our Mr. Baldwin, has been basking in the sunshine of an enormous majority—56 out of 80 in the House of Representatives.

But now at these elections, quite unexpectedly, this huge predominance has melted like a snowball in the said sunshine and a welter of confusion remains.

The query is—Who is to form a government, and where is he to fish for and catch a majority? Are Conservatives and Liberals going to coalesce, or will the Liberals approach the

Labourites? Or perhaps Mr. Coates will advise another election.

In Australia.

The Australian elections also provide a warning of the tendency of big majorities to melt. Mr. Bruce was returned in 1925 by the biggest ever attained. He comes back with diminished battalions, though it is satisfactory that he does come back with a majority which enables him to carry on. Let us hope he will hurry up the research and preparation work of the Development Commission so that a new and steady stream of British immigration may set in and Australia be gradually relieved of the dangers to which her scanty population holds her exposed.

Bad Weather.

The constitution has crashed, as ours may easily crash next June. For that system of responsible parliamentary government of which we Britons are so pathetically proud, and which we think will suit all conceivable conditions, is indeed excellent in every respect but one—it won't work in the modern world. It asks two clear-cut parties and no more, whereas the two-party arrangement tends to disappear everywhere. Next June may show us here also the weakness of this great British invention.

An Impasse.

I am only expressing a private and personal view in a more or less free country, but I have always thought that the policy of cutting Ireland into two parts and converting the Southern half into a practically independent State, almost within swimming distance of our own shores, argued some mental deficiency in its authors. God and nature intended Ireland to be one, and the same authorities also ordained that the British Islands should be under one political constitution, whether federal or unitary. The present system is a weakness to these islands and consequently to the Empire of which they are the heart and centre.

It might have been expected that the Free State would abide by the extremely few conditions of British unity she accepted when she got her status. Yet she now repudiates the authority of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, the supreme Court of Appeal for the overseas Empire. She agreed to submit to that august body for the second time the question of compensation for British civil servants retired as a result of the change in Irish government. The Judicial Committee has just given its decision and reaffirmed the original finding of an Irish Court.

And now upstarts Mr. Blythe, Finance Minister of the Free State, and flatly defies the ruling of the Privy Council, as well as Article X of the Irish Treaty. Judgment or no judgment, he blithely exclaims, he will not pay a penny more. What cares he for law and solemn treaties or official responsibility? Not a penny more. Yet the Judicial Committee is an organ of that Dominion system to which the Irish Free State belongs. The result is deadlock, and not the last, I fancy, to take place if this spirit prevails among Irish Ministers.

Craftsmen Also.

I am not going to dispute that the main job for the Dominions is to develop their primary resources. They rightly give the first place to land settlement. All the migration schemes

and all the assisted passages are on that basis. But what about the other sort of folks—

craftsmen, technicians, artisans and other workmen who are apt to get rutted in this country and would like also to bear a hand in the working

out of the economic future of the Dominions?

Is there no room for this sort of migrant? Surely all this steady agrarian development must be bringing along the other industries—mining, lumber, engineering, manufacturing of all kinds. And this must in turn create new work and wage for young men brought up in such crafts.

Mr. Egan, Canadian Deputy Minister for Immigration, has, I notice, been in Berlin shepherding the migrants from the Fatherland. Considering the comparative numbers of Britons and foreigners who have been passing the turnstiles into Canada, I look rather jealously on that sort of activity. But what said Mr. Egan to the Teutons? "Apart from agricultural workers, who are always welcome, Canada particularly wants artisans, engineers, doctors and veterinary surgeons. Our experience with German emigration has been encouraging; in fact we would willingly have seen more Germans come into Canada in recent years. Our land is thinly populated and there is plenty of room for young and hard-working people."

The Briton's Right.

Thus Mr. Egan. May I boldly assume that the British engineer, doctor, etc., will also be welcome as well as the Prussian? I note that Lord Lovat, when in Canada, suggested that 8,000 nominations might be obtained next year through the voluntary migration agencies for non-agricultural openings, and that 3,000 specially selected men might be helped out and over with favourable chances of making good.

Did somebody say there was unemployment in Canada? If I believed that I should also have to believe that Canadian statesmen are as odd a lot as ours. What is much more likely to be true is that foreign countries, especially the United States, are supplying and intending to supply capital, enterprise, management and labour for Canada's immeasurable developments. I think the Briton ought to have the lion's share in providing the help that Canada will require for these purposes. But, then, I am rather old fashioned.

The Empire for Pleasure.

I wish more Britons who annually dodge the winter would take refuge in some of the halcyon climes of the Empire instead of on foreign Rivas. It may be inevitable that the people of the United States should appreciate the Bermuda Isles with their coral-tinted waters, their sea-gardens and their refreshful immunity from the motor-car, as well as the inexhaustible beauties of the West Indies, better than the *populus imperator* which owns these Paradises.

But a great increase in British patronage is desirable and does not come along because we have never begun to realise our Empire's resources in climate and scenery as well as in material wealth. I believe the nearest approach to climatic perfection in the world may be found in the Cayman Islands, west of Jamaica, of which most of their owners have never heard.

And then what delights, while Britain is lost in fog and frost and rain, can compare with a South African summer? The Cape Peninsula is as colourful and voluptuous as any Riviera of Europe, and has a hinterland of unexampled originality, charm and "refitting" power. True, these Paradises are far away. But space is ever shrinking.

THE WEEK ON WINGS

NEXT YEAR'S AERO SHOW By E. M. ROSSITER

WILL next year's Aero Show at Olympia be a popular attraction? The Society of British Aircraft Constructors (for short the S.B.A.C.) have come to the conclusion that the public interest in flying is strong enough to justify them in holding a show without the assistance of a Government subsidy and have fixed the date for July 16th—27th next.

In order to add to the attractiveness of the occasion, particularly to foreign visitors, the Air Ministry has arranged to alter the date of the Royal Air Force Display so that it takes place on the Saturday before the Tuesday on which the show is opened.

A Question of Faith.

At the present stage of aviation the expense of exhibiting aircraft is generally out of all proportion to the possible returns, and the motive behind most aero shows is mainly national prestige. This is recognised in other countries by the payment of Government grants to help defray the losses. Therefore, when the S.B.A.C. asked the Government to support them by means of a guaranteed fund, they had strong grounds on which to base their request, the more so because they could claim that the cost of aircraft supplied to the Government would be reduced as the result of a larger output.

The Air Ministry was sympathetic, but not so the Treasury. Faced with a refusal of Government backing, other than of a moral kind and the organisation of an official exhibit, the S.B.A.C. might have been tempted to throw up the scheme.

Fortunately, they decided to back their faith in the support of the public and went ahead with their plans. So it is up to everyone interested in aviation to help in making the show a success on its own financial bottom.

Cheaper Lightplanes?

The organisers will be wise if they make civil aircraft the chief feature of the show. People want to see machines they can fly in themselves. Popular interest will undoubtedly be centred on the light aeroplane and the possibilities of a price cut that will bring flying still more within the compass of the ordinary man's pocket.

At £650, the Gipsy-Moth or the Avro Avian is already cheaper to buy and cheaper to run than a first-class car, and with production increasing at its present rate the price must undoubtedly fall still lower. The £500 two-seater lightplane is coming into view, and if it is not at Olympia next July, what we shall see there will be very much nearer to it than seemed possible even a few months ago. The Gipsy-Moth is already being built at the rate of 40 machines a month and the rate is continuously growing.

Incidentally, it is of interest that a German owner-pilot, Baron Koenig, has just flown from Berlin to India, via Russia and Persia, in a Klemm-Daimler light aeroplane costing £400 and powered with an engine of only 20 h.p. As this machine does 40-45 miles to the gallon of petrol, this must surely be the cheapest passage from Europe to India ever made.

The £300 Lightplane.

There are three new kinds of light aeroplanes which people would like to see at Olympia next year, in addition to the existing types.

Firstly, a light single seater—the motor-cycle of the air, selling at £300 or under. A design has been worked out and is here illustrated in outline in comparison with the standard Moth. Now that there is a large

and growing band of young men who have learned to fly at the Clubs, of whom the majority cannot yet afford to buy and run their own two-seater, there is a distinct opening for a smaller machine, which, with an engine of 30-40 h.p., would give them their flying at about half the cost. The single-seater lightplane is not a new idea; but when the competition for such machines was held at Lympne some years ago the demand for them did not exist and there was no incentive to study the design from the standpoint of the owner-pilot.

Secondly, there should be a British light aeroplane on American "cabin-monoplane"

pay for comfort. This class of machine would, moreover, have a special appeal in Canada, where the intense cold in winter makes a cabin machine something more than a luxury.

A Baby Flying Boat.

The third type is a light flying boat, which would without a doubt be an attractive and useful type both in this country and in many parts of the Empire. It seems to me that the time is not far distant when all those people who keep a yacht or a cabin-cruiser around the coasts will either possess a baby seaplane or hanker to buy one.

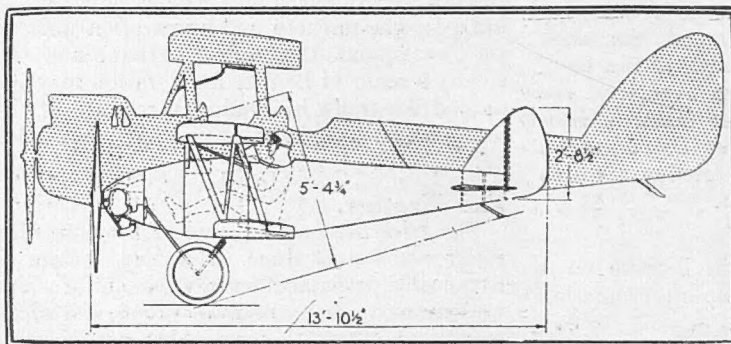
For the really wealthy private-owner who can afford to fly in style there will have to be eventually a light three-engined aeroplane. This machine is not a light aeroplane at all in the accepted meaning of the words, but it will be fitted with three air-cooled 85 h.p. engines of the kind used in light aeroplanes. Such a machine, capable of carrying three or four passengers, is rumoured to be actually in course of construction and may be shown at Olympia. It is not, however, intended primarily for private flying, but for commercial service—air taxi, air survey and possibly regular air transport on the smaller routes of the Empire.

The "Slot" Farce.

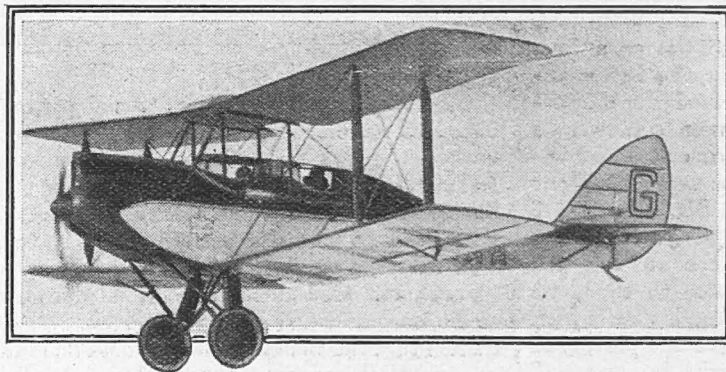
In the interests of safety, all of these machines ought to be fitted with automatic wing slots. There is a curious controversy raging on this question of slots. Those who should have the greatest incentive to encourage the use of safety devices appear to be the least in favour of the invention. Yet it is acknowledged that 80 per cent. of flying accidents are caused by "stalling" the machine, and it is not seriously disputed that the automatic wing slots do in fact remove the worst dangers of a stall. The trouble is said to be that inexperienced pilots

will persist in flying "on their slots" as a reckless motorist drives "on his brakes." But it is farcical to argue on that account that the whole idea of the slots is a snare and delusion.

But no pilot except a test-pilot should fly machines fitted with slots alternately with machines not fitted, especially in public transport flying. If, for example, Imperial Airways, Ltd., take slotted aircraft into service, the whole fleet should be converted to slots simultaneously. The present controversy over slots is the outcome of half-measures and it will only be ended by having them all round, or abolishing them altogether—which is unthinkable.



"The Motor Cycle of the Air"—a design has been worked out for a single-seater lightplane to sell at about £300. For comparison of size, a standard Moth is shown in shadow. (By courtesy of "Flight.")



The Coupé-Moth.



A new lightplane—The Koolhoven "Sports-coupé" flying at Croydon.

lines, built to carry two people as well as the pilot in decent comfort. Flying will never make a great appeal among people who are accustomed to the luxury of a good car until they get proper comfort in the air, in addition to speed and safety. The Koolhoven "Sports-coupé" which was recently demonstrated at Croydon, is of this type.

Meanwhile, an excellent compromise has been evolved by the De Havilland Company, who have added a coupé top to the Gipsy-Moth and made the machine practically draught-proof and certainly more comfortable. But what is wanted is roomier seating in an all-enclosed cabin for people who are willing to



Mr. Hoover's Southern Tour

By Willis J. Abbot

THE announcement of the purpose of the President-Elect, Mr. Hoover, to make a tour of South America—touching at certain Central American points, has been received with an extraordinary chorus of approval. Under ordinary conditions partisan feeling, if nothing else, would have led to acrimonious criticisms of such a journey. I do not recall any recent election in which the temper of the people was left so calm and equable that it could contemplate a journey of this sort by the successful candidate without bitter attacks.

I expected that there would be instant criticism of the use of a battleship for a man who is as yet a private citizen. It would not have been surprising to have heard from the Democrats in opposition that this man was preparing for an Imperialistic Administration by making a truly regal progress through the Southern Hemisphere, although not yet equipped with any official station whatsoever. Instead of that the applause has been general, from the leading Democrats as well as Republicans. One reason, I think, is that the sweeping nature of Mr. Hoover's victory has somewhat stunned opposition.

Relations with the South.

The second one is the very general feeling in the United States that relations with our Southern neighbours are not as intimate nor as confidential as they ought to be. It is true that they are steadily growing closer. The South American States, which hitherto have always turned to Europe for their news service, for example, are now receiving it through the great United States news agencies, the United Press and Associated Press.

The various Pan-American conferences, both of press and of statesmen have also contributed to a better understanding between these sections. And, finally, the trade of the United States with its Southern neighbours has doubled in the last few years. Furthermore, American investments in Latin America now total four billion dollars.

Mr. Hoover has been careful to insist that his visit has nothing whatsoever to do with trade, but that it is intended merely to give him an opportunity to study political, economic and social conditions in the one quarter of the globe with which he is not already familiar. Nevertheless, the United States, being at all times deeply interested in the material side of the relationship between nations, does anticipate a positive commercial profit from this excursion.

The Press Pilgrims.

I wish I could say that the efforts of the

Carnegie Endowment for Universal Peace to bring about greater intimacy between the United States and Great Britain, by exchanging groups of journalists on tours of the respective lands, was entirely successful. It does not seem to work out that way.

The sixteen British journalists who are in this country will be on their way back by the time this is in print. From one of their spokesmen I learned that they are enormously enthusiastic over conditions in the United States, and that they found particular charm in Hollywood. Indeed, the attractions of that home of moving pictures and its feminine exponents were so great that all of them, except their Chairman, the redoubtable Mr. R. D. Blumenfeld of the London *Daily Express*, voted to prolong their stay there, even at the sacrifice of a complimentary dinner tendered them by veteran journalists of New York.

LORD BIRKENHEAD

will reply to the speech of President Coolidge, to which our correspondent refers, in next week's issue of BRITANNIA.

Mr. Blumenfeld attended the dinner and made a very effective speech in explanation of the British Institute of Journalists, no parallel to which exists on this side of the water. The enthusiasm of his fellow tourists for social conditions in the United States does not, I understand, quite extend to their treatment here. They have been fairly rushed off their feet, in one or two instances made the prey of propagandists for real estate or other commercial speculations, and have been none too comfortable.

It is about a year and a half since journalistic pilgrims from the United States to Europe, at the expense of the Carnegie Foundation, returned, and I am frank in saying that it would require a high power microscope to discover any indication that their observations on the other side of the water tended to make their papers more friendly to the greater participation by the United States in international affairs.

President Coolidge and Disarmament.

Mr. Lloyd George's scathing attack upon the increase of armaments throughout the world, in which he included a reference to the Navy building programme of the United States,

chimes in with a very considerable public sentiment here. Among a very great class of our citizens President Coolidge's Armistice Day address is commented upon as a piece of inconsistency, so great almost as to be ridiculous.

To eulogise in the same address the success of Secretary Kellogg's Treaty for the Renunciation of War, and to announce as the programme of the Administration a great increase in the number of cruisers of heavy armament, would seem to put the President in the position of "Mr. Facing-Both-Ways." Moreover, to disavow any sense of comparison with the British Navy in making these recommendations is clearly disingenuous. No nation in the world, except Great Britain, has or can have a Navy which can cope with that of the United States, and for a spokesman of the Big Navy element in either nation to pretend that they have no idea of naval competition in mind is grossly disingenuous.

The President's address is being attacked here by very powerful elements in the community. Those who believe in progressive disarmament, those who take seriously the renunciation of war, those who stand for the maintenance of intimate and friendly relations with Great Britain, all condemn his speech. Nevertheless, I doubt whether the fight on the naval programme will be pressed so long as the question of the ratification of the Treaty is before the Senate. All the elements enumerated above are for the Treaty.

A Future Tribunal.

In addition, a vast number of people and a very considerable section of the Press and public men believe that, even with that Treaty in force, a considerable naval strength will be for a time required. The effect of this is that the full force of what may be called progressive and internationalist sentiment in the country will be centred in the effort to secure the ratification of the Treaty. Under those conditions it is possible, although I still think rather improbable, that the naval programme urged by the President will slip through Congress.

It is futile to believe that the treaty for the renunciation of war will effect its end automatically. It must immediately be followed by the creation of some tribunal to take the place of war. Until that step is taken there is a plausible excuse for those who will urge the continued construction of navies and the continued maintenance of armies by those nations whose first line of defence is on land. Even those who attack President Coolidge for the tone of his Armistice Day speech admit that until the second step in the programme for the outlawry of war is taken the machinery of war must necessarily be maintained.



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Next Week's Features in Britannia.

In addition to our regular contributions, next week's issue will include:

LORD BIRKENHEAD
My Reply to President Coolidge.

HILAIRE BELLOC
The Need for a Peasantry.

Dr. HADEN GUEST
Socialism's Secret Diplomacy.

JOAN KENNEDY
We Restless Women of To-day.

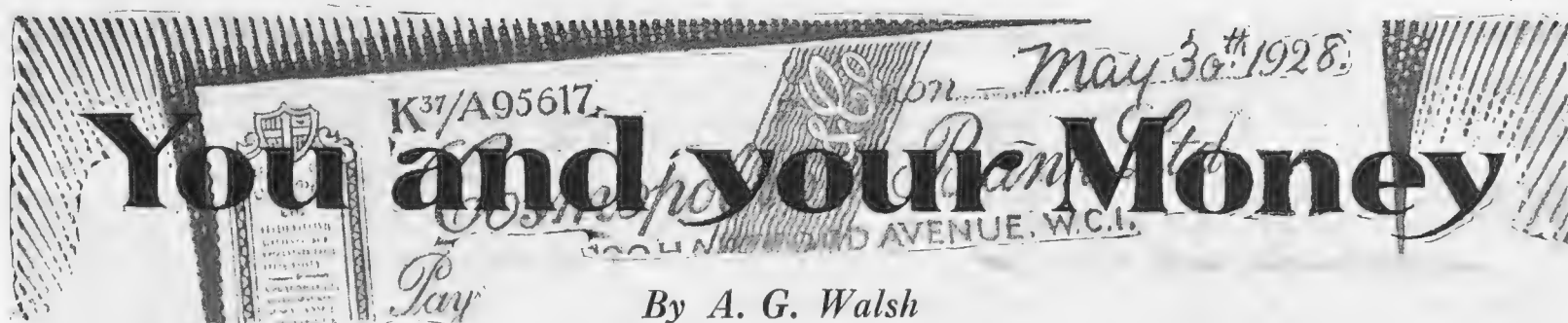
REV. F. B. MEYER
What I Think of Religion.

ROSITA FORBES
Life in New Albania.

BENITO MUSSOLINI

GILBERT FRANKAU

CRAWFURD PRICE



IN these days, when so many millions of capital are invested in new issues through the medium of prospectuses, it is surprising how comparatively few people take the trouble to analyse a prospectus.

When approached once by an inquirer regarding some shares taken up when first issued, I put the question: "Didn't you read the prospectus through?" His answer was: "Only the front page, I just glanced at the rest, which appeared to be as dry as dust."

Some of you doubtless will agree that the average prospectus is "as dry as dust." But most legal documents warrant that description.

A prospectus must be drafted to comply with the requirements of the Companies Acts. That is to say, certain details must be furnished, such as any contracts with the vendors, the underwriters, and officials of the new company. And the purchase price must be disclosed.

Dull as the reading of such information may be, it nevertheless concerns **YOU AND YOUR MONEY**, and if you are tempted to put in an application for shares, I urge you to read carefully every line of the prospectus.

Essential Points.

PROSPECTUSES necessarily differ according to the class of enterprise on which the company is embarking. For instance, in the case of a drapery business there are matters that would be out of place in a mining prospectus. Space does not permit me to deal elaborately with these differences, or of the various methods of the interpretation of a prospectus.

What you should do first of all is to examine the capital. If debentures or bonds are being offered, observe the interest dates, terms of repayment, and whether there is special security for the principal. Also note the amount of issued capital in relation to the total amount of the debentures.

Next note whether an independent valuation of the assets is submitted. This is important, for the assets are the security for your money. See whether such intangible items as goodwill or patents are included.

Generally, a prospectus should give a brief history of the concern, and if the business is an established one the earnings of the past should be disclosed.

IN the case of a newly established enterprise much has to be taken for granted and due allowance made for the optimism of the promoter or of the directors. Not infrequently will you find elaborate estimates (printed in heavy type) of future earnings, based upon goodness knows what.

Estimates should be treated as estimates and nothing more. That is something that equally as well stands the chance of not being realised as being realised. Of course, instances occur where a certain volume of business has been booked that gives reasonable assurance of a profit.

These are points to remember when taking up shares in a new venture. Don't be misled by predictions of substantial profits and big dividends. Promises can easily be explained away afterwards by "initial difficulties" and "unforeseen circumstances."

Prospectuses highly embellished with details of successful enterprises in the same line of business and but little information concerning the company itself should be regarded with suspicion.

Closing the Lists.

IF you decide to subscribe to a new issue, don't delay your application because the prospectus states that the lists will remain open until a certain date. I have known lists close with a snap three days ahead of time.

When there is a rush for the shares it is desirable to stop further applications and the lists are promptly closed. Sometimes when there is no rush the lists are closed promptly. You may think this a strange proceeding. But it has been done—simply to prevent withdrawals.

Few investors know that an application for debentures or shares, issued by means of a prospectus, can be withdrawn before the subscription lists close. Quite a number of subscribers change their minds at the last minute. They generally telegraph.

SAFE AND SOUND.

The City Editor of BRITANNIA (Mr. A. G. Walsh) will personally reply to inquiries re investments and finance. His absolutely unbiased opinion will be given, free of charge, on the understanding that no legal or other liability is thereby incurred.

All correspondence, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, should be addressed to the City Editor, BRITANNIA, Inveresk House, Strand, London.

Hence, when a new issue does not catch on and calls for adverse criticism, it is a matter for no surprise that the directors should decide to close the lists before the fixed day and proceed at once to allotment.

The Slump in Celanese Shares.

EVERY other person I meet in the City asks: "What is wrong with British Celanese?" Within the last three months the shares have slumped in price by more than £1 apiece. In the last day or two they have been changing hands below 30s. Earlier in the year the quotation touched £6 15s.

The decline has been gradual and unaccompanied by those erratic fluctuations so indicative of the cross-currents of speculation. I don't believe that there has been much speculation lately in British Celanese ordinary.

Possibly people who got into the shares higher up bought more, to average, when they came back to £3. And it may be that their commitments have proved too heavy. This is only surmise, a possible explanation of the present selling movement.

Whatever the cause of the slump in the shares, there is no blinking the fact that the public is losing confidence in the company. I deduce as much from the fresh weakness in the shares

following upon the company's announcement of further drastic cuts in yarn prices.

And the result? The price of acetate silk is now below that of viscose. No one can question the qualities of Celanese products and in view of the statement of Dr. Henry Dreyfus at the last meeting that the company had practically a monopoly in the production of acetate silk, through ownership of master patents, I am disappointed because it has been necessary to effect drastic cuts in selling prices, here and there. Others share in this disappointment.

JUST a year ago the board of British Celanese announced that quarterly progress statements would be issued. Last July, Dr. Henry Dreyfus intimated that in view of continuous attacks on the company from certain quarters, the board thought it desirable not to make statements for the time being.

There have been no attacks lately upon the company, and as they are not likely to be repeated, from the quarter referred to, the resumption of the progress reports would do much to restore confidence in the company.

Earning Capacity Proved.

IF the earnings have been maintained I should regard British Celanese 10s. shares as an attractive speculation around 30s. Don't accept this as an invitation to rush in and buy them. I have no up-to-date figures to guide me.

But I give that opinion as my view based upon the results disclosed in the last accounts. Since then the share capital has been rearranged. The amount in issue totals £8,461,333, excluding debentures.

Now the gross profit for the last financial year exceeded £1,600,000, while the net surplus, after payment of debenture interest and other charges, was over £860,000.

On the present capital the dividend on the 7 per cent. first preference requires £140,000, and assuming the participating second preference rank for their maximum 10 per cent., a further £125,000 would be absorbed.

Thus the payment of these two dividends would take £565,000. The net profit for 1927-28 was £864,900. Assuming for the sake of argument that the share capital last year had been on its present basis, there would have been a surplus of £299,900 available for dividend on the ordinary shares. This would have permitted a distribution of 12½ per cent. on the ordinary shares.

As it was, the profits were utilised to straighten out the financial position, but I want you to note that a surplus of £301,863 was carried forward to the current year's accounts. This will help to swell the credit balance.

You may read into this an optimistic view: but let me repeat that I have no figures relating to the current year. I only state the facts as they appeared in the last accounts, and simply reproduce them here to prove my contention that the company is capable of earning in a normal year a dividend that justifies the price (at the moment of writing) of 30s. for the ordinary shares.

You and Your Money—continued.

Whether this year's profits will be above or below the previous year's level I cannot prophesy.

Taxi Shares.

UNDER the title of the London General Cab Co., a new undertaking has been formed to take over "the largest and most modern fleet of taxi-cabs in London." (I am quoting from the prospectus). It has just made a public issue of 250,000 ordinary shares of 10s. each, and I am curious to learn the result.

In the past, quite a number of companies have been formed to run fleets of taxis in the metropolis, but I cannot recall any instance of success. Good names and ample funds were behind the ventures, but somehow it seemed impossible to keep down expenses.

On paying off a taxi-cab on Tuesday, I sought the views of the driver. "Wouldn't advise you to put any money into it. Look what the so and so companies (rattling off a list of names) made of it!"

"No, the taxi-cab is a small man's business—for some one who can work all hours."

"Why cannot large companies make the business pay?" "Too many dipping into the profits," was his naive reply.

What he meant, of course, was the large staff of garage hands working fixed hours. There was a good deal in the remarks of that owner-driver. A taxi may spend a couple of hours on a rank, then pick up a 1s. 6d. fare, or it may go out and do 30 miles in the first three hours.

The owner-driver can compensate himself for enforced periods of idleness during a slack day by working longer hours; but will a com-

pany find its employee-drivers willing to work for unlimited hours? I doubt it.

Vigour of the Rand.

MORE than once in recent years I have been told that the Rand-goldfield has seen its best days. And many people in the City hold this view. Yet the Rand is producing more gold than ever. Last year's total was 10 million ounces, and, needless to say, a record.

Coming right up to date the output for October eclipsed the production of any previous month. It amounted to 897,720 ounces. The current year's total, in all probability, will set up a new record.

It is true that many of the old gold mines have seen their best days, but as these are shutting down, young and fruitful mines are taking their place, and the activity of the Rand is now to be found on that portion known as the Far East Rand.

I have just received a copy of the *Mining and Industrial Magazine*, published in Johannesburg. It contains a diagram of the Far East section and I observe from this that the most intensive mining has been carried out in the middle northern area.

There lie the properties of the New Modder, Van Ryn Estate, New Kleinfontein, Modder B and Modder Deep.

RECKONING their history from the start of crushing operations these are the oldest properties of the Far East Rand. In the circumstances it is only natural to find that the majority of the ground stoped out and sent to the mill, lies in the claim holdings of these companies.

The diagram referred to makes it plain that no relatively large tonnage of ore remains in the Van Ryn Estates and New Kleinfontein. Similarly with Modder B and Modder Deep,

which commenced crushing in the years immediately preceding the conclusion of the Boer War, substantial proportions of the tonnage originally existing in the mines have been worked out.

Younger Mines.

COMING away from the northern central sector of the field, what I particularly notice is that mining is less intensively practised.

My Johannesburg contemporary points out that in the Modder East, Geduld, Brakpan, Springs and West Springs properties only a relatively small fractional proportion of the total ore contents has been attacked.

It must be remembered, of course, that in these properties the percentage of payability disclosed by development has not, generally speaking, been nearly so high as was the case with the propositions in the centre-Northern sector of the field.

United of Havana Position.

LITTLE business is passing in these days in foreign railway stocks. United of Havana issues have had a nasty tumble. I consider that the decline has been overdone. Lord Ashfield, the Chairman, was a little pessimistic, perhaps, in his utterances at the annual meeting when he stated that he could not hold out the prospects of an immediate change in the outlook.

The market has ignored several favourable points. For instance, the Chairman stated that it might be possible to reduce costs by curtailing services; that the increasing road competition could be met by reducing rates and improved train services; and that there was a prospect of an increase of 25 per cent. in the sugar cane in the company's zone, and 1½ million tons of sugar might be available for carriage over the company's lines next season.



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By A. G. Walsh

MOST of the steam is out of the Industrial share markets. In many directions prices are receding rapidly under the weight of realisations by erstwhile speculators, who apparently believe that it is better to sell late than never.

Why sell at all in a falling market? Necessity is the compelling force in most cases. When a speculative boom breaks, losses are incurred; other shares have to be sold to pay differences; support is withdrawn; prices in various directions lose ground; and confidence weakens. When public confidence is lost, the "thaw" sets in and all is over—at least, for a time.

Merit First.

SENSIBLE investors are looking now more to the merits of a security than to its gambling possibilities. Hence the support for investment stocks, and even good-class industrials.

The feature of the hour is the continued rise in British Government stocks. The market is becoming more and more convinced that the movement is not unconnected with arrangements to float a new loan at the end of the year. The market, of course, has to be made receptive if the issue is to be a success.

To attempt to predict what are the intentions of the Treasury in this direction would be mere guesswork. Operations of this character are kept a profound secret until the last minute but I may not be far wrong when I suggest that the expected loan will be to provide more for the maturing short-term debt (which includes National War bonds (4th series) and the 5½ per cent. Treasury bonds, due for repayment next April) than to give holders of 5 per cent. War loan an opportunity of converting to a long-dated security.

Long-dated Government loans are now settling down on a 4½ per cent. basis. This is the yield on 4 per cent. Consolidated loan at current price, but Consols return just under 4½ per cent., 3½ per cent. Conversion loan £4 9s. per cent., and 4 per cent. Victory bonds only £4 4s. 6d. per cent. The yield on Local Loans, consequent on the further improvement in the price, has fallen to £4 11s. per cent.

THE new Bulgarian 7½ per cent. loan has been issued under the auspices of the League of Nations. It is not guaranteed by any other nation, but it seems to me to be a reasonably secure investment. The loan is a first charge on the customs duties, the yield on which for this year should cover the service of the loan four times over.

At the issue price of 96, the Loan yields just over 7½ per cent. In time the price should gradually appreciate to par.

At long last the Turkish debt settlement has been ratified, and, as a consequence, the interest coupon of the Unified loan will become payable in December at 48 per cent. of its face value. Holders of Turkish Unified stock should not sell yet. The price should improve after payment of the coupon.

Underground Electrics.

WITH traffic recording decreases week after week, Home Rails offer no special inducement, even to hardened speculators;

but the position of the companies, could it be investigated now, would probably be found to be better than most people would imagine.

I hear that brokers are now recommending clients to buy Home Rails as a lock-up, predicting more public interest in them after the reports are issued next February. My own view is that current prices more than make allowance for the worst aspects of the traffic position.

The influence of good traffic returns upon prices is evidenced by the firmness of Metropolitan and Underground issues. Takings to date of the Underground group are over £1,000,000 to the good, and on the idea that a slightly larger dividend may be forthcoming Underground Electric ordinary shares are in demand around 26s. A moderate rise between now and next February seems probable.

Industrials Uncertain.

THE future course of prices in the industrial market is still uncertain, and it is to be feared that between now and Christmas a good deal of selling will be encountered for the purpose of reducing bank loans and providing holders with ready cash.

The Gramophone group remains unsettled, and I doubt very much whether there will be any recovery in the prices of the cheaper shares, after the warning given by Mr. Trevor Williams, Chairman of the Gramophone (H.M.V.) Company, when he deplored the speculation in gramophone shares and predicted that the resulting débâcle will possibly do the industry more harm than good.

Marconi Hopes.

AMONG the few shares that show any strength are Marconis, and the City is not taking seriously the threat of opposition to the proposed cable wireless merger. I have been told in well-informed quarters that the price of Marconis is most likely to go considerably higher during the next two or three months. I give this statement with all reserve.

I expect to see brewery shares come into demand again following the excellent results just announced by Bass, which enables the company to raise its dividend to 25 per cent., free of tax.

In the artificial silk group, the feature has been, of course, the slump in British Celanese. With them, American Celanese have dropped to 9 in contrast with 21½ earlier this year. Courtaulds, too, are unsteady, for the market fears a price-cutting war between the two big groups. I do not think that this should be made a ground for selling Courtaulds in view of the enormous strength of the company, but if the shares should fall under 4½, I should regard them as one of the most attractive purchases of the day. I hear that Courtaulds' associated American company is doing extremely well.

Some of the smaller artificial silk shares are attracting speculative attention, particularly British Acetate, and there appears to be an idea that some developments are pending in connection with this company and Bulmer Rayon. This explains the recent rise in Bulmer Rayon Deferred to 2s. 6d.

Tobacco shares are quieter; but the Imperial remain firm at 6½, and holders have not given up hope of that long-expected bonus. Tobacco Securities Trust ordinary have settled down at £3 10s. with the 5s. deferred shares quoted 22s. 6d.

Weakness continues to be a key-note of the new issue list. The selling of Acetate Products continues, and it is evident that there are still holders who cannot face the calls. I cannot advise anyone to sell these shares under existing conditions.

Kaffirs in Demand.

SOUTH African gold shares are attracting more attention; but I hear that the bulk of the business is from the Cape. This is a good sign for South Africa generally obtains first information of any favourable developments.

I am afraid, however, that in the present weak state of markets, the public are too tired to start a speculative boom in mines or any other shares. Still, mines are promising, and some people claim to see more solid grounds for an early revival in gold shares than in tin shares. At the moment, neither group has the right atmosphere.

Robinson Deep issues, in spite of the sharp recovery, last week, are being talked higher on reports that the development position is decidedly better. City Deep shares, also are more in favour, and as buying is mostly from Johannesburg, the idea here is that the company is nearing the end of its troubles.

For reasons yet to transpire, De Beers have been pressed for sale, and dipped to 11½, which compares with 15-13/16 earlier this year. In contrast, the shares of the Consolidated South-West Africa have been a firm feature at 22s. on the new discoveries in Namaqualand.

Features have been scarce in Rhodesians. Cam and Motors are showing a firmer tendency, and it is not thought probable that the accident in the main shaft will affect the year's dividend. At present price the shares still give a potential yield of over 13 per cent., based on a 30 per cent. dividend.

Bwana M'Kubwa keep firm. I expect that the report will be out any day now.

Oils and Rubbers.

AS a whole the oil market still lacks the stimulus of public support. American advices are satisfactory, and the oil situation in the United States appears to be sounder than it has been for a long time. The market here is simply awaiting a lead from New York. Any revival in oil shares will have its inception in Wall Street.

As announced at the annual meeting, the Shell is issuing in January new shares at par to shareholders on the basis of one for every five old shares. The allotment letters will be posted on January 15.

Business in rubber shares is at a standstill practically. The testing period is coming, and the slight setback in the price of crude rubber to 8½d. per lb. betrays the nervousness that exists regarding the extent of the shipments from the East, now that control of exports from restricted areas has been lifted.

HUNTING the FOX by "Harborough"

A Society for the Prevention of Cruelty . . .

THE rest of the sentence is "to M.F.H.'s"! I am perfectly sure that the suggestion comes none too soon, and that a S.P.C.M.F.H. ought to be organised, for the bed of these great benefactors of the human race is far from made of the softest rose-leaves. I go about a good deal all over England to many and various packs of hounds and have had a go with, I should think, close on fifty different ones during the past three seasons alone and not counting in any before that, so I hear, and see, a fair amount of what is going on.

I state it as my considered conclusion that in nine-tenths of cases the M.F.H. gets far more criticism than praise, in fact a good share of the kicks whilst having to find a big slice of the ha'pence out of his own pocket. There is always the loyal body in every hunt which will support constituted authority and help that authority by all means in its power; but equally there is always that grousing, snarling brigade which never sees any good in anything and grumbles at everything. If the Master is showing terrific sport and brings off a series of squeaking good hunts, I have heard it said: "Oh, yes, paintin' his foxes! Spoiling the hounds! Why they're d—d near mute already! Any fool can do that!"

Or if the contrary is the case, and the hounds strike a bad patch, they say if the M.F.H. is carrying the horn himself, that the sooner a "professor" is engaged and a chap too slow to kill rats with a stick is got rid of the better, or if a professional is hunting hounds that the master ought to boot him and get a real huntsman.

The great lack of courtesy with which M.F.H.'s have to put up has been referred to in a previous note. I do not suppose this can be remedied. Manners are bred into people, not made; but there are certain little things, which even the ignorant and ill-mannered ought to learn not to do. For instance, not so long ago out cubbing with a very famous pack in the Midlands, I happened to be next astern to the M.F.H., and a gate that had sunk in and had to be lifted, had to be opened. I jumped off, naturally, but the M.F.H. was quicker and set about it, I hanging on to the horses. When the road was clear I walked them through, but as I was doing it one of the Bright Young came through at a swinging canter, a lot above riding-school pace. It did not matter about my being on my feet, but the M.F.H. who had done all the work was on his— and that did matter! Hounds were not running.

Another Incident.

The most outrageous instance of impertinence I have ever struck is, however, this one. A certain famous master in the West wrote to a certain member of his hunt who, though a good man to go, is suffering badly from *paranoia* or Exaggerated Ego, and asked him if he would take on the job of field master, on a certain side of the country. This haughty youth replied

that he would, but only on the condition that when hounds proposed to come his way, he should settle the fixtures and the draws. The M.F.H. who, in this case, had no particular reason to play second fiddle to anyone, replied in the three appropriate words. The fact of this attitude obtaining at all is what I am getting at and is a fairly good illustration of what I mean. There is only one skipper of the ship so long as he is master, and that is the Master. I think it would be a good thing if more people recognised this fact, and, instead of grousing and back-biting, did their bit to help the boat along.

The Cottesmore.

At the end of last season, it was just a toss-up whether Mr. James Baird, who has had



MR. W. J. BAIRD, M.F.H.

Mr. Baird has been Master of the Cottesmore since 1921 and took on in succession to Lord Lonsdale. He has been joined this season in the mastership of these hounds by Lt.-Col. Sidney Green.

these hounds since 1921, and has done them so well in kennel and out of it, would be able to go on alone—and in fact he said so definitely, but luckily things were arranged, and he has been joined by Lt.-Colonel Sidney Green, who is well known in the grass countries, Leicestershire in particular, and things will go on therefore without any abated magnificence. Mr. Baird has bred them a real good pack of hounds, and he has done it in face of a good many difficulties. He had not a great nucleus when he took over. He goes for work in preference to the flags of the hound show, and anyone who has ever had the felicity to throw in his lot with these hounds probably will be prepared to admit how well Mr. Baird has succeeded in producing the right article.

When he took over in 1921, when the Cottesmore, like most other packs of hounds in England, were short and suffering from what happened in the war, Mr. Baird bought for the hunt 25 couple of bitches from the Ledbury and they proved themselves most efficient and painstaking mothers. This pack has never looked back and they have as good a lot of hard-driving, good-working hounds, both dogs and bitches as any in England.

The prospects, I hear, are of the best, and I hope soon to be able to go and find out for myself.

Lord Bathurst's New Hound Book.

I AM afraid that I have not left myself much space to do more than chronicle the publication of Lord Bathurst's wonderful achievement, *A Supplement to the Foxhound Kennel Stud Book* (Constable, 21s.). It is the most useful book to hound breeders that has ever been published, and one of the many things it contains is Hugo Meynell's lists during the last ten years of his Mastership of the Quorn. These records were supposed to have been destroyed.

Lord Bathurst, as the hunting world at large knows, is the Master of the V.W.H. (Cirencester) and the greatest authority amongst Masters on the active list to-day on the breeding of fox-hounds. He possesses one of the most beautiful packs of hounds in England and won the bitch Championship with Salient in 1927. His Tapsters are historic!

Lord Bathurst says, modestly I think, that though the study of the pedigrees of ancient hounds may not be of very great interest, or of much use where the breeding of the hound of to-day is concerned, yet it is of absorbing interest to those who are enthusiasts in the science of fox-hound breeding.

I venture to believe that his Lordship is wrong, for as he knows better than any of us, the old strains of historic excellence do link up with the present day in a great many instances, in his Lordship's own kennel in particular, and therefore I think that this book, and Lord Bathurst's previous one, *The Breeding of Foxhounds*, must be of the very greatest aid to the modern hound-breeder. And this modern enthusiast is by no means *rara avis*, for I am willing to bet that there is a greater recrudescence in interest than there has been for probably as much as a quarter of a century.

Hound Breeding.

I have no desire to make these enthusiasts blush, but I think in the interests of fox hunting and of the modern hound, who is every bit as good as the "Trojans," "Rallywoods" and "Justices" of the past, that they ought to be catalogued. The Hon. Edward Lascelles, who deputises sometimes for Lord Lascelles with the Bramham, is one, Colonel "Peach" Borwick, Middleton, is another, Major Denis St. G. Daly, Heythrop, another, Mr. A. Paget-Steavenson, Old Berks, another, the late Mr. Edmund Paget, Quorn, another, the Duke of Beaufort another, Mr. James Baird, Cottesmore, another, Lord Stalbridge, late the Fernie, another, Sir Villiers Forster, South Staffordshire, and there are many more, but these and their good work I know and have seen with my own eyes.

BRITANNIA'S SHORT STORIES: No. 5

THE TERMS *of* LAVINIA

By *PHILIP RANSOM**Illustrated by Gilbert Holiday*

"Get up now," she said, and staggered to her feet, hand on his shoulder.

LAVINIA steadied the big bay horse, who had just enjoyed himself with a fling over a gorsed hurdle, got him nicely back on his hocks, and rode him, balanced between hand and knee Show-ring fashion, clean over four-foot six of white-painted timber.

"Good enough!" she murmured to herself as he landed on the tan and swept on, fighting to gallop, in the balanced canter which was all she would permit. In front of her, tier upon tier, rose the three poles, white and solid, sloping away from her one above the other between their wings—the Triple Bar.

"I'll have him if he doesn't make a mess of this," she thought, "Oh, stop it, you fool!" and she steadied him as he shook his head and tried to rush it.

In mid-air she felt the jar of hoof on wood, heard the crash of falling timber, landed—and pulled up frowning. She trotted thoughtfully back from the course of made-up jumps which were erected in her paddock, towards the two men who stood watching in the shade of a chestnut tree, heavy now in full-blown August foliage.

The groom stepped out and took the horse as Lavinia slid off. She stood tapping her riding boot and smiling quizzically up at the lean brown man who smiled down on her.

"Well?" he asked presently. One could quite well just go on gazing, of course, but then . . .

Lavinia shook her head. "Too hot for the Show-ring," she said. "He'd make a good hunter, but I can't afford another. It's perfectly sweet of you to give me the chance, Alan, but I don't think I'll have him."

"I wish you would, Lavinia," answered that young man who had so many possessions—though not the one he wanted. His eyes searched her face anxiously.

"Well, look here, Alan, put him round again for me, will you, while I make up my mind?" He nodded and beckoned to the groom, who was walking the horse up and down the avenue of trees.

Lavinia flung herself down on the grass and thought what a picture it all made—the long sweep of the paddock up to the sunk fence behind which nestled, friendly and mellow in the sunshine, Old Court House with its twisted chimneys and jumbled roofs—and here in the foreground that tall thin man and the dapper little neat-calfed groom fussing with stirrup leathers while the bay horse fidgeted, chucking its head, cow-kicking as girths tightened. What a picture—thought Lavinia, watching the mottled light and shade playing on the smooth

coat like the reflection of clouds on still water.

"He's a good'un," she said to herself, lighting a cigarette as Alan slid into the saddle, "a real good'un—like his master."

There was no mistake about it this time. As the Triple Bar flashed safely beneath him, Alan chuckled. Pulling up and turning towards the chestnut tree he leant forward and, patting the arching neck in front of him, laughed outright.

"Good show, Alan! A perfect round, but still—" That cool, almost insolently cool, voice floated to him out of the shadows. That voice sometimes made him wonder whether there was anything left in Africa worth bothering to go and shoot. His smile turned to a grin—smiles have to do that sometimes, of course, in self-defence.

"There you are, Lavinia! Do have him—he's a real good'un." Lavinia, for no reason at all perhaps, blushed as she turned on her heel to the groom.

"Put him in the stable, Vickers." She turned to Alan. "I'll tell you in the morning if you'll let Vickers leave him here to-night. Now come and have tea, I'm expecting Dick presently—he wired." Though her chin went up, not even Lavinia could prevent a flat little note in her voice. Expecting Dick—so she was—that hopeless, irresponsible, young half-brother of hers, the one constant anxiety of her life.

Alan knew Dick well enough. He said nothing, but glanced at the slim figure, so

boyish in shirt, breeches and long brown boots, that paced slightly in front of him towards the house.

Lavinia snatched off her soft-brimmed hat, and shook her proud head. The red lights in her hair laughed back at him.

"Dick—" began Alan, and stopped.

"Yes—Dick. He's motoring down. By the way, what d'you want for that horse, Alan? I think I like him after all, perhaps, except that he rushes his fences—a fault I hate, Alan. What's the figure?"

Possibly the tan on his face had a deeper shade than usual as he answered.

"Let's have tea first," he said, "too hot to talk about money now, isn't it?"

They gained the terrace, and turned in through long French windows. This was Lavinia's own room—this long white room—had always been her room even while her father was alive. Now, when she reigned supreme over her peaceful heritage, she kept it for her own—cool and remote. "Like herself," thought Alan wistfully.

OLD Hanket brought tea, and as he set it down they talked about the hay crop. It is perfectly possible to talk about hay with one half of your brain, and to think about wildly different things with the other. So Alan found. The conversation fell into a pause.

"I wish you'd have that horse, Lavinia." How does one make one's voice casual, he wondered. She sat up quickly.

"He's all right; but why so keen, Alan?"

"Oh, I don't know. . . . Good stuff tea, isn't it?"

She took his cup, laughing.

"You must be going to ask a devil of a price for him, my friend. Shall I have to sell all my possessions to pay for him, Alan?" She leant across mischievously, smiling into his face.

He rose restlessly, long and lean and brown—nearly six foot of hard bone and muscle showing up her slim daintiness.

"It's like this, Lavinia," he began, with the hearty frankness of one who is stretching the truth a little. "It's like this. I don't want the horse, but I saw him the other day at Bath, and I just—well—bought him. If you like him, well, er, I'd love you to have him—I mean, just keep him, you know—oh, dash it all" She looked at him in silence, and the colour which was a danger signal flooded her cheeks.

"Look here, Alan—are you trying to give me this horse?" she shot at him, straight as a dart. His silence answered her.

"Why?" she asked.

"Oh, damn!" he muttered, striding towards her. "Lavinia, please . . ." But he checked as a low droning noise growing in loud crescendo drew their eyes to the open window.

"Dick!" she said, gazing over the grass between the trees to a small feather of dust speeding towards them.

"Dick, in the Bentley, doing about fifty-five up the drive, as usual." She shrugged her shoulders and turned to him quickly. "What's the idea, Alan? I might buy him, yes—but you know I don't take things from people. Sweet of you, but I'm not one of those, you know! What's the idea?"

Outside, the flying car scattered gravel with grinding wheels. Some urgency swept Alan off his balance.

"I only wish you did!" he exclaimed passionately, "I wish you weren't so—oh, never mind, Lavinia! I'm doing what you hate now, I suppose—rushing my fences. You've never taken anything from me all the years I've known you, and I've tried—I try—in queer ways to give you lots of things. . . . I want you to have that horse—he suits you. Yes, but I want you to have all sorts of things—other things. I want you"

She held up her hand. "Please, Alan—

please! It is a bad fault. Besides, you're not being fair. I have taken something you've given me—a great deal of friendship, you know, so don't. . . . Here's Dick!"

Quick steps rang on the oak boards outside, and the door flew open.

"Hullo, Lavinia! Why, Alan! Thought you were in Town!" The older man fidgeted.

"No need to look as if you'd seen a ghost, Dick. I came down this morning—early."

"You must have!" The boy tapped a cigarette nervously, looking round for a match.

Lavinia glanced from one to the other. Something odd here—she thought. Dick looking like nothing on earth, and surprised to see Alan. And Alan—what? She regarded him narrowly. Alan looks ashamed of himself—she decided—at least he would if he knew how. There was something she could not place. She broke the awkward silence.

"Well, Dick—what news?" She ran her eye over him. Weak—she thought as usual—a poor fish, but charming, of course. She shrugged her shoulders as he turned to her uneasily.

"Oh, that can wait till—till after dinner. How are the gees?"

"Not too bad. Alan's been showing me another he wants me to have. But he wants the devil of a lot for him—more than I ever give for a horse, or for anything else, for that matter!"

The man went scarlet. "Good-night, Lavinia," he said, and stepped out on to the terrace, "I'll see you about that horse another time." Dick followed him, saying something jerkily about a whisky and soda. Their footsteps on the gravel died away. Lavinia stood listening till they had gone.

"You're a perfect little beast!" said Lavinia to herself presently in the quiet solitude of her own white room, "Perfect—and it's not like you, really. . . ."

LAVINIA, as she lay in her bath, and while she dressed leisurely for dinner, had been thinking. Which means that all the intuitions and impressions of her quick mind had been boiling and bubbling more actively than usual.

In consequence, she sat down to dinner with Dick that evening with unpleasant forebodings. She supposed, as she glanced at his white face, that he was in trouble again. How much would it mean, she wondered idly, this time? A hundred, a couple—five perhaps? Yes, he looked like five hundred—poor Dick! But she knew, really, as she took him in—his emptied glass and untouched plate—she knew at the bottom of her heart that this was serious. Good heavens—Dick with his cheerful grin could take five hundred pounds off one without putting away four stiff whiskies about it. A woman, perhaps? She studied his small, regular features again, and little fair moustache.

His spirits improved towards the end of dinner, and he turned the conversation to horses. Lavinia was telling him, with some enthusiasm, about Alan's bay when that young man's peculiar offer returned to puzzle her mind. She sat for a moment with knitted brows as old Hanket finally placed the port in front of Dick and disappeared.

"He is a good fellow, Vin," the boy remarked suddenly as the door closed, "always a good pal—old Alan."

"Quite agree," answered Lavinia tersely, "and first-class on a horse. Raspberries, please, Dick."

"Sorry! I say, Vin, why don't you marry Alan? I mean to say. . . ."

She put down the spoon, and looked at him. Decidedly, this was not the sort of remark that anyone could make to Lavinia with impunity. Her cheeks flamed.

"Mind your own business, Dick. Of all the cheek!"

"Oh, all right, Lavinia—you needn't get ratty about it. Just shows, though. . . ." He stopped.

"Just shows what?"

"Oh, nothing. Have some port?"

"No thanks. I shouldn't either, if I were you." A constrained silence fell on the darkening room. In the spinney at the bottom of the drive a cock-pheasant crowed lustily as he hopped up to roost, and a wood-pigeon flapped noisily to bed. Pleasant, reassuring English country noises. Lavinia listened appreciatively.

HANKET came in, lit four candles in tall silver sticks, and set them on the table. When he had gone Lavinia's voice cut the silence in the room like a knife.

"What's the trouble, Dick?" The boy did not answer for some minutes. Bad—thought Lavinia, lighting a cigarette. Suddenly he picked up his glass, and came round to sit beside her.

"I'm in a mess, Vin," he almost whispered, "a fearful mess."

"Tell me," she demanded contemptuously, but as he told her she froze. This was past all folly! Debts, scrapes, a hundred pounds here and there—five hundred for that matter—that was the Dick she had always known and helped out. But this. . . .

"And when the bottom fell out of the market I was landed with thousands of the wretched things to pay for—and all along they had been swearing they would recover all right. They didn't, though." He stopped, seeming to choke.

"Go on!" she told him sternly.

"At the end I simply had to let go."

"How?" she asked sharply, a sick feeling growing on her, "How? You haven't a bean—surely you had to settle up somehow?"

"Yes," he mumbled wretchedly, "and when I got out. . . ."

"How did you 'get out' though?" she persisted. Surely—she thought—if he's out, he's out, even if he has lost every penny he's got. Teach him a lesson!

He got up and went over to the dark cavern of the fireplace, leaning his sleek head against the carved stone of the overmantel. His white shirt and his white face above it were all she could see of him from her warm circle of candle-light. Suddenly he crossed to the table and poured himself out another glass of port. He held the ruby goblet up to the light. Stupid trick—thought Lavinia impatiently—looks as if he knew what port was.

"Well?" she encouraged stonily, wishing she had not got such a stinking contempt for him. She'd have to help him, she supposed. What a curse sentiment was! "Well?"

He drank, and put down an empty glass.

"I had to go to the bank about that," he said at last. Lavinia had to laugh.

"The bank! Oh, dear—and what did they say about your overdraft; you had one, I suppose?"

"Oh, er—they overlooked that, you know." She rose quickly and faced him.

"Look here, Dick—if you want any help from me you've simply got to be straight about this. Overlooked, indeed! What do you mean? How much did this—flutter, I suppose you'd call it—cost you?" He gulped and fumbled. She stamped her foot at him.

"How much?" He whispered something almost inaudibly, but Lavinia heard. She gazed at him.

"There was a heavy call on the beastly things," he murmured, his eyes on her feet. Lavinia took a deep breath.

"Dick—you must be mad—mad!"

In the silence which followed old Hanket came in with the coffee, as he always did just when one felt that coffee was desirable. Lavinia,

who rode as straight at facts as she did at her fences, glanced at him as he put sugar in her cup. A good servant—she thought—he'll get a good place all right, old though he is. She knew that, barring a miracle, this meant good-bye to old Hanket, and all that old Hanket stood for. . . .

As the old man passed like a shadow from the room she turned to Dick again.

"Why tell me all this, Dick? You don't think I'm going to put up all that money for you, do you? Why—it's nearly all I've got!" In spite of herself she felt her voice shake. "And the Bank seems to have come to your rescue—precious good of them, I call it." He fidgeted again, and she knew that the obstinacy which, as a child, she used to call "Dick's mule" was upon him. His next words proved her right.

"I can't say any more now, Lavinia," he got out at last. "The cash ought—has got to be found sooner or later, of course. Meanwhile it's all right—guaranteed, you know. I can't say any more now. It might come all right. . . . Oh! I wish I hadn't said anything at all about it. . . ." He ended lamely, making for the door. "I'm going to bed now—letters to write and all that. Good night, Vin. Sorry!" He slid out of the room.

"Letters to write!" thought Lavinia grimly. "I should imagine he probably has!"

LAVINIA thought herself to sleep that night. She thought (though she did not know it) while she slept, and she was thinking when she awoke. Round and round in rings.

She felt that she knew something which she could not remember—just like exams again. Some missing link of association eluded her, and it was slowly raising her temper. Red, like her hair, was Lavinia's temper.

She jumped out of bed with determination. That young Dick—she decided—shall go through it at breakfast. I'm not half as nice at breakfast as I am at dinner.

She looked out of the window. Topping day—thought Lavinia—I've half a mind to put that bay horse round the school again. What a fool to guarantee Dick's credit at the bank, whoever did it—or else had a very good reason for doing it. How ripping the jasmine smells coming in through the window all dewy—thought Lavinia, in her pyjamas, leaning out. But what's the great event that may save the situation, she pondered, sniffing the air. . . . Oh, thoughts are damned things, decided Lavinia—that young Dick is going through it at breakfast all right!

A moment later she dropped her hair-brush, and fled across to the other window. That unmistakable drone could only be the Bentley—and there was the plume of dust on the drive.

"Funked it!" remarked Lavinia succinctly. "And Alan is sure to come round about the horse this morning. . . . Oh dear!"

ALAN did come round, and Hanket, with the old servant's perception of moods, showed him in reluctantly. Lavinia, working off the worst of her temper in a letter to the fugitive, heard his crisp step across the oak boards, and in he came.

"Good morning, Alan." That cool, almost insolently cool, voice of hers! "I'm in a vile temper—I warn you."

"Sorry about that," grinned Alan (one of those smiles that get stuck half way), hovering between valour and discretion, "because, as it happens, I particularly want to say something."

"Topping day," he remarked irrelevantly, then faced her. "Look here, Lavinia, I've known you a long time, and we've always been good pals, haven't we?—you said so yesterday. Don't turn this down, Lavinia, please—I am up in the air, you're quite right. How can I put it? Not a bad sort really, Lavinia—not too bad across country either, if that's any good. And I do . . ."

She cut him short.

"Alan—look here! I stick to what I say, and you know my terms, Alan. I know he's a good sort, and good across a country, too, and I'm not looking a gift horse in the mouth, but . . ."

"Lavinia!" he exclaimed in a shaking voice, taking one stride from the window to where she sat. "Lavinia, this isn't fair! I know I'm no good at this sort of thing, but, after all, I am trying to ask you to marry me—Lavinia . . ."



Taken by surprise, he found himself captured, and stood, head tossing, tail going.

She glanced at him. He was pale, she thought, and worried—almost haggard. Most unlike Alan. She softened at once—not his fault that she was at odds with herself, after all.

"Poor old Alan!" That voice was neither cool nor insolent. "But do sit down—you look so lonely up in the air by yourself." He grinned again, but strode across to the window and looked out to where he could see, across the valley, the smoke of his own chimneys rising hazily.

"Oh, dear," she said softly. "Oh, Alan—you've got to come and sit down now, and start again, my dear, because I thought you were still trying to give me that poor bay horse. You are not very good at this sort of thing, Alan, my dear—rather an old stupid, aren't you? Don't look like that, Alan! I'm sorry, I really did think that—what with Dick and all his troubles . . ."

"Oh, Dick!" he exclaimed contemptuously, and checked himself. But the human mind

especially the female pattern, works terribly, fatally quickly. Lavinia snatched away her hand, and the red flags sprang to her cheeks, and the red temper to her blood. She leapt to her feet.

"Alan!" she said slowly, holding his eyes with hers, "Alan—what made you put up that terrific guarantee for Dick? What made you—it was you?"

No need to ask again. Scarlet, he answered her.

"He swore he wouldn't tell you—that was my one condition, Lavinia."

"Thank you," she said, "thank you, Alan. You know Dick, don't you—you must have known he'd tell me. I quite understand . . ." She turned away from him—Lavinia with her proud red head.

The imbecile inspiration that comes to men at such moments, to make them say the only impossible thing, smote him with its blinding ray.

"Lavinia!" he exclaimed, fumbling for her cold hand, "let's forget it, let's make it a—wedding present from me, Lavinia . . ."

Then she did turn, and that proud red head went back and up.

"Exactly!" she said in that cool insolent voice—a frozen voice. "Exactly what I thought. Oh, Alan! And you—you know just what a sum of money like that means to me—horses, hunting, this house—everything!" She very nearly stamped her foot at him. "Your one condition!" She laughed wildly. "Well—you know my terms, and if you ever find me taking anything from anybody you'll know it's on one condition, too." She stopped, breathless.

"What's that!" he asked. Well, one has to say something.

"That I simply can't help myself—and that I'll pay it back, myself. With myself, if necessary. . . . You'd better go, Alan." She swallowed, hard.

* * *

Proud, too proud, that red head of Lavinia. But not so proud, had anyone seen them, the red eyes of Lavinia that night.

LAVINIA pedalled venomously up the gentle rise which led to the long hill down to the market town. Once a week she did these five miles, and returned with her shopping to her cottage. Literally a cottage, it was, in spite of the bathroom which had been her one extravagance. To crown the establishment, however, there was a wooden loose-box in the back garden, and inside it "Old Glory"—that honourable veteran. "For," she would say as she hissed over his toilet in breeches and leggings, "see an old gentleman like you going as a guinea hireling in Richmond Park I will not—even if I have to run after hounds all the days of my life!"

At the top of the hill Lavinia paused. It was a misty day in early November, and looked like turning to rain. On her right, as the mist wavered, lifted and fell, she could see snatches of the country below. Easing her legs, breeched and legged, fresh from "Old Glory's" morning exercise, she stood taking in the fascinating glimpses of fence and grass which the fog afforded.

There lay the "best country" of the provincial Pack with which, from motives of economy, she had betaken herself to exile. For Lavinia was as good as her word, and had been as prompt as her bewildered lawyers would allow her. To their almost indiscreet astonishment, Dick's bankers had received her cheque arrayed with rows of significant "noughts," and Dick himself for the good of his soul had exchanged the driving seat of the Bentley for that of a Fordson tractor beneath a sub-tropical sky.

Presently, the better to indulge the fancy which afflicts fox-hunters in railway trains—to pick an imaginary line across the Vale—Lavinia left her bicycle in the road, and wandered a short way down a lane which intersected the tarmac of the main road. She revelled in glimpses of broad acres of rolling grass ruled off symmetrically by trim hedges. Here and there an uncut fence thrust its thorny fingers skywards, or a flight of rails drew an uncompromising line across the green. In the middle distance a glint of water indicated the willow-bordered course of the brook Ammow.

On the whole, the prospect pleased her, and she was deep in thoughts and memories when a sound struck her ears which jerked her back to the present. It was the sound of a horse galloping towards her on the flinted surface of the lane. "Here he comes!" exclaimed Lavinia, "loose horse, by Jove!"

Round the corner he came, leathers flying, reins in the mud, snorting and propping as he saw her. She barred his path, and turned him into a gate-way where he stood, pulling back against the rein that looped his leg.

"Steady, boy—steady, old man! There!" Taken by surprise he found himself captured, and stood, head tossing, tail going, till soothed by voice and hand he consented to raise the caught fore-leg. Lavinia ran her eye over him as she walked him back the way he had come. She glanced at her watch. Twelve o'clock and a Saturday morning. "Second horse," she thought, and laughed softly at some secret joke, "Some wretched groom," thought she, laughing, "Running up and down these lanes, and wishing he had a better seat!"

She led him on into the fog, listening for any sound of hounds. None came. A blackbird looped violently out of the hedge. The horse stood on his hind legs, and nearly tore the reins from her grasp. "Idiot!" exclaimed Lavinia, "too much oats—that's your trouble—and not enough exercise. I'm not going to walk, if you feel like that." Not so easy to get up, though, with that horse in no mood to stand. "Bang full of corn, aren't you?" remarked Lavinia sweetly, thrusting his head into a thorn-bush and hopping on one toe as he pawed and sidled. One deft spring at the critical moment, and she was up—right toe feeling for the iron as the horse, resenting her weight in the saddle, tried to get his head down. "Now—now," she whispered soothingly, "A little less of it—ah . . ." She settled herself, and swung to three long bucking plunges down the grass edge of the lane; and rode him down, a battle all the way, till the stiff thorn fence on either hand gave place to stone walls, unmasoned, over which she could see the Ammow Vale stretching most invitingly for ten good miles.

As she rode, the mist turned to a light drizzle, and suddenly Lavinia, turning a corner, felt her heart leap.

A brown-red streak flashed across the road in front of her. Over the wall it fled, and down the slope of the field on her right towards the black-thorn fence, uncut and grim, which bounded it.

"Near thing!" remarked Lavinia, who was not accustomed to heading foxes, "Ah—here come hounds!"

Mute, they poured themselves into the lane, and hung for an instant like a swarm of bees—flung forward over the second wall, spread, then settled to the line with a crash of music that stirred her blood. Close after, with a drumming of hoofs on turf, a clatter of hoofs on road, and the rattle of an Irish horse kicking back at a wall, rose and landed, rose again and settled to a workmanlike stride a grey horse carrying the Huntsman's weatherbeaten scarlet.

"Oh dear!" exclaimed Lavinia, "but this is Fate!" And she swung that dancing, plunging horse which Fate had sent her on to the strip

of grass at her left, across the road, and out over the wall like a thunderbolt.

There went the grey, and the music of hounds came back to her. Down the slope of that field towards the black-thorn she swung, fighting to steady the mad thing she was riding before she should reach the hedge. She saw, now, the strong guard-rail leaning towards her.

"If I can't get him back off his shoulder . . ." thought Lavinia with tight lips, "There's one thing" she thought, "I couldn't stop him—even if I wanted to! Now!" In spite of up-flung elbow she felt the thorns rip her cheek, heard the crash of parting twigs, glanced down to see a ditch yawn below her, flung her weight back against the shock of landing—and swept on, laughing, into the middle of twenty acres of sound grass.

STILL that music—louder now—and she started a quick look behind her. "Not another soul," she exulted, "We're alone with hounds—and the Vale in front of us . . ." She caught her breath, and picked her place in the fence before her. Nothing much in that—and she swept over it in what seemed one lengthened stride, blood up, light in her eyes, colour in her cheeks. The wind of her going sang in her ears, and the driving rain stung her bleeding face. Lavinia was happy—completely happy for the first time since she had said good-bye to Old Court House.

Stiff—not to be trifled with—followed a series of stake-and-bound fences, ditch on one or other side. With a rush of exhilaration Lavinia knew that she was on a horse as brilliant as he was bold. He was settling down a little now, and she eased him a trifle up a rolling sweep of grass crowned by a solid flight of timber. "Rap-rap . . ." went the top rail, as he took off too soon and a shade too fast. "Fool!" she whispered, "you'll do that once too often!"

Again she glanced back. Below her, on the way she had come but far behind, a series of black dots and scarlet rose and landed, raced and galloped—the rest of the field. Now and then one of these toy horsemen would rise at a fence, apparently top it—and disappear. But to Lavinia nothing mattered now—everything was forgotten except that one obsession of her eager thoughts, to keep near hounds. There was no music now. She saw the racing pack, bunched together, mute and grim, and she glimpsed once, a few fields ahead, that flying shadow which drew them with invisible bonds.

A hundred yards to her left, and half a field ahead, the Huntsman's grey was going gallantly; straight as an arrow, straight as Lavinia on her chosen line.

Before her rose suddenly a fence which all her quick instinct told her was beyond the compass of any horse. She saw the grey swinging across towards her own line, and making for a point on the hedge which she could not see over the rising ground between. "Let's hope there's a weak place somewhere," prayed Lavinia, and she breasted the rise just in time to see the grey land clean, hind hoofs tucked up almost to touch his hocks, over the gate which was the only way out.

She braced herself to take a long pull at her impetuous mount—noted the poached take-off, felt him try to throw his weight back, slither, and rise too close beneath the timber. She heard despairingly the crash of breaking wood, felt the horse lurch, fling out a leg, and gather himself again.

"Well out of that!" sighed Lavinia, rather breathlessly, poising herself on her knees to ease him, and the better to exult in the long sweeping stride of blood and courage beneath her.

SHE saw the hounds had swung sharp right-handed along the far hedge, and that the huntsman had turned to come up with them in case they should need assistance.

"He's run the ditch," she thought, "this pace can't last." But with a new burst of silver tongues they topped the bank, and streamed down to where a line of pollard willows warned her of the sluggish Ammow. That did not worry her—not half so much as the obstacle which intervened. This was a high bank, cut and laid on the top—beyond the power of horse to fly. The grey Irishman in front, bred up to banks, steadied and poised close beneath it, hocks well tucked under him. Up he soared, changed feet on top with clatter of brittle wood, and launched forth with all the thrust and drive of loin and haunch in a sweeping arc. "Pretty!" exclaimed Lavinia, starting to steady full fifty yards away. Her breath was coming quickly now. So early in the season she was not hunting-fit, but there was no sign of flag nor falter in the clean corn-fed muscles which were carrying her.

"Steady—you head-strong brute!" she exhorted him, "Your sort never was the sort for banks—steady!" She got him steady, more or less.

"There's a yawner beyond!" flashed through her mind as she noticed no ditch on the take-off side.

There strides away she rode him at it. Up went his head as he reached for the impetus to fly—found it lacking—found he must land on top, and got there with a heave. He lost balance, saw the gleam of black water, and with a crash of rending binders flung outwards—all anyhow—to span the ditch. Not good enough—his hind legs splashed a cloud of mud and water skywards. Down went his head to earth, and Lavinia, pushing herself frantically back from his withers, sat for two seconds still as a mouse—ready to slide off if he slipped back. But with a stagger and a heave he recovered, and, white blaze black from eye to nostril, was safe on four legs again.

"Told you so!" gasped Lavinia, and looked up just in time to see tail hounds shake themselves, dripping, on the far side of Brook Ammow. "No damage, though," and in a moment, at the pressure of her knee he broke into that space-devouring stride again.

"Under the willows—quite right," thought Lavinia, watching the grey land with a scramble, "Sound take-off there," and riding her own for all she was worth, balanced, up to his bit, in ever-increasing stride she felt him rise and soar and fly over that blue water—over—over. "Now then!" thought Lavinia exultantly, as she swept on.

Three fields ahead a row of telegraph poles cut the sky. One field ahead the grey, rolling in his stride, she noticed, was in the same pasture as hounds. She could see that the end was near—one way or another. Though hounds still ran straight before her, tailed out a little by the water, the huntsman was edging away to the left more and more, away from their line.

"This country's not wired," thought Lavinia, puzzled. "What's the game—or is the grey finished?"

Herself, she held straight on, conscious that the blood beneath her was telling, and that her horse had plenty still left in him.

She had a low post and rails—no trifling with it, this time—and an easy hurdled fence devoid of ditch or rail. Before her, again, an uncut thorn bulfinch, high above her head. As her eyes sought the weak place and found it a few yards to her right—"There's something about this fence," thought Lavinia, "where's the grey?"

Not till she rose at it did she know her mistake—see desperately an open gate far on her left, a telegraph pole, and the black death-trap of tarmac road beyond.

Too late she heard galloping hoofs behind her, and a shout—too late. She set her teeth for the inevitable. It came, but in mid-air she heard from the field beyond the road the exultant "Who-hoop—whoo-hoop!" that proclaimed the end.

Then—a crash and a scatter of sliding spreading hoofs—a swaying lurch of lost balance—a sickening feel of swinging quarters—and Lavinia and the horse slithered and skidded anyhow over the glassy surface of the road, and neck and crop into the gaping ditch beyond. A note from the horn pricked her ears as she fell.

"Got there—anyhow!" thought Lavinia grimly, as with a crash a pall of darkness smote her down.

LAVINIA'S senses swayed dizzily round her. She stretched, and no pain came. Darkness again, though.

ENGLAND LIVES

By ROBERT E. KEY

ENGLAND lives.
Who dares to say that England dies?

Every country that gives and gives
As England has given, thrives and lives,
Yes, lives and thrives.
The sinister motive and evil aim
That think she is dead, and cannot again
Come into her own, are lies,
For England lives,
Yes, England lives and thrives.

Men and money, money and men,
Freely she gave for freedom's cause.
The seed was sown,
She shall reap it then
In strength and honour:
So bid them pause,
Who wish her evil,
Or say she dies,
For England lives,
Yes, England lives and thrives.

Through its eddying whirlpools she groped, and her hand clutched and found another hand. As the dark vortex threatened her again she gripped it hard. She felt her forehead wet, and wondered. Then she remembered, but dared not open her eyes.

She could hear a horse—horses—breathing hard close by. She moistened dry lips. "Is he all right?" she asked weakly, "the horse—I mean."

"Right as rain, Lavinia. What about you?"

It was a well-known voice, but she could not place it. She tried to raise her head—that proud red head.

"I'm all right," she said feebly, and darkness claimed her. Through the mists that swam in her brain voices came to her from a great distance. There was a sound like a great engine panting, too.

"Vickers!" exclaimed the voice she knew, "Go and find a doctor, Vickers."

"Yessir." A car-door slammed.

"No!" said Lavinia firmly, and sat up, eyes still closed. "No, Alan," she said, "I'm all right—winded—no doctors—for me—thanks!"

"Honest?"

"Honest!"

"All right—take it easy. Wait, Vickers."

"Yessir."

She fought for her breath. It came. Her

eyes opened, and Alan's face, pale and mud-spattered, filled them. She smiled.

"Get up now," she said, and staggered to her feet, hand on his shoulder. On the grass by the road-side, heads stuck out, front legs propped, in a cloud of steam stood Alan's horse and her own. The groom moved them up a pace or two as she regarded them, swaying.

"He's not all right," said Lavinia, "Hopping lame—that's what he is. Oh, Alan, not my own horse—even—and hopping, hopping lame!" He laid his hand on her arm.

"It's all right, Lavinia—he belongs to me," he said gently, "Don't worry, he'll be all right."

She turned in silence and got into the car so that he should not see her face. She heard him giving directions to Vickers and then he took the wheel.

"Home, and a bath and bed, for you," he said, "but first—this." The mouthful of spirit from his flask warmed and heartened her though it caught her breath. She nodded.

"I'll show you the road," she managed to say.

"No need—I know where you are living, Lavinia."

You do—do you, she thought to herself.

The car glided forward in silence, and she shot a glance at the man by her side. His face was very stern, and he looked rigidly before him as he drove. She leant back and closed her eyes. The proud red head was thinking. Presently—"Alan!" Not so cold or coldly insolent that very small whisper, now.

"What is it, Lavinia?"

"I took your horse—your second horse—didn't I? True, I caught him loose in the road." She giggled. "Poor Vickers—I saw his muddy back. Can't see him running, somehow."

He grinned. "He can't—for toffee. I shouted to him to come along in the car. Lucky he found us!"

"Yes," she said softly, "But I took him, didn't I?"

"What of it, Lavinia? Funny thing, though, his happening to be . . ." He paused, embarrassed.

"What, Alan?" she prompted.

"Well—that bay horse. You wouldn't, you know, when I wanted you to . . ."

"That bay horse!" All innocence was in that whisper.

"Yes—you know. Last summer."

There was a little silence. She broke it as the car slid on.

"Well—he wasn't mine, but I couldn't help it, Alan. That's true, too—down that first field he was away with me, properly. Told you he'd rush his fences, didn't I? Do you remember, Alan, (I was a little beast) the other things I said—conditions of mine, I mean? I said I'd pay, Alan, even—even—with whatever it cost me."

But he sat rigid—rigid, and proud too, and hurt.

"Lavinia—please! D'you think I'd take advantage of a thing like that!" She swayed towards him.

"Hopping lame, Alan—that poor bay horse!"

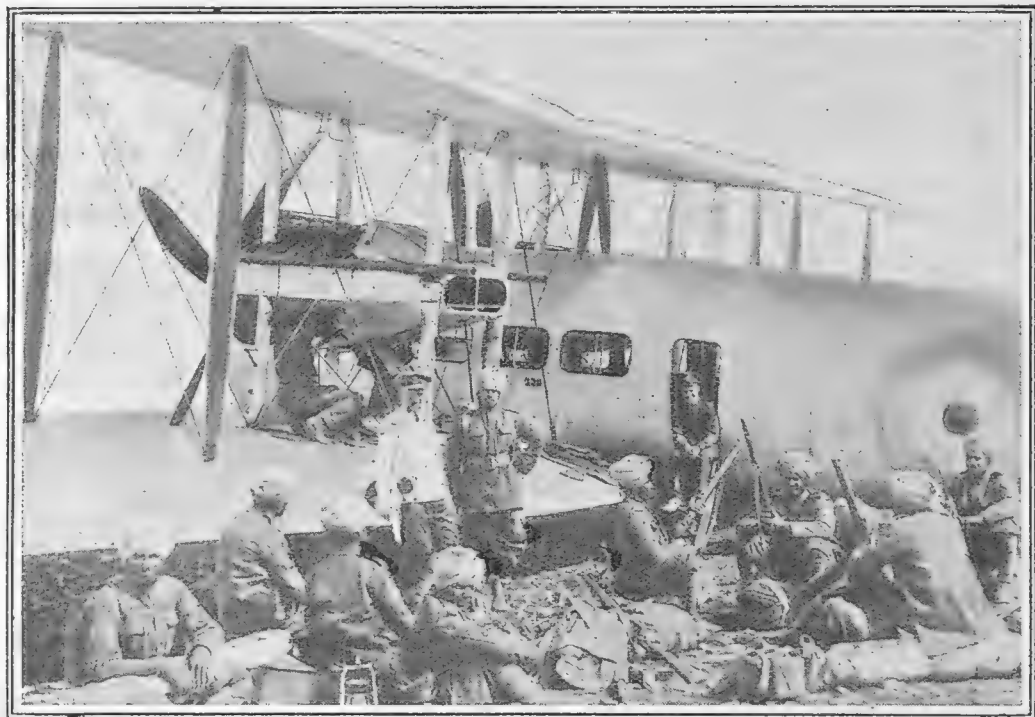
"Lavinia—excuse me my dear, but you're not being fair." He moved from her. The speedometer needle trembled upwards. She sighed.

"Oh, very well," she said, "But there is one other thing. . . . D'you really think, Alan—to, but really—that I don't know one bright bay horse from another, even in a fog?"

The brakes ground harshly under his foot. The car skidded, lurched—stopped. That proud red head was on his shoulder now. A tiny whisper reached him:

"Really, Alan my dear—you're not very quick, my dear! Rather an old stupid, Alan. Oh, I was a little beast—d'you think I'm going to cry? Steady on, old boy!"

THE WEEK IN THE SERVICES



Indian troops ready to embark in an R.A.F. transport.

THE R.A.F. in IRAQ

By Major Lloyd Jones

TWO years ago the last British infantry battalion left Iraq, and now the last Indian unit has been relieved. Five squadrons of the R.A.F. and six sections of an armoured car wing have replaced some thirty-three battalions of infantry and their necessary departmental attachments. British military expenditure has been reduced from twenty to two millions, chiefly owing to the substitution of R.A.F. units for the old-fashioned army of occupation. The whole of the commissariat arrangements have been taken over by the Navy, Army and Air Force Institute, thus relieving the H.Q. staff and regimental officers of a great deal of extra work, and incidentally effecting a considerable saving of the taxpayer's money.

Without doubt the R.A.F. is destined to play a very large part in the policing of the Empire and the protection of Imperial communications by sea as well as by land. From the new base at Singapore the new super-marine flying boats will be able to patrol the ocean routes of the Pacific and gradually take over the work now performed by cruisers of the Royal Navy.

"Gallantry in the Field."

Although in the Peninsular War certain commanding officers allowed men who had distinguished themselves in action to wear the letters V.S. (valiant stormer) on their sleeve, no official decoration for gallantry was instituted until 1856. During the Crimean war crosses of the Legion of Honour were distributed amongst our French allies, with the result that it occurred to the Duke of Newcastle, Minister of War at the time, to advise the Queen to institute a similar decoration for British soldiers.

The Victoria Cross, as the new decoration was called, was evidently not considered a very artistic production and was thus described by a wag of the day:—

Here's valour's cross my man, 'twill serve,
Though rather ugly take it.
John Bull a medal can deserve
But can't contrive to make it.

Intrinsically worth about 4½d., the decoration consisted of a little Maltese cross of bronze made from the cannon captured at Sebastopol, and was the proudest ornament that any British subject can wear—the Legion of Honour of the British Service. It still retains its position, and has never been bestowed except for authenticated cases of personal gallantry.

The first award was made to Midshipman Charles Lucas (aged 18) for throwing overboard a live shell, while serving in H.M.S. *Hecla* at the bombardment of Bomarsund, a fort in the Åland Islands, Gulf of Bothnia, on June 21st, 1854. Since that date three civilians and three men of colour have received the cross, and during the war Indian sepoys were made eligible. The award of the V.C. carries with it an annuity of £10, with another £5 for every bar. In cases of necessity, however, this may be increased to £50.

"Mufti."

I am glad to hear that at last the British soldier in India has been granted permission to wear plain clothes, or "mufti" as he generally calls it. The status of the private soldier in India used not to be very satisfactory, but the new privilege and the excellent institutes and sports clubs which are now established at most stations will go far to improve the situation of "Mr. Atkins" when off-duty, sight-seeing or having a little shikar.

For some time the origin of the word "mufti" defeated me, but I think I have found a solution at last. In the Crimea, Turkish troops soldiered alongside our men, and, of course, brought with them their priests. The expounder of Mahommedan law in Turkey is called a "mufti" and as these doctors or priests did not wear uniforms, the English soldier associated the wearing of plain clothes with the word "mufti" now used throughout the British Army.

"The Red Jack."

Seafaring folk will be glad to hear that a monument to the men of the Mercantile Marine

who gave their lives during the war is to be erected on Tower Hill overlooking "London River." The merchant Navy is indeed "the nursery of the craft," and many of the finest seamen in the world sail under the Red Ensign or Red Jack. The Honourable Company of Master Mariners is making a great effort to raise the status and position of the personnel of the Merchant Navy, and have enlisted the active support of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, who is now the chief Master Mariner of the Society. Until comparatively recently the Royal Navy was recruited, sometimes forcibly by the Press Gang, from the crews of merchant ships, and in every big war merchant seamen have played their part worthily, formerly as privateersmen, and in more recent times in their own ships transformed into armed auxiliary cruisers, in "Q" ships, or mine-sweepers, besides being responsible for all the dangerous work of transporting troops and munitions through submarine infested seas.

A considerable proportion of officers and men of the Mercantile Marine are members of the Royal Naval Reserve, and serve regular periods in H.M.'s ships for instructional purposes. When the commander and a certain proportion of his crew are members of the R.N.R. the ship has the privilege of sailing under the Blue Ensign instead of the Red.

Martial Races.

A distinguished Indian officer, giving evidence before the Simon commission the other day, complained bitterly that the British Government has neglected the martial races of the Punjab in favour of the "down country Bengali babu lawyers." He reminded the Commission that the invaders of "Hindustan" have always had to reckon with the military peoples of the Punjab, who, however, are not great talkers, and do not agitate continually for their "rights" nor quote John Stuart Mill on liberty.

Yet, when John Nicholson wished to quell the mutiny, where did he go for his material? He went to the North, and asked one simple question, "Who will come with me and loot Delhi?" Had not the martial races of the Punjab decided to stand by us in the great crisis, it is probable that Queen Victoria would never have been proclaimed Empress of India. The new democratic reforms give much to the rather noisy non-martial elements at the expense of the less articulate, but perhaps more reliable elements of the Northern and North Western Provinces. The opinion of the Indian Princes should also be considered before drastic so-called democratic experiments are implemented, for it must not be forgotten that approximately half of the Indian peninsula is under the direct personal rule of Indian potentates.

FORTHCOMING EVENTS.

November 28th.—Rugby Football, Woolwich v. Sandhurst, Richmond, 3.30.

November 30th.—50th (North Midland) Divisional Officers Reunion Club. Hotel Cecil, Lt.-Gen. Sir Cecil Romer in the chair. Apply Hon. Sec., Lt.-Col. E. U. Bradbridge, County of Essex Territorial Army Association, Chelmsford.

December 7th.—Annual Submarine Dinner, write Wardroom Secretary, H.M.S. "Dolphin," as soon as possible. Admiral Sir Roger Keyes will be the guest of the evening.

December 8th.—Q.M.A.A.C. IXth Annual Dinner (Old Comrades Assn.), Georgian Restaurant, Harrods, at 7 p.m. Apply Ex-Service Women's Club, 5, Buckingham Gate, S.W.1.

December 14th.—5th Batta. Green Howards, 10th Annual Reunion Dinner, past and present officers. Pavilion Hotel, Scarborough, write Capt. C. A. Lofthouse, 9, Westbourne Grove, Scarborough.

"I APPEAL TO THE JURY—"

(Being the Journal of a Budding K.C.)

By "WOOLSACK"

ALWAYS in the Divorce Courts there arises that question:—How much should a co-respondent be made to pay? What, in effect, is the cash value to a man of an erring wife?

Regarding the matter from a high-ethical point of view there are those who say at once that an erring spouse is of no value at all as a spouse. That the husband, indeed, ought to pay something to the State for the right to rid himself of the burden of "a rag, a bone and a hank of hair" that doesn't know her place as such.

At any rate, the high-ethicists say, distinguish between the case of a weak, impressionable woman led astray and that of a wanton thorough-bad-lot who asks for trouble. In the one let the husband be amply recompensed for his sheer misfortune; in the other a mere trifle for his trouble and inconvenience should suffice.

To begin with, this policy of the "looser" the creature the less she's worth might, perhaps, have unfortunate results. A woman who wants to save her soul-mate's pocket would go about kicking the high spots and generally assuming a wicked wilful pose so that she shall go down in Court as a "job-lot" where damages are concerned.

But, joking apart, the above sort of ethics hardly meet the case. What is the basis of the argument?

If it be the assumption that a man is deemed to know the potentialities of the girl he marries, and if he chooses to choose a racer he must stand the racket, then obviously the case falls to the ground. For one thing tendencies are apt to be latent as well as patent, and a woman has been known to become "an entirely different person altogether" on marriage.

Besides, the assumption would equally apply to the case of the weak, impressionable type of sinning wife.

Peculiar Value of a Wife.

The contention, therefore, rests upon an arbitrary valuation of a woman "taken in adultery." That is to say, the popular opinion of a light woman is that she is a worthless one; and must be regarded so by her husband.

But the value of a woman cannot rest upon any arbitrary standard. Least of all should it be considered from the attitude of the world at large.

Public estimate is quite beside the point. It is the private estimate of the husband in each particular case, and that alone, that matters.

A woman who in popular opinion might be most undesirable as a spouse may be the most desirable person on earth in the eyes of the man who married her. "For all her faults I love her still"—and a wife whose going might be welcomed by nine men out of ten might cause by her departure unutterable sorrow to the tenth. It is a question of personal taste.

In the same way a weak, led-away wife may count for little in the heart of a callous or unaffectionate husband.

On the one hand, therefore, it would be manifestly unfair to assess a fickle wife at £5 when she is worth everything in the world to

the particular husband. And, similarly, one cannot award £5,000 to a man whose very lack of sympathy (too indefinite and indefinable to be evidenced in court) might have contributed to the falling away of his more emotional wife.

No doubt pounds, shillings and pence are scarcely an adequate palliative to the really suffering husband. That's another matter. But, so long as monetary damages are awardable in the Divorce Courts, for goodness' sake don't

focus their attention on the previous year only. They have a wider discretionary power.

Apparently a man's financial capacity can be surveyed over several years; and, what is more,

the judge is entitled, if he considers the circumstances justify, to take an optimistic view in regard to possible future income capacity.

It should be noted by the over-eager ones, however, that if they do gain the benefit of such a generous attitude they will probably have to whistle for a further "rise" should their late husband suddenly become even wealthier than the optimism of the court foresaw! You can't have it both ways.

Fraudulent Females.

Still more about erring spouses! This from Paris, too, where one ought to be able to learn something about such matters!

There somebody has dug out an antiquated law passed in the eighteenth century which, revolutions or no revolutions, apparently hasn't been eliminated from the Statute-books. An enactment that declares that any woman "who entices a man into marriage by means of rouge, scent, artificial teeth, false hair, high heels, crinolines, or false hips, will be prosecuted for fraud!"

In the fear that some such law over here may have been passed in the past and be present in the present legal system it is rumoured that the British Museum and solicitors' offices are being besieged by hordes of anxious young matrons; and that the prison authorities are enquiring as to ways and means of extending their premises.

Incidentally, if the act comes up for interpretation in the light of modern affairs, it is presumed that "effaced hips" will be substituted for "false hips."

Posting By Road.

So the Mails are leaving the Rails! The Post is to go along the King's Highway again! For, according to a recent report, the G.P.O. intends more and more to adopt motor transport for the far and wide delivery of letters and parcels.

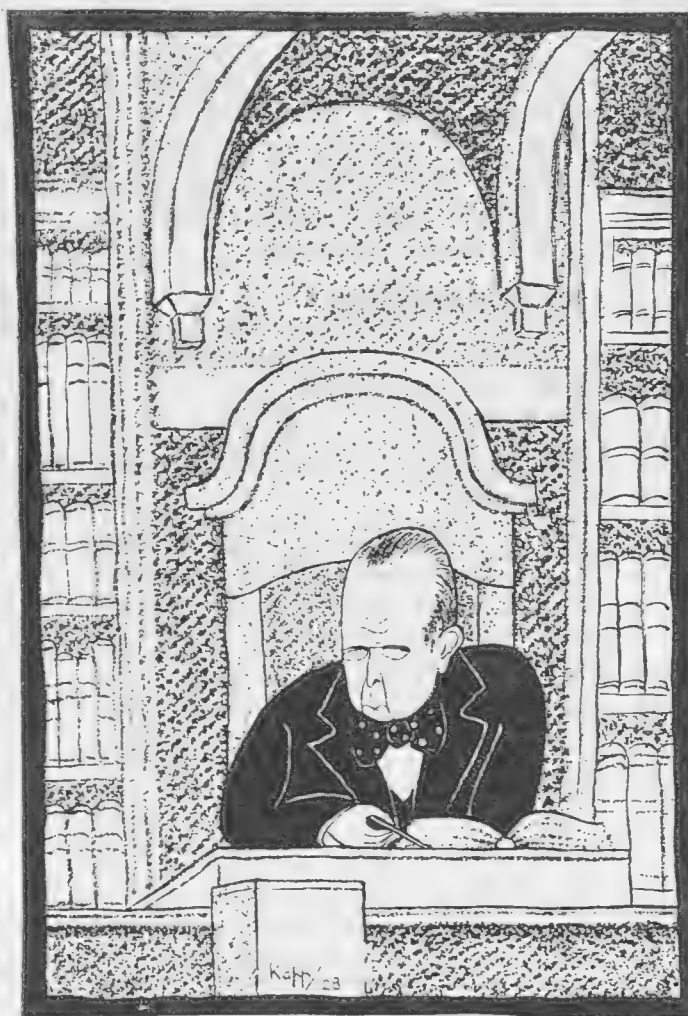
The idea stirs romantic sentiments. How nice it will be to see in the form of a nippy tin-Lizzie the shade of the one-time rollicking post-chaise!

But with that pleasant vision one recollects also the dangers and risks that used to attend the carrying of His Majesty's post-bags in those days. The highway robbers, for instance!

Of course the motor-coaches of to-day will be faster than the four-in-hands of our forefathers. And the roads are not so unfrequented or out of touch with mankind as of yore. All the same, roads still offer greater opportunity for mail robberies than do the railways.

Despite the dense population in these islands there are still (particularly in the north and west) long stretches of bare and lonely roads. And there are such things as punctures, wire across the road, and fogs, of course.

It is to be hoped, therefore, that adequate precautions will be taken by the authorities to protect the road-carried mails. Even, perhaps, to the point of allowing driver and attendant to be armed!



LONDON MAGISTRATES—I.

Mr. H. C. A. BINGLEY.
(Marylebone Police Court.)

let quantum have any regard to quality—at least, so far as Mr. Everyman's idea of quality is concerned!

General Value of a Husband.

To come to the other side of the shield. What standards of value are to be considered in the case of erring husbands?

Not, of course, on the point of damages. Naturally the same arguments on this score apply to either sex. But in regard to the vital question (to so many women) of alimony.

Six years ago a decision in a certain case seemed to imply that for the purposes of alimony the husband's earnings in the year previous to the trial was the standard to be taken.

Now, the Court of Appeal (in the case of *Sherwood v. Sherwood*) have explained that no such rigid principle was intended to be prescribed. There is no need for the courts to



*The lioness was waiting.
(A picture from the film "Simba.")*

LION HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

By Captain Douglas Fraser

(The Explorer and Big-Game Hunter)

This was rather exasperating, as there was no doubt as to there being lions in the neighbourhood. During the early morning I used to hear them hunting in pairs. One of them would keep alongside the river, while its mate, generally the male, kept close to the rising ground about a mile from the river banks. At intervals the male would give a series of growls and sometimes a roar, in order to drive the prey to the river where the lioness was waiting. Time and time again I crawled out of my mosquito tent in order to take part in these hunts, but as soon as my feet touched ground the game seemed to stop, and I was left in sole possession of the swamp.

"Big Lion, White Man."

During hunting expeditions in search of meat, the fresh spoor of a lion will sometimes completely demoralise the herd of buck which is being tracked. All of a sudden, these will commence twisting and turning, first in one direction, and then in the other, apparently without cause.

Paralysed with fear, the startled herd of hartebeeste stop when they scent the spoor, which lightly lies on the sun-bleached grass of the orchard bush, then wheel to a flank and spread out so as to minimise the danger of an attack. Two old bulls leave the herd. The man hunter learns this later, for he sees their tracks when he comes to the scene of the disturbance and notes the strange manoeuvres of the herd, which had hitherto been acting in a perfectly ordinary way.

He throws a dumb inquiry at his native tracker. "Siki," the black man, mumbles, and suddenly drops to the ground. "Siki monene mondele," he repeats as he rises and points to a patch of grass which, to the white man, looks just as uninteresting as the surrounding acres. But the words mean "Eig lion, white man," and hold a promise.

Hartebeeste in Flight.

A sound breaks the stillness of the orchard bush, a sound like the crackling of dry tinder.

And then the startled herd of hartebeeste swings past in full flight a hundred yards to the left. Probably there is an entire family of lions out for a morning's hunt, as the sky is heavily overcast and it is cool. But a dead hartebeeste in hand is worth more than a possible live lion in the bush, and so I fire.

The third buck in the line makes a wild rush and breaks away from the herd. Yes, it's a good shot—a heart shot. The wounded beast should race for seventy to a hundred and twenty yards and then fall stone dead. He does.

Now for the lion. Shall I leave the carcase for the lion to find, and return later? I consult the tracker. He tells me that the lions have killed, and we had better go on, as the wind is blowing in our faces. The black man, armed with a bow and arrow, goes on in front. I follow, seventy paces in the rear, armed with .375 Mannlicher Schoenhauer.

A blink of watery sun lights for a second on the side of an undulating slope, thinly planted with stunted trees, one or two rocks show through the surface of the hot, red soil, a couple of vultures hover in the now storm-laden sky. With slowly decreasing circles they search the crags and hollows, unfailingly drawing over the spot where instinct tells them a meal is waiting.

The white man and his tracker pause for a moment to watch the tell-tale movement of these heralds of the skies, and then move slowly onwards. A roar of wind and sheet of rain, and twenty-five yards in front three fully grown lions and a lioness crouch over their kill.

The Tale of an Arrow.

It is too late to retire, and almost too wet to see to shoot. Three of the lions bound away, but the fourth, a full-grown male, remains. With teeth bared and fangs dripping red, he crouches, his tail lashing his flank. The snarling mouth invites a bullet which, even if it should not find the brain, will render those terrible jaws useless.

I drop on one knee and fire. As I do so, the lion makes his spring. But he is twenty-five yards away, and a lion cannot cover that distance in one bound. Again I fire, and the bullet crashes into the spine and he falls.

And now comes the real part of the story. When I go to the carcase, I find an arrow sticking into the animal's ribs. The tracker had stood his ground when the lion charged, and had met it with an arrow! With calm deliberation he produces his old hunting knife and, having cut the arrow from the quivering flesh, returns it to its sheath.



Making a meal of a Zebra.

I HAVE never hunted in what may be called "fashionable" areas, nor from a motor car. For financial reasons I never will, and for sentimental ones I never wish to. Such sport as I have had in Central Africa has been incidental to my work and safety, and though lacking in the picturesque, it has provided me with considerable entertainment, and, in a small way, excitement.

Why the "King" of Beasts?

The West Coast has always been my starting point, and it has taken months of weary travel by foot and canoe before the higher and drier lands of the Central Continent have been reached. By that time the traveller is no longer looking for trouble; he is anxious to avoid it. But even in Africa this is not always easy, and I have often had lively encounters with lions.

Why the lion is called the "king of beasts" I can never understand. On his native soil he is invariably emaciated, frequently mangy, and always crafty. It is seldom that he is aggressive, and his first desire, as a rule, is to avoid man. Man-eaters do exist, but they are generally confined to old animals whose loss of teeth, sight, scent and agility, prevent them from hunting the fleet-footed buck and zebra which are their natural prey.

During 1925 I was in a district south of Lake Chad where lions were numerous, and the natives in the village close to which I was camped, in a large dug-out canoe, told me that they were afraid to come along the path at night. As it was desirable that they should do so, I patrolled the path at irregular intervals during the dark hours, in order to disturb the wanderings of any possible man-eater. I did this for several weeks, but I only once got a shot, and then I missed.

The Seed of Consumption.

THE analogy of a farmer sowing seed has often been used to indicate the mode of spread of pulmonary tuberculosis. Thus, while the germs of the disease are scattered widely, only some of them fall on suitable soil. Sir William Osler was one of the first to note how effectively the Parable of the Sower illustrates the way in which these two factors, the tubercle bacillus or seed, and a soil favourable to its growth, co-operate to produce tuberculosis, and how this relation explains the reasons underlying some of the measures adopted to prevent the occurrence of this disease. Most of the bacilli fail to reach any human habitat; they fall by the wayside. Some enter the bodies of insusceptible persons; they find an uncongenial soil and perish. Too often, however, the soil is less inhospitable and the bacilli find in the lungs or other tissues conditions which favour their multiplication and growth.

The result of the invasion, however, may still be limited if, as explained in a previous article, the protecting forces of the body come into action; and in most persons this limitation is more or less successfully achieved. Thus there are degrees in the acuteness and the extent of pulmonary tuberculosis, and the governing factors are invasion by the tubercle bacilli in mild or mass attack on the one hand, and the efficiency or inefficiency of the self-protective capacity of the body on the other. Hence the prevention of the disease offers two opportunities; one, to avoid widespread distribution of tubercle bacilli, and the other to make the human body, so far as possible, a soil unfavourable to their multiplication and growth.

Health and Social Morals.

THE dried phlegm of persons suffering from pulmonary tuberculosis, borne on the air as dust, is the chief agent by which tubercle bacilli are distributed. It has been estimated that as many as four billion tubercle bacilli may be ejected each twenty-four hours in the expectoration of a person with moderately advanced disease. Whatever the numbers, here certainly is the danger of spreading infection. Fortunately, as a result, partly of the education of the public in the principles of personal hygiene, partly of the enactment of bye-laws against spitting in public places, the dissemination of tubercle bacilli is gradually diminishing. But a great deal of infection is still spread by persons who fail to screen the mouth when coughing, or who are careless in the disposal of their phlegm. Negligences in these respects are anti-social actions, for every person as a good citizen and a good neighbour is under an obligation to avoid the spread of disease in the community of which he is a member.

No one, however, runs any real risk either by living in the same household as a careful consumptive, or in the immediate neighbourhood of a properly conducted institution for the treatment of tuberculosis. The breath of a consumptive person does not convey infection; and as long as the sufferer is painstaking in the disposal of his phlegm he does not endanger the health of the other members of his household. In institutions devoted to the treatment of pulmonary tuberculosis, where many of the patients may be suffering from advanced disease, infection of the members of the staffs is very rare indeed. This is because patients are taught to screen the mouth when coughing and to discharge their phlegm carefully either into a jar or a flask containing some disinfectant, or into a paper handkerchief that can be destroyed by burning. The patients are

YOUR HEALTH



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further encouraged to resist the impulse to cough, and after a while most of them are able to do this without difficulty. There is every reason why consumptive persons living in their own households should take similar precautions. In addition, it is well that every tuberculous patient should have a bedroom to himself and should cultivate the open window.

Consumption Not Hereditary.

SO much for the seed; what do we know of the soil? The view is generally held that children are more susceptible to infection than adults, and that such susceptibility is greatest among the children of tuberculous parents. This latter statement does not mean that the children of tuberculous parents inherit tuberculosis; the suggestion is that such children have little resisting power and that it is this defect that they have received by inheritance. Some authorities even throw doubt on the existence of this transmitted tendency; they hold that the only reason for the greater incidence of tuberculosis among the children of tuberculous parents is that such children are brought more closely than others into contact with mass infections in their early and susceptible years. The incidence of tuberculosis among the children of careful tuberculous parents is, perhaps, very little, if at all, greater than that among the children of non-tuberculous parents. The obvious conclusion, whether one believes in the existence of an inherited tendency or not, is that the protection of children against mass attacks of tubercle bacilli is a key position on which the future of the anti-tuberculosis campaign in great measure depends.

A Natural Vaccine.

TUBERCLE bacilli are, however, so widely spread that, in towns at any rate, probably every child is again and again exposed to infection. Indeed, there are sound reasons for believing that the great majority of children have been attacked by the tubercle bacillus before reaching their twelfth year. Yet only a minority of these children develop obvious signs of tuberculosis; the rest, repeatedly inoculated with small doses of tubercle bacilli, undergo a kind of mild and repeated vaccination. They thus acquire a partial immunity to tuberculosis just as people inoculated with a vaccine made from typhoid bacilli acquire immunity to typhoid fever. The tissues of the body are, as it were, educated to deal with the tubercle bacilli as a result of the recurring slight infections, and hence the individual is protected against future attacks unless for some reason or other his protective mechanism breaks down or he is exposed to a mass invasion. Yet it has to be remembered that even when the disease is limited some bacilli

remain alive though latent and shut off from the opportunity of extension; and though the disease may remain permanently arrested there is the risk that on any

decline in the patient's resisting capacity active mischief may manifest itself.

This risk of revived activity, however, is not the only danger which accompanies lowered resistance; the individual in such circumstances is vulnerable not only to the tubercle bacilli pent up in his own body, but also to the tubercle bacilli in his surroundings. Doses of bacilli which in normal circumstances he would repel are now easily able to gain a foothold in his tissues and produce their characteristic consequences. Therefore, in the prevention of tuberculosis, it is of the greatest importance to consider not only the seed, but also the conditions that make for a favourable and those that make for an unfavourable soil.

Friends and Foes of Consumption.

SUNSHINE and open air render the soil inhospitable to the tubercle bacillus. Trudeau found that of two groups of rabbits inoculated with tubercle bacilli, the group allowed to run wild in the fresh air and sunshine remained free from tuberculosis, while the group confined in a sunless, damp place, deprived of fresh air, died of this disease. Workers in indoor occupations must make a practice of admitting as much fresh air as they can into their rooms during the day and of seeking an extra allowance of fresh air at other times; they must compensate for their indoor habits by activity in the open air whenever they have the leisure and opportunity.

A well-nourished body is unfavourable soil. Women bent on the cultivation of the fashionable mode of slimness would do well to bear this in mind and to regard with suspicion advice to seek a diet which is guaranteed to be non-nourishing. Many doctors hold that most individuals should aim at an average, or even somewhat greater than average weight until they are forty. After forty, when the risks of contracting tuberculosis are slight, and there are new risks from chronic diseases which come with age, a weight slightly below the average is desirable. Fatigue of the body and mind, resulting from over work, or insomnia, or insufficient rest, reduces the bodily resistance and favours the development of tuberculosis. Finally, it must be realised that colds, influenza, catarrhs, and other diseases, produce a condition of the soil favourable to tuberculosis, and that not infrequently, following repeated attacks of these diseases, arrested foci of tuberculosis become active once more. In children, measles and whooping cough are especially liable to prepare the soil for tuberculosis. Children should be protected against these diseases, or, if they contract them, should be given very careful medical attention throughout their illness and the period of convalescence, in order to avert the development of tuberculosis.

Hardening the Soil.

SUNSHINE and fresh air, good food, the maintenance of the general health and vigour, and an active outdoor life, harden the soil against tuberculosis. Fatigue, malnutrition, infectious diseases, excesses of all kinds and insanitary conditions in the work place and the home, all tend to lower the body resistance and to prepare the soil for tuberculosis. Completely to avoid the chance of infection is practically impossible. But to encourage effective resistance by the practice of sensible habits is in the power of everyone.

WHAT WILL HAPPEN IN RUSSIA?

WHAT will be Russia's future? It is difficult to predict, and only a prophet would be ready with an answer. Even prophets are sometimes unlucky, in that their words do not always come true. And how often have the prophecies of historians and politicians proved false!

Not the Right Revolution.

IN attempting to forecast the probable course of events one must take into account the political and social development of the Russian people. First of all it must be realised that the Russian revolution came far too late. The originators of the movement were treated with barbaric severity, and the tide of revolt in its early, pre-war stages was easily stemmed, but when at length that tide gathered strength and burst its dam, the result was catastrophic in the extreme. This was not the revolution we Russians had been waiting for—a revolution which would give to the Russian people a parliamentary and a democratic government. This was no more revolution, but a national calamity, which not only brought about the fall of the existing political system, but demolished the whole social and economic structure of the mighty Empire. It was exceedingly unfortunate that this dreadful catastrophe appeared at the time to be the direct result of the World War—a war which we, for our part, were not in a position to continue.

To understand this one must bear in mind the fact that at the beginning of the revolution two strong tendencies were making themselves felt in Russia. The first was confined to the not very powerful upper classes, to people of education and culture, and to the limited number of tradesmen and artisans. These people realised the coming danger and put forward every effort to save the State in her hour of need.

War-Weary Masses.

THE second tendency, which the march of events proved to be the stronger of the two, was visible in the anarchic disposition of the war-weary masses. On the fall of the Tsar the politically conscious elements of the population declined to entertain the idea of concluding a separate peace, fearing to isolate Russia and thereby expose her to the perils of a reaction from the right.

Even among the troops, and in particular among the better educated engineers and technically trained soldiers, there was a strong movement in favour of continuing a defensive war. But among the mass of soldiery and the population in general the desire for an immediate termination of hostilities had taken such deep root that by November, 1916, individual regiments had openly demanded peace and had refused to obey their officers.

So that these two tendencies ran counter to one another; on the one hand were the patriotic democratic revolutionaries; on the other, the anarchists exploiting the mob. Victory went to the completely disordered and demoralised mob, and Bolshevism owed its success to the state of exhaustion and utter weariness into which the Russian people had fallen. They could not foresee that Bolshevism would mean the most complete form of reaction, and in vain did I warn them that such a reaction would not come from the right, but from the left.

The Russian people were brought to their



By ALEXANDER KERENSKI

When the Czarist Government fell, in May, 1917, Alexander Kerenski was leader of the Cadet Party, comprising the intelligentsia of the country. He formed a provisional Government, with himself as Prime Minister. His constitutional policy was too moderate for the Bolsheviks under Lenin, and he and his followers were obliged to flee the country. He has since made his home in Paris.

senses a long time ago, but they are still much too weak to master the evil spirits which they called into being. Whence will come their salvation? Certainly not from the party now in power! I look upon Bolshevism as a sickly and wasting disease, which is sapping the economic life of Russia. In order to fight this disease the sick organism must be strengthened and fresh, new blood must be transfused into the feeble body.

The Danger of Trade.

AS long as the economic life of Russia remains at so low an ebb there can be no talk of political rejuvenation. A new economic system must arise before the body politic can assert itself. That is why I have always been against any sort of blockade and any form of outside intervention. On the contrary, it is my firm conviction that the whole world must contribute towards rebuilding the Russian economic system, and we Russian emigrants must endeavour to encourage foreign capital to flow into our country. That is the only way to hasten the return of Russia to normal conditions.

That the Bolsheviks have long realised the danger to which a rebirth of Russian trade and industry would expose them is evident. As soon as they see signs of animation in any particular branch of industry they step in to arrest its development. Private undertakings are overburdened with taxation, traders are persecuted, foreign engineers are thrown into prison.

But Russian economic life has already recovered to such an extent that the people find the present political system excessively irksome and look upon it as merely a parasitic organisation. They are still too weak, however, to assert themselves politically; they are not strong enough to turn their achievements to their own advantage. The Bolsheviks realise

their own position; they feel that they are isolated, cut off from all contact with the rest of the population.

Crusade Against Peasants.

EVEN the policy dictated to-day from the Kremlin, with its strong tendency towards the left, lacks the aggressive force which characterised the sudden explosions and violent outbreaks of Communist feeling in the years of 1918-1921. Now it is purely on the defensive; its aim is to stem the tide of progress, to hinder the social and political development of the nation. A vain effort!

I will draw attention to a single instance. For some time past the Bolsheviks have been conducting an official crusade against the well-to-do peasant, the Kulak. But only 2 per cent. of the Russian peasants have a yearly income of 1,200 roubles. Now in Soviet Russia this yearly income of the peasant is subject to such heavy taxation that his means of existence are reduced to a level representing the minimum on which a town dweller, who is exempt from every form of direct taxation, can live. Thirty per cent. of the total Russian peasantry possess neither horses nor oxen, so that they are unable to till their land, but instead are forced to let it and look for work themselves. This means that the Soviet Government is waging war against that part of the peasantry, numbering one and a half million people, whose income scarcely reaches the minimum on which a town dweller can exist.

Hatred of the Peasant.

The real cause of this terrific hatred is that the Russian peasants who, since the outbreak of the war, have reached a more advanced stage of development than is generally supposed, conform in no way to Bolshevik standards of living. The Soviet officials find themselves living in the country in the midst of a hostile populace. The Bolshevik administrations exercise absolutely no influence on the inhabitants of the villages, who obey their own leaders and live in accordance with their own time-honoured laws and customs. Hence the hatred of the Soviets for the well-to-do, intelligent peasant. It is not merely that the peasants have inherited honourable traditions, but the events of the last twenty-five years have taught them wisdom, and they have become past masters in the art of passive resistance.

When Will the Soviet Collapse?

THE conclusion I draw from these observations is that the Bolsheviks have played a losing hand. In fact they lost as far back as 1921. And I am convinced that history will confirm my opinion. Since that year they have done nothing except attempt to escape the inevitable.

But exactly when the artificially constructed Soviet system will collapse I am not going to say. At present the forces, which are gradually being assembled in Russia and which are hostile to Bolshevism, are still weak, so that in any case we must count on the present government enjoying a protracted term of life.



THE CHAOS of the THEATRE

By

*E. Temple
Thurston*

*The well-known Novelist and
Dramatist*

catchpenny syndicates, some member or members of which have got the nose for scenting where a bit of money is to be found. Neither of them care for the art of the theatre. Neither of them know the essential qualities of a play.

Once for Art—Now for Profits.

HOW is it we have let this state of affairs come about, and what is, or will be, the result of it? The first question is not so easy to answer. Before the war, at the beginning of this century—only twenty-eight years ago—there were many stable managements in London where actor-managers who cared for their art, and knew all about it, put on plays which they judged by standards of dramatic quality.

There was Irving at the Lyceum, Alexander at the St. James's, Wyndham at the Criterion, Tree at His Majesty's, Maude at the Haymarket, Frohman—not an actor certainly—at the Duke of York's. Other theatres like Drury Lane and the Adelphi were committed to melodrama, the Gaiety and Daly's to musical plays, while at the remaining playhouses there was generally to be found some actor or actress who ventured at least upon a season of plays and whose judgment could be depended upon to be dictated by the love and knowledge of their work.

Simultaneously almost with the passing of these actor-managers came the war and the subsequent ramp in rents. There was no actor substantial enough financially to take on the responsibility that had been left him. The rent-monger thrust his face in at the door of the theatre—a bailiff coming to distrain upon the goods of the drama. Some theatres have changed hands again and again at profit rentals.

Most of them are taking in plays from any kind of ephemeral managements so long as they pay weeks of profit rent in advance. Others are accepting plays on sharing terms when by their contracts all they stand to lose is the profit they might make out of a big success. All this everybody connected with the theatre knows. Some only too well. I don't know the subtleties of the Rent Restrictions Act. I can only assume that it has not operated to save the drama from contempt in this country.

Copying the Cinema.

THE result is far easier to define. Jealously seeing the fortunes made in the picture palaces, these speculators—who know nothing about plays—have set themselves out to catch the cinema public. Naboth's vineyard. Nothing more.

But the cinema public is about the least intelligent, the least possessed of any taste or culture, of any mass of people who seek relaxation and entertainment when their work is done. The films that please them prove it. The result, in the kind of plays that find their way now into the London theatres, is both lamentable and appalling. How a good play occasionally finds its way on to the stage now is not merely a fluke—it is a miracle.

With the speculation of these play-jobbers and brokers, which is the normal condition of the stage now, theatres cannot be had—I was going to say for love or money. They can be had on short leases by those who have money, but by few who care for the drama as an art. The company promoters, the jobbers and brokers with their bogus stock have made the theatre little more than a gambling saloon. And I know numerous actors and actresses who are ashamed of the servile parts they are playing in it.

As for dramatic authors, if you look down the list of entertainments in the daily paper there is scarcely a name that one knows or is ever likely to see again. As is to be expected, the staff in a bogus company promoter's office is not composed of servants who have learnt their work or are really worthy of their hire.

The Way Plays Are Made.

A PLAY that is put on in London now is subject to the speculating whim and fancy of men who have no claim to be artists in any sense of the word. Talking to an actress the other day about the play in which she was appearing, I asked her why it suddenly seemed to drop the line of development on which it first started out.

"I expect," she said, "because we cut away the second act. It was originally a four-act play."

At the rehearsals of another play at which the author through illness could not be present, I was informed a whole act had fallen to the blue pencil. This now is the way plays are made.

The actors and actresses will go on acting, with what self-respect I cannot say. Needs must. Though even they tell me it is like living on a volcano. With the shifting insecurity of managements, they do not know where they are. And meanwhile the art of the drama itself must steadily decline to the level of cinema audiences, until there is so little to choose between a film and a play that that monstrosity of scientific substitutes, the talkie film, will stride triumphant over the English Theatre like a Colossus.

Is this exaggerated? I don't believe it is. Is there a remedy? There seems to be none. Why should the proprietors of the playhouses give up their profit rentals? It is not human. The art of drama will have to die and be born again like it was in the days of Shakespeare, when in its poverty it could find the where-withal of life in a barn.

HAS anyone the courage, whose pockets are involved, frankly to admit that we are losing a national possession—the art of the theatre?

The man from Surbiton who rings up his stockbroker and instructs him to buy tin shares, because he has had the tip of a rise, cares as much for tin, the mining of tin, the chemistry of tin, the use of tin, as ninety-nine people out of a hundred who are controlling our theatres care for the art of the drama.

There are only three kinds of people who have any feeling for the theatre itself; they are actors, authors and critics. And in the present state of the drama they have practically nothing to do with it. It is in the hands of the speculator. The result is such as is to be seen again and again in crises on the Stock Exchange and Wall Street. Shares are boosted into a South Sea bubble and burst.

The art of the theatre, which once was the pride of England and created out of itself names that will live in posterity and be honoured the world over, does not for the moment exist. The speculator has come in, and in place of the genuine stock he floats bogus companies of his own construction. Some of them have boomed. Hundreds have not. But the fortunes that have been made are sufficient to tempt him to gamble again.

A Ramp for Easy Money.

BUT what does he know of the theatre? What does he know of acting, except what the appreciation of the public teaches him? And what does he know of plays? Absolutely nothing. The whole institution has become a ramp for easy money. Some are getting it. And some are not.

There are only four theatres in London at the present moment whose policies are controlled by men who have an acting experience of the drama. They are the Duke of York's, the St. James's, Wyndham's, and the Aldwych. And it is obvious by the play which Mr. Lang has put on that he not only knows, but cares, what the art of the drama means.

Managements now consist mostly of men in the city or in business who have money to play with, or they are composed of little

LEND ME YOUR EARS

At its recent visit to London the Hallé Orchestra submitted itself to a severe test. It was scarcely 48 hours—or to be precise 45½ hours, from 10.30 on Wednesday to 8 o'clock on Friday—since we had heard the last notes of the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra. Manchester stood the test with more than honour and glory. It may, of course, be that not many members of Friday's audience had heard the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, and therefore most of those present may have had no adequate standards of comparison; but I do not think that can be true, for I, myself, knew of many who were at both concerts. At any rate, the Hall was as full for the Hallé Concert as for any of the Berlin concerts and the audience was just as full of enthusiasm.

In the ordinary course of events this concert of the Manchester musicians would be regarded as ancient history. In this case, however, it is worth returning to it, because it now seems probable that the Hallé Orchestra will soon become a permanent part of our London musical life, that is to say, a scheme is on foot for a regular series of concerts by the Hallé Orchestra in London. Most music lovers who like to hear good orchestral music will rejoice though, as good citizens of London, which after all is no mean city, it is somewhat galling to reflect that one has to go to Manchester for a permanent orchestra in the strict sense of the words.

This being so, it may be as well to step aside for the moment and consider what the Hallé Orchestra has been and is. It satisfies the definition of the words, a permanent orchestra, except that some of the members do work with other bands occasionally, and from the end of March till the middle of October it has a vacation. It gives 80 to 100 concerts all over the North of England, Ireland and Scotland in the course of each season under its permanent conductor, who is thus able to impress his personality on the players and consequently it has a character of its own as much as the Berlin Philharmonic, the Vienna Philharmonic or the orchestra of the Paris Conservatoire. The only English orchestras which can compare with it in these respects are that of Bournemouth, which always plays under Sir Dan Godfrey, and that of Hastings and Harrogate, which plays under Mr. Basil Cameron in the North in the summer and in the South during the winter.

England Unashamed.

There are many music lovers and musicians who cannot force their minds to think that anything English is in any way really good in music, or that English people have any right to claim for themselves any musical characteristics of their own. But if France has a right to pride itself on the silver clearness of its orchestral tone, if Germany can boast of the richness and solidity of its bands, and Vienna can boast of the luscious-sweetness of its strings, why should not England boldly say that its orchestra has a quality of its own?

THE HALLÉ ORCHESTRA IN LONDON

By A. KALISCH

We have no reason to be ashamed of ourselves. Man for man, our orchestral players can challenge comparison with those of any other country, and it is only because they are not allowed the proper chances that they cannot reach the pitch of perfection attained by others. The faults of our orchestral players—and they are, it must be confessed, many—are simply due to lack of constant co-operation and frequent rehearsal. How rarely, for instance, do we hear a real chord from a London

Walton-on-Thames. The great man at first pleaded indisposition and said he could not conduct, and remained adamant till Mr. Forsyth—astute man—suggested to him that it would be an appropriate tribute if he were to conduct his *In Memoriam* overture at the beginning of the concert. Then he yielded.

The conductor from 1896 to 1899 was Sir Frederick Cowen, and then from October, 1899, to March, 1911, the conductor was the great Richter. When Richter died Michael Balling was the conductor until the outbreak of the war in 1914 when Sir Thomas Beecham took over the position; and, after other conductors had been tried and, for various reasons, were either not offered or refused the appointment, finally, Sir Hamilton Harty was definitely appointed in February, 1920, and still holds office.

A great deal of the excellence of the present orchestra, as Sir Hamilton Harty is always the first to admit, is due to the admirable training the band had under Dr. Richter. There are still about 24 members of the orchestra who played under him and still remember what they learnt from his matchless style, which still remains unequalled in the world of music for an unerring sense of balance and proportion and its architectonic qualities.

In its early days under Sir Charles Hallé the orchestra was the first in England to perform much music which since has become popular all over the country. One of Hallé's favourite composers was Berlioz, who had been a friend in his early Paris days, and his *Faust* and more than one of his other works had its first English performance in Manchester. He also introduced

to England St. Saëns' *Samson and Delilah*, which in those days the Censor did not allow to be performed on the stage.

This good tradition of opening the doors to novelty has been maintained to the present day, and it was only a week or two ago that the Prize Symphony of Kurt Atterburg was given in Manchester some days before it was heard in London.

The Hallé Orchestra is probably the only one in the country which rewards long service by giving players who have been members for 20 years a gold medal, and the *esprit de corps*, which is unequalled among any similar body in England, is further fostered by the Pension Fund and its Benevolent Fund.

The orchestra is now in a sound position financially and its continued prosperity is a great tribute to the sound business instincts of Lancashire. It has not always been thus, for the guarantors have more than once been called upon. In the office of the Hallé Concert Society in Manchester there hang in a frame ten threepenny bits, which were the profits of the first season.



Sir Hamilton Harty, Conductor of the Hallé Orchestra.

orchestra. The opportunities, without which a true ensemble is impossible, have been freely granted to the Hallé Orchestra. Our conductors, too, need not be afraid to cross swords with those of other countries. Their artistic development, too, is often hampered by the want of cohesion in the orchestra which they have to conduct. When they have appeared abroad they have not disgraced themselves. It is perhaps not too much to hope that some day the Hallé Orchestra may be given a chance of giving a taste of its quality to audiences on the Continent.

Hallé History.

The Hallé Orchestra has a long and honourable history. It has existed now for 71 years. It was in 1857 that the orchestra was formed for the Art Treasure Exhibition in Manchester by Sir (Mr.) Charles Hallé. Sir Charles Hallé remained the sole conductor of the Orchestra till his death in 1895.

The first concert after his death was conducted by Sir Arthur Sullivan, and thereby hangs a tale, which shows that the greatest of

SOCIALIST WOMEN

Socialist womanhood seems stricken with a sickness of the soul as she follows the blind track of Socialism—not into a radiant future, but into a wilderness of despair.

AT the recent International Socialist Conference at Brussels this year about a million and a half of women from the chief European countries were represented by delegates at a series of special women's meetings. The report on these meetings, given in the *New Leader* of August 24th by Miss Dorothy Jewson, is headed: "The Women's International," with the sub-headings: "Birth Control and Abortion—the Mobilisation of Women."

With the intention of a large part of the discussions on the provision of medical attention for mother and child, the welfare of infants and small children and the application of preventive medicine generally very many people would be in agreement. But on two matters at least they certainly would not. The question of children's allowances paid by the State, and the question of Birth Control and Abortion.

The conception that the basic wage of industry must be so low that it needs to be supplemented by an allowance of 5s. a week for each child (the I.L.P. proposal) from the State is part of the old-fashioned poverty-ridden mentality of Socialism. And the woman Socialist has apparently accepted the idea of a hopelessly low poverty level raised by "allowances," coming out of the proceeds of the high taxation of "unearned" income and the steeply graduated taxation of incomes over £500 a year, as a satisfactory basis for a "new society."

That the necessary taxation would dangerously deplete the funds needed for investment is serious enough. But the most serious factor of this proposal is that its inevitable tendency would be to keep wages low, keep the net output of industry low, and so keep our industries on a cheap labour footing instead of on the footing of efficiency and rationalisation.

It is indeed significant that the Trade Union Congress meeting at Swansea recently were not in favour of allowances.

Birth Control.

IS this support of a "gold-brick" programme to be characteristic of Socialist women in politics? Or is it merely due to the bad leadership by Socialist extremists driven to desperation to think of something which will produce immediate and tangible results instead of always telling of a future Socialist Utopia?

But on the question of parenthood and our responsibility for bringing children into the world the women are leaders of opinion. Where are Socialist women going on these questions? The official British Labour Party view is against bringing these questions into politics at all. But the 14,000 women of the I.L.P. are sure that the Birth Control issue should be one of the chief ones in politics, and a very large number of the women members of the Labour Party support them.

The I.L.P. women and their supporters want the matter of Birth Control brought into politics because they want official infor-

mation on these subjects to be available at infant and mother welfare clinics and, presumably, at other medical institutions supported out of public funds.

The Labour Party's official objection to making this matter one of politics is the fear of the tremendous whirl of discussion which would be stirred up. But there is a deeper reason which ought to make all sober minded men and women hesitate—the simple consideration that in giving what would be in effect government sanction to the practice of birth control a responsibility is being assumed greater than any government should be asked to carry.

Opinion in the nation is very much divided on birth control, our knowledge of its practice is limited, and our knowledge of its effects is very much more limited still. For you are dealing here with the fundamental psychological as well as physical realities of the race.

A Question Outside Politics.

WHAT the effect would be of the government support of birth control no one can say. This is not to pronounce against birth control altogether, but only to say that it is a question which ought to be kept outside politics, and one on which individuals must make up their own minds.

The insistence of so many Socialist women on the bringing of this question into politics has perhaps even a deeper significance. Grouped as it is with the demand for free clinics, free "nursery schools," and above all for child allowances, it displays a profound pessimism of outlook, a belief in the permanence of individual poverty. And when the Socialist women from Austria bring abortion into politics they are only taking the logical step of the pessimist who despairs of life, who is indeed afraid of life.

Frau Proft, one of the Socialist women delegates of Austria (as reported in the *New Leader*), stated that at the present time there were between 400 and 500 women imprisoned in Austria for the practice of abortion. And it is said, "this was mainly due to their poverty." But poverty does not produce this effect in other countries to the same extent. Some other factor evidently co-exists with poverty.

The Austrian Socialist women's proposal for dealing with the admittedly very grave situation is to abolish the severe penalties against abortion. And in this Frau Bahm-Seuch, for the German delegation, agreed. The British women apparently did not agree.

IN Great Britain the operation of abortion is only regarded as justifiable in certain grave cases where, after medical consultation,



By Dr.
L. HADEN
GUEST

it is considered imperative as a measure to save life.

But the Austrian women want other reasons added, including cases "in which the economic existence of the pregnant woman, her position in employment, or the education of her existing children, would be endangered by an enlargement of the family." This covers, or may be made to cover, practically all cases in which a woman

does not desire to bear a child.

Quite clearly, we are dealing here with something very profound in the mental pathology of the modern Socialist woman. It is the desperation of those who have lost their grip on life, who wish to renounce life. Soviet Russia has gone a step further, and actually legalised the practice of abortion, so that in revolutionary times very few children are born.

Two conversations with women will remain always in my memory as vivid and illuminating lightning flashes into the heart of this problem.

The first was with a highly placed woman Commissar in Russia. She had one child which she kept with her, not allowing it to go to the "proletarian schools," although she was herself a Communist. Hearing that I had some knowledge of child-health and disease, she asked me something about the child, and then, in a burst of repressed feeling, she wept, and said how "all the children of the revolution are neurasthenics."

The second was with a Socialist woman in one of the Dominions, who had herself been a red leader and urged men and women on to violence and insurrection until a "Soviet Comrade" was sent from Russia to stay with her and her husband while he did Communist "organising work" among the trade unionists of the town. He had a wife in Russia, "but, oh no, they had no children; revolution was too hard on children," and the British woman burst out: "So you want us to have the children and you will organise the revolution here." At a blow the British woman's revolutionary dream was shattered, and she saw where she was being led.

Sickness of Soul.

HOW far are British Socialist women going along this road of despair of life?

For an individual to decide on the restriction of the family by birth control methods is within the right of personal judgment. But to broadcast information with Government sanction would be to let loose forces in the community the strength of which no one can calculate. It is true that no British Socialist group of women support the demands of the Austrian women.

But what does this tendency to pessimism and the denial of life mean? Does it not mean that Socialism is leading toward a condition of unrest, of danger, of desperation, in which its own prophets dare not face the risk of parenthood? Socialist womanhood seems stricken with a sickness of the soul as she follows the blind track of Socialism—not into a radiant future, but into a wilderness of despair.

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BOOKS OF THE WEEK

BEST SELLERS of the SEASON

By James Milne

SOMEbody once said that the way to edit a paper is from the street, because then you learn what is really going on. Anyhow, editorship is a mission between heaven and earth, and so is the calling of the poor reviewer, though he gets no credit for it. Even Thomas Hardy, in a preface to his posthumous volume of poems, "Winter Words," spoke of us as "licensed fasters." What are we to do when we want to tell a waiting public about the book market at this crowded time of the year? Happy thought! Didn't Samuel Johnson say, "Come, let us take a walk down Fleet Street?" No; it was only George Augustus Sala who said he did, when a motto was wanted for "Bentley's Magazine," now long dead and forgotten. But the idea is there, so come, let us take a walk along the Strand, Piccadilly and Oxford Street, call on well-known booksellers, and discover just what people are reading. It is a way of reviewing from the street, a democratic, human nature way, and if it means naming the "best sellers," why not? No book, however bad, becomes a "best seller" unless it has some of that touch of nature which makes the whole world kin. Therefore, to find what the "man in the street" is reading, is to find what he wants to read.

Favourites in the Strand.

We begin our pilgrimage at Denny's in the Strand, and here we hear what books are doing best in this particular corner of London Town. "Old Pybus," by Dr. Warwick Deeping, who writes with a humanity which sometimes recalls Dickens; "Point Counter Point," by Mr. Aldous Huxley, who has a deft, probing mind; and Mr. Siegfried Sassoon's "Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man," which appeared first anonymously. The "Complete Sherlock Holmes," in which you get Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's famous detective from first to last, or, again, Mary Webb's novels, to which Mr. Baldwin, thoughtful over his pipe, gave popularity in a night, whereas before they had been neglected, the fate, alas! of many a good writer, to-day as well as yester-year, for all Prime Ministers and literary journalists may do.

"Orlando," Mrs. Virginia Woolf's full-lengthed, robust, most imaginative romance of an English nobleman, has extended its vogue to the Strand, though, perhaps, one would naturally associate it with high-browishness in Hampstead or Kensington. The "Fiery Grains" of the Rev. "Dick" Sheppard and Mr. H. P. Marshall would, of course, find Strand readers, St. Martin's Church being not far away, and "thoughts and sayings for many occasions" are always welcome. The "Early Life of Thomas Hardy" has been called for within range of the Adelphi, where he worked when he was a young architect, and where his wife, who did the book so admirably, has a flat this winter. "The Week-end Book" is, one learns, a favourite, and Mr. A. A. Milne's "House at Pooh Corner," with its good-bye from Christopher Robin, is all the go.

Bought in Piccadilly.

Next, to Hatchard's in Piccadilly, where you tap the readers of Mayfair and Belgravia, who, if "fashionable," are among the best readers in the world. With them Mr. John Galsworthy's "Swan Song," winding up the Forsyte Saga, has had a prosperous run. They are taking in "Old Pybus," but perhaps "Point Counter Point" and the "Memoirs of a Fox-hunting Man" are more in their line of literary "smartness." They always like Mr. W. J. Locke and they have read and re-read his "Joshua's Vision," with its simple-hearted, simple-minded, very likeable hero. The busy lady who writes as "E. Barrington" as well as under her own name, is doing well with a novel of the biographical sort, "The Empress of Hearts." A new writer, Mr. H. W. Freeman, has made an impression with an East Anglian tale, "Joseph and His Brethren," and the late Mr. C. E. Montague's short stories, "Action," have been in demand.

Still in Piccadilly, we gather that the majestic "Orlando" is being devoured as if it were the actual biography of an actual English aristocrat who had weathered many adventures. The Empress Frederick's "Letters," brought to England by her friend, Sir Frederick Ponsonby, and now given to the world by him, have the royal drama which appeals to the fashionable West End. "Daisy, Princess of Pless," on herself, her friends, and the celebrities she has known, could not be otherwise than popular with readers in her old quarter of London. The last volume of Lord Ronaldshay's biography of Lord Curzon, with its drama of disappointment, gave a fresh impulse to the whole work. Those clever satirists, Mr. Philip Guedalla and Mr. Beverley Nichols, have again found lots of readers, one with "Bonnet and Shawl," the other with "The Star-Spangled Manner."

In Oxford Street.

So, as Pepys would have said, to Oxford Street and the house of Bumpus, where Colonel Lawrence, before he went to India as an airman, was a frequent visitor. Oxford is a street in general, not West-Endy only, but universal to London, and the scholarly man and the very modern woman, the young high-brow and the intelligent "flapper," all meet there as readers. They have sought "Orlando," "Old Pybus," and "Joshua's Vision," and they are still turning the pages of "Swan Song." They are carrying home "Point Counter Point," and with it, most likely, Mr. Francis Brett Young's "My Brother Jonathan," which an American, with American expansiveness, has likened to formal organ music in a great cathedral, after leaving a night club. Mr. R. H. Mottram's stories of "Ten Years Ago" have been interesting, and another volume of tales, "Poor Women," by Miss Nora Hoult, has also found favour in Oxford Street.

Oxford-Street way, when general books are concerned, "The House at Pooh Corner" has been in the van, with the play of "Peter Pan" coming along well. A one-volume edition of Barrie's plays promises to be a much sought Christmas gift, for he has the Christmassy atmosphere. The Hardy memoir, the Princess of Pless's memories, and the Empress Frederick's correspondence have all, in the hands of the Bumpus, been "best sellers." Also "Bonnet and Shawl" has been in that enviable boat which makes, as Kipling said about the three-volume novel, the "only certain passage to the Islands of the Blest."

For some reason—perhaps just its amusing cleverness—"A Handbook of Hanging" has got a hearing, and Mr. Thornton Wilder's three-minute plays, "The Angel that Troubled the Waters," have necessarily attracted the curious, following the high success of his "Bridge of San Luis Rey," a wonderful spiritual detective story, for surely that is its secret.

A Library List.

Such is reading popularity in the English book market just now, with the not-to-be-forgotten postscript that Dr. Marie Stopes has published "Enduring Passion," a companion and sequel to her "Married Love." But it remains to recommend a library list of the books which have most recently appeared and here it is:

"The History of the Privy Council" by Sir Almeric Fitzroy, who was its clerk for years, and so knows all about it. (John Murray, 21s.)

"The Way of Peace," essays and addresses by Viscount Cecil, whose work on the League of Nations is familiar to everybody. (Philip Allan, 12s. 6d.)

"Last Chances, Last Chances," by H. W. Nevinson, the well-known war correspondent and man of letters, who says that "One morning in Jerusalem I woke to find myself not famous but seventy." (Nisbet, 15s.)

"The Hand and Dagger," by Frankfort Moore, an old master of the novel, who gives us an old-fashioned story, a circumstance which may recommend it to some people. (Nash, 7s. 6d.)

"The Partnership," by Phyllis E. Bentley, a young writer who made a mark with "The Spinner," and who now discusses people destined for "thrills" and the other people cast for onlookers.

"Portrait of a Spy," by E. Temple Thurston, whose story around a woman of beauty, temperament and artistic genius, is based on that of Mata Hari, shot by the French during the Great War.

JUDGING from the sport they show, it seems a pity that there are not more Saluki hounds in this country; a statement that cannot be conscientiously made about every foreign breed of dog that has been imported into Great Britain during the present century. At the recent meeting of the Saluki Coursing Club, held in the wilds of Oxon, in that somewhat inaccessible district known as "Under-Wychwood," there were only about a score of competitors in the three events; and a reference to the last catalogue of Cruft's Dog Show reveals the fact that the number of entries amounted to not many more. Among these it is satisfactory to note that Sarona Mazbat and Ameena of Ayot, belonging respectively to Mrs. G. M. Lance (the Hon. Sec. of the Saluki or Gazelle Hound Club) and Capt. L. Ames, ran in the first two events.

The Saluki is, of course, only a variety of the dog known to the Romans as the *Vertagus*, or the "Celtic Dog," of which the greyhound and the Scottish deerhound are the typical British examples. This may well have been the aboriginal dog of the world from which all others have been developed, with or without a wolf cross. There is sculptured as well as written evidence that it has existed in the shapes in which we know it to-day for at least three thousand years. Of the Eastern varieties, the Northern India Kennel Club enlisted six early in the present century, calling the Saluki the Persian greyhound. It is probable that the Borzoi or the Afghan Hound, what it has gained in coat and size being lost in intelligence, speed and stamina.

Salukis and all their Eastern congeners have from the earliest recorded times been used for hunting the gazelle by sight, with the result that their speed is greater than that of our modern greyhounds, and their gameness is shown by the very high proportion of hares killed to those that escape when they are pursued by Salukis, as compared to a greyhound coursing meeting, where a majority of the hares save their scuts with comparative ease.

The most successful competitors at the Burford Meeting were the entries of Miss S. Kerrison, the Hon. Sec. of the Coursing Club, as distinguished from the Saluki Club, and those of Mrs. Lance, the Hon. Sec. of the latter, who won the Maiden Stakes outright with her Sarona Korosan, the other events ending in divisions.

As it is not probable that gazelles will ever be imported into this country in order to test the true merits of Salukis, their owners will perforce have to content themselves with the slower game; but when their numbers increase, either by breeding or importation, we shall doubtless see more than two Saluki coursing meetings in a season.

The Best Sort of Spaniel?

I have been asked by several correspondents to say in this page what I consider the best kind of spaniel for the shooting-man who only keeps one dog. The answer is not really a



Two fine groups of Salukis at the Saluki Coursing Club's meeting at Burford, Oxfordshire.

FUR, FIN & FEATHER

THE WORLD'S FIRST DOG

By L. C. R. CAMERON

difficult one to find provided certain conditions are observed. Having owned, bred, trained and worked spaniels of every breed, except that known as the Welsh Springer, amounting in all to some thirty individual dogs, I can say that if they are bought as puppies of preferably three, but certainly not more than six months' old and reared and trained to the gun by their owners, not "broken" (ominous word!) by a keeper, and are not show-bench dogs, or if from a show-bench strain are also bred from genuine field trial winners, there is with one exception very little to choose between the various species of spaniel now common in England and Scotland.

Cockers, whether Welsh or Devonshire, whether black, blue roan, red roan, liver-and-white or liver only; Springers, either Norfolk or Welsh, Sussex, Field Spaniels and even Clumbers; although these do not work so well singly in the field as any of the others, all, if treated properly and trained by the owner for whom they are to work, are equally desirable for the one-dog man. It is to be remembered, however, that the spaniel of any breed is essentially a one-man dog; and that the spaniel that changes hands for any reason takes an appreciable time to realise that he belongs to a new master. If his new owner treats him as a spaniel should be treated, with just that admixture of firmness and affection that he appreciates and, above all, with absolute consistency—no dog can comprehend inconsistency less than a spaniel of any breed, which is probably why spaniels that have been handled by women are seldom of the slightest use to anyone—he will, in time, learn to work for and eventually to worship his new master as he did his old.

The one-dog man, therefore, need not fear to choose the kind of spaniel that most appeals to him so long as he does not select a specimen from parents bred solely for show purposes. It has been said that no dog can transmit to his or her progeny an acquired characteristic. This I hold to be a heresy. The puppy born to a working bitch by a working stud dog will take to the gun, if not entirely of its own accord,

at least much more readily than one whose ancestors have never seen fur or feather.

Much depends on the locality in which the dog is to live and be worked, and the sort of game he is expected to flush and retrieve. But spaniels are wonderfully adaptable if handled by owners they respect. A good spaniel can be trained to do the work of pointer, setter and retriever, and his own particular job of routing out game in thick and prickly covert into the bargain. For the man no longer so young nor so agile as he once was, a spaniel that is three-quarter Springer and one-quarter or even one-eighth Clumber, if he

can be sure of getting such—and I have owned two: the best two I ever had—will prove to be less prone to eagerness and raking too far in advance of the gun, and also to be steadier on fur and to have a better nose for a dead bird than any other sort. Also he will be a better house dog and a more docile companion than most.

Some Good Fishing.

ON the Annan several fishermen have made the best of their belated opportunities, the most fortunate being a visitor from Hounslow, Mr. Dixon, who not only grassed four salmon in two days, but numbered among them a 35-pounder; the largest landed from any of the rivers that flow into Solway on the Scottish side this autumn, and a fine clean-run fish at that. Capt. Aitchison, of the Queensberry Arms Hotel, Annan, came nearest him with a 29½-pounder, but the water was out of order for the fly, and all these fish were taken spinning the artificial minnow.

Farther south the weather has been more favourable, and the grayling have been showing a certain amount of sport on the Dove near to Ashbourne, the Teme at Ludlow, and the Lugg on the Herefordshire-Radnorshire border, all on various fancy flies, some of them probably "leaded" after the fashion of the small "grass-hoppers" so much favoured as a lure for grayling in the West Midland streams.

The rains have greatly benefited the Thames without interfering with angling by flooding the banks, as the stream has carried away the fallen leaves with more than usual rapidity this autumn, and a few sharp morning frosts to cut down some of the remaining weeds, together with a little brighter and more genial weather during the day-time, would speedily result in better sport. All sorts of coarse fish have come on the feed since the rains began, with the exception of barbel of any size, which are reported to be shy in most reaches. Now that the pleasure traffic on the river has ceased for the winter and only the fishermen's punts are seen afloat, the Thames as an angler's stream comes into its own. It is a revelation to anyone who visits its banks on Saturdays and Sundays to see how faithful the London angler is to his native river, a heritage that has come down to him from beyond the days of Izaak Walton, and for ease of access, variety of fish and quiet beauty of scenery, probably the finest free fishing in the world.

MY SON IS GROWING UP

By Stephen Wilkinson

MY son is growing up. Soon he will go to school; then to the University; and in a few short years he will confront Life. The great individual experiment will have begun. The splendid drama, potent with success or failure! Youth is ever careless of advice. It chafes against guidance. It will delve into experience for itself. It is better so. And yet, if it were possible, there are a few signposts I would gladly set up for him—my son. I would spare him a few illusions. In ten years from now he may read these few impressions garnered from an experiment he has still to face. He may not trouble to do so. I shall not repine! Should he care to consider my words, I set them down—from a father to a son.

Esprit De Corps.

Great is the team spirit! Fidelity to a Cause! Obedience to leaders; to Leadership. For a



The spirit of the Team. The strong, healthy devotion to proved Leaders, to instructions, to the Objective. To bend and discipline the will to obedience is not a sign of weakness. It is a proof of strength. Only the strong enthusiastically obey. The strong man merges himself in the corporate consciousness, in the collective action, for the good of the whole. It is a forthright surrender for the Cause and the Objective. That surrender is complete and entire, and in absolute opposition to that cowardice which originates from the Athenian Sophists who argued thus: "I have yielded with my tongue; my mind still rejects."

Cults and Politicians.

I have shed many illusions! Hence, I say, beware of those strange unbalanced persons who congregate in small societies and derive spiritual ecstasy from their own *éclat*. Keep to the broad basis of humanity. The High-brows and Superior Persons sit together and sniff up the smells of their own precious functionings. The people with a Message. The quidnuncs with a Mission. Who scoff at "best sellers" and have no talent themselves except for small pieces of shaky rhyme published at author's expense. Who spill their sentiment at the sight of a tortoise in a love-spasm; and feel a heavenly spell submerge them when looking on at a tame hippopotamus! Eschew all precious preaching pedants and, if you would read poetry, read Kipling and know the world.

Beware of politicians! Will they have changed their *modus operandi* ten years hence? I doubt it. Then they will be as they are today, masters in dissimulation. A contemporary politician is a man who succeeds in gaining place and office by a superb power of running the gaff. He calls all men (and women aged and over twenty-one) to his magic fair. His promises are prolific. His glance is that of the hypnotist; his methods those of the actor. (Continued overleaf.)



school, a college, or a country: to feel the team spirit is the splendid desideratum. The spirit of the marching men! Fortitude in trial and difficulty. The unconquerable will to strike through visible and unseen obstacles. To fight the lone hand—for the sake of the team.

Country! The pride of nation. Just a step or two back in the process of reasoning, and what is this pride of team, of country, but the love of parents: love of the homeland. Out of all this has come Great Britain.

Sophists, bibulous with their own base imaginings, would belittle the love of country. Often because they have no country! Houndsditch or Hindustan, it is all the same to them. But the Indian does not say that. Far back into the remote origins of man's life on this earth he claims descent of nationality. He is no groundling Cosmopolitan.

My Son is Growing Up—*contd.*

His plea is that he is an honest man. All politicians are honest men! And when they fail to redeem their undertakings they refer to "the situation abroad"; or "the pendulum of trade." For these occurrences they are not themselves to blame. It is always their predecessors in office who are to blame! When the modern politician has secured his votes his *raison d'être* is achieved.

Pride in Achievement.

It is a great thing to win through. To realise an ideal. To prove oneself bigger than circumstances. To make circumstances. The Socialist sneers at personal success. He asserts that all success is gained at someone else's expense. It is an attractive fallacy. It lends itself to eloquence. It excuses lack of enterprise. It is a mask to conceal incompetence and a parasitic dependence.

The big men in history have had individual vision. They have fashioned a plan, an objective, in the solitude of their own thoughts. Piece by piece they have worked the pattern complete. An idea on a scrap of paper, a theory expanded to a practicable purpose. Action, and again action. The big movements in history are the response of an idea in the brain of one man: in the brains of a number of men right down the ages.

Equality is a sophism. Each living man and woman is different. Out of this inequality of brain, motive, aspiration, arises competition. Competition is the vital and indestructible principle from whence proceeds all beauty and achievement. Foulness and failure, too. These conditions are inseparable. The Sophist would have the one without the other, and thereby exposes the shallowness of his reasoning. Life is struggle. Hard ceaseless struggle. And

those who argue otherwise are either blind idealists or charlatans.

Not Cynicism.

These deductions from life are neither pessimistic nor cynical. They are dispassionate deductions resulting from two things that really matter—experience and observation. The sweating theorist, fresh and hectic from a gulp of apothegms, is no guide to life. These "guides" have stood and shouted in the Market-place since the days of Socrates.

There are a few deductions I have made from experience which, put to practice, I have found to serve me well. First and foremost, I must honour myself before I can honour other men. This is as true in Belgravia as it is in Baroche. I cannot call all men my brothers. I would not wish to be a national or an international hypocrite. I know that East is East; and West is West. My observations do not lead me to suppose that the lion will share his bed with the lamb; except for such conclusive reasons that the lion will absorb the lamb and take the bed for himself! I accommodate my movements in accordance with this primeval and enduring law.

I am not prepared to admit that my own country is always wrong, and that other countries are always right. I am insular; national in my sentiments. I am not ashamed of patriotism. I am a patriot. So were Drake, Nelson, Wellington and Kitchener. It would be an affectation on my part to suggest that I am ashamed of the land which these men, by their zealous and mighty deeds, have preserved for me. An English meadow was good for Rupert Brooke to look upon. It is also good for me. I prefer it to Moscow!

When I hear the sweating political theorist in the Market-place call all men my brothers; acclaim the coming of the World-Common-

wealth; with only a tattered Red Flag fluttering from a lamp-post; I expectorate and pass on.

The Art of Life.

The art of life consists of adaptation and compromise. Even leadership must possess the power of adapting its claims to race, tradition, and possibility. The rebel sneers at all these three things. He discards differences of race; despises tradition (which he seldom understands); and prefers Utopia to what is practicable. Gadflies in the cerebrum are a dangerous deposit!

Nothing improves the art of living life so much as travel. The man who has travelled widely, and mixed with various races, gains a perspective for which nothing else is an adequate substitute. Such a man learns to place a nett and not a gross value on impulses and enthusiasms. He knows that the colour of a man's skin is a criterion of things that are racially unchangeable. Religion, tradition, hate and love, war and peace; colour is decisive in all such permanent factors.

I would hope—as I believe will happen—that my son will, when he grows up, honour the Code. That Code which caused all nationalities to regard a Briton's word as his bond; where a man might scribble a few words on a scrap of paper in a street of Syria, and have his instructions served. If that Code has been somewhat damaged by demagogues and pusillanimous politicians striving for personal interest in post-war Britain, it will be restored again.

It will be restored by the youth of Great Britain, who can come to the task of national redemption in the knowledge that the first principle in the making of an Englishman, a Britisher, is a patriotic belief in the greatness of his own country; and that there can be no prouder purpose than that of making his country greater still.

THE SMALLHOLDING *and* ALLOTMENT

Our Neglected Orchards

IN the vast majority of gardens, on nearly all smallholdings and on practically every allotment, fruit culture is either totally ignored or sadly neglected. The fruit that is produced in the latter case is small and of indifferent quality; hardly ever is it really good. Many of the trees and bushes are worn out, and no amount of attention will ever make them productive. The best thing to do is to scrap such trees, planting new ones in their place.

In most soils fruit can be grown successfully, but some are more suitable than others. The best is a medium loam, overlying a sandstone or limestone formation. Dry sandy soils and those where early frosts are prevalent are not so suitable. The best position for fruit-growing is upon land which slopes towards the south, south-east or south-west.

Preparing the Ground.

The proper preparation of the soil is very important. Failure to realise this is responsible for much of the poor quality fruit so commonly grown. A fruit tree occupies its quarters a long time, and once it is planted it is almost impossible to give the soil the treatment it needs, top-dressings of manure being a poor substitute for well-treated rooting quarters.

The whole plot which is to be occupied by the fruit trees should be stirred to a depth of at least 2 ft. If that operation be too lengthy, then at least each site should be trenched, four square yards being allocated to each tree. Plenty of rotten manure should be worked into the lower spit. Planting should be done as soon as possible after the arrival of the trees, all

broken roots and branches being trimmed off cleanly beforehand.

Planting Secrets.

Between now and the end of March fruit trees may be planted, but it is far better to have all the work completed before the end of the year.

The hole or station to receive the tree should only be sufficiently deep to contain the roots, with no more than two inches of earth above the uppermost layer, and so wide that there will be a surround of fresh mould when the roots are spread outwards and slightly downwards to

position when it is in full summer habit, as it is then certain that light and air will have free access to every bud and stem.

If a shortage of food is known or suspected, strong liquid manure, preferably from natural manure, should be applied with a generous hand. In some cases it will soak down readily enough when poured on the surface, while in others it will be found necessary to bore holes about three feet deep and one foot apart with a crowbar, and fill these time after time with the liquor. When the final supply has been given, the holes are packed firmly with soil.

Strong and heavy applications of manure, such as are here suggested, must only be given between the end of this month and the end of February, because they do far more harm than good when the roots are in a state of activity.

Present Time Jobs.

Before the ground becomes too hard it is a good plan to lift some of the artichokes and leeks, storing them in sand or ashes. Thus there will be no shortage should we get a spell of very cold weather.

Slugs are getting very busy, and to stop them doing any damage a little soot and wood ashes should be sprinkled along the rows of spring cabbages.

The compost heap of weeds and lime which was built up a year ago is now mellow and ready for use.

Garlic cloves may be planted now on a warm border of well-prepared soil. This seasoning plant is always useful and is quite easy to grow.

Sow out-of-doors peas and broad beans. Under glass sow dwarf beans, cauliflowers, lettuces, mustard, cress, radishes, carrots, tomatoes and onions.

Fruit trees covered with dirt and lichen should be sprayed with caustic wash. E.T.B.

Articles on the Smallholding and Allotment will appear regularly in BRITANNIA, and Mr. E. T. Brown will be pleased to answer any inquiries from readers.

Inquiries should be addressed to him,

c/o BRITANNIA

Inveresk House,

Strand, London.

their utmost length. The base of the hole should be somewhat like a saddle and it is desirable that a couple of inches or so of fresh soil should be put in before the roots.

Fruit-trees which do not bear at all, or those which produce worthless fruits, are simply cumbering the ground and ought to be out of it.

There are two common causes why old trees bring disappointment. The first is that they have been wholly neglected as far as pruning is concerned, and the second is that they are not securing an adequate supply of food from the soil. The head of a tree should be so open that it is easy to see through it from any

AT THE SIGN OF THE PLOUGH



By E. T. BROWN

IN spite of the appalling decline in the number of allotments—250,000 in five years—the Government has taken no effective steps to arrest it. Three Allotment Acts have been put on the Statute Book during these five years, but not one has touched the fringe of the problem. They were conceived and framed in the most niggardly spirit. If some politicians were willing, officials were very reluctant to give allotment-holders a generous and full-blooded measure of progressive legislation. Thus the present laws which govern allotments are powerless to remedy the unfortunate position with which the country is faced.

The Cause of the Decline.

The shrinkage of allotments is due to two main causes—the slow, cumbersome and costly method of acquiring land for this purpose and the unjust laws by which allotments are governed.

Let us suppose that a certain field is required for allotments and the owner objects on some trivial ground to its being taken. The local authority, if it were sufficiently interested, would issue a compulsory order upon owner and occupier, but the same could not become effective until the Ministry of Agriculture had held a public enquiry and confirmed it.

Should it be decided to acquire the land at a rent which is not acceptable to the owner, the matter is referred to an official arbitrator appointed by the Lord Chief Justice, the Master of the Rolls and the President of the Surveyors' Institute.

Did one ever hear of such utter nonsense? All this rigmarole just because one man wants a few square yards for a cabbage or potato patch and another does not want him to have it. More than that, the unwinding of so much red tape takes a considerable time. As a matter of fact, a whole season is sometimes lost in the process.

The Piper Paid.

But this is not the worst feature of the matter. The would-be allotment-holder not only suffers loss and inconvenience occasioned by the delay, but he also has to pay the piper. Arbitrators' fees are extremely heavy, and with the costs cheap land often becomes very dear.

The following facts, supplied to me by Mr. George W. Giles, the Secretary of the Allotments Organisation Society, will make the point clear. In a certain Lincolnshire town a number of allotment-holders responded to the call of King and Country. On their return from the war they discovered that their allotments were being cultivated by others. This, they felt, was as it should be, but they naturally expected to be able to secure other allotments on payment of a fair rent. Their anticipations were doomed to disappointment. No one was found willing to sell land for these ex-service men, so compulsory powers had to be exercised.

The normal rent prevailing in the district for such land was £5 per acre. The arbitrator decreed that, together with expenses, the applicants should pay over £15 per acre for 14 years.

Our Contributor points out how futile and niggardly are the present laws which control allotments, gives examples of how allotment-holders are adversely affected and enters a strong plea for more sympathetic Government treatment.

What Has the Government Done?

What steps has the Government taken to prevent a recurrence of such scandals as these? It has simply tinkered with the matter by amending the law so that counsel shall not be heard in future arbitration cases unless the Minister of Agriculture directs otherwise. Where small areas of land are taken in this way, it is still possible more than to double the rent awarded by this clumsy procedure.

Perhaps the unfortunate position of the allotment-holder will be more readily appreciated if it be compared with that of the farmer. A farmer is entitled to twelve months' notice; a shorter notice is invalid. The longest notice that an allotment-holder can obtain is six months, and, in certain circumstances, three months, and even less.

A farmer who receives twelve months' notice gets two years' rent, and sometimes more for "unreasonable disturbance" as well as tenant-right and the value of his improvements. An allotment-holder gets nothing when he receives six months' notice, except when the same expires during the actual cropping season. Even then he is only compensated for growing crops and unexhausted manures. He may have spent anything from £5 to £50 in improvements, but the law does not recognise this.

Under existing conditions an allotment-holder taking land from a farmer has to pay him heavy compensation. But a farmer taking land from an allotment-holder gets off scot-free.

A Square Deal Wanted.

The Government did, on one occasion, recognise the justice of awarding compensation to allotment-holders when they were disturbed unreasonably, but on the very next occasion that legislation was introduced it repented and took away this right. The explanation offered for this injustice was that allotment-holders had stated that it was security of tenure rather than compensation which they were after. The Government thereupon took away the latter and withheld the former.

All that the allotment-holder asks for is a square deal. But no Government has yet had the courage to deal squarely by him. Parliament has failed the plougher miserably. His only hope of salvation lies in an appeal to the bar of public opinion, where his case is sure of a sympathetic hearing.

Local Authorities have, on the whole, shown themselves singularly unfitted for the task of preserving the nation's allotments. Why not entrust the job to district land courts upon which owners, occupiers, local authorities and allotment-holders would have equal representation?

An Aftermath of the Milk War.

One of the most striking results of the recent milk dispute is a co-operative movement by

the farmers of Lancashire and Cheshire to act as retailers of their own milk under the auspices of the National Farmers' Union. During the recent milk "war" a depot for the reception and distribution of milk was set up in Manchester by the farmers themselves, and so well did this

scheme answer that the formation of other depots in the towns of North-West England is already planned.

To this end, a heavily capitalised company is being formed, the shareholders of which will be those farmers who agree to subscribe at the rate of 3d. per gallon from the price they get for their milk, which they are to distribute through the company's depots. There are, however, still many farmers who are supplying milk through the co-operative societies at a reduced rate, but strong efforts are being made to induce them to join in the new scheme.

The movement seems to have taken firm hold, particularly in Cheshire, where nearly all the milk is being bought through the depot at Crewe. It remains to be seen whether "where Lancashire leads, England will follow," but it does at all events appear that the co-operation of the farmers in this particular instance is meeting with success. It is an open question whether similar tactics on the part of the farmers might not be equally successful in other branches of agriculture.

Corn Prices and Mechanical Power.

That the ever-increasing extension of arable land in the Dominions and in the great grain producing countries of America and the Argentine is going to influence the prospects of the home farmer during the next few years is an undoubted fact. The over-production of cereals throughout the world is already having its natural effect on prices. Very shortly we shall probably be able to buy from abroad more cheaply than we can produce at home, and still more arable land in this country will be relegated to grass.

In this connection, Mr. J. R. Bond, the Agricultural Organiser for Derbyshire, remarked in a speech lately that "unless the home farmer could satisfy himself that arable production was going to become more attractive financially than at present, he would be unlikely to interest himself in the mechanical side of farming." He also quoted the rapid extension of the combined reaper and thresher in North and South America and Australia, "where climatic conditions are more favourable to its use than in this country," as an example of one of the advantages enjoyed by the farmers overseas.

There is no question that this is solid fact. The home farmer, who has been experiencing bad times, with his wage bill 100 per cent. over pre-war days, has no money to spare for mechanical appliances, which in times of uneconomic prices may have to be scrapped. Corn at 9s. per cwt. would not give the home farmer a reasonable return even if machinery were entirely substituted for manual labour. As between this country and the vast producing areas overseas, it is the old story of individual *versus* mass production, in which the former must always come out second best.



Chief White Head (left), the author, and Neal Hart, cowboy film star.

By Marjorie Harrison

sell anything, but given nothing, save as a signal mark of friendship.

A Gay Scene.

ON the Stampede Ground, everyone converges towards the arena where the events are to be held. Every man and boy, whether he be staid Calgarian business man, or tiny four-year-old, wears a cowboy's handkerchief round his neck, and many of the girls too, for each one is bent on contributing to the general gaiety.

A small log cabin, an exact replica of the shacks built by the early settlers, is the rendezvous of the Old Timers' Association.

And here, over a friendly cup of tea, you may meet elderly men and women, the real pioneers, who are ready to spin wonderful and true yarns of the days when they were the first white people to come into Alberta. They ride in the procession in Red River carts, such as they used thirty and forty years ago, or in the rough democrats and buggies that are in general use to-day, while others, laughing and joking, crowd into covered wagons.

The grand stand is filled with eager spectators. Away on the right is the Indians' Stand, gay as a bed of tulips with brilliant-coloured shawls and shirts and scarves.

The buzz of conversation and laughter is stilled as a voice booms from the loud speakers: "Keep your eye on Chute Number Two. Chute Number Two. The Mayor of Gadsby will ride a hot one. Here he comes!"

On the other side of the arena are ten chutes or pens. They are just large enough to hold horse or steer, while the rider drops on to its back from the rails as best he may. At a given signal the gate is flung back and a tumbling, twisting, leaping thing bounds out. It is a wild Bramah steer, furious and frantic, for a cowbell dangles between its legs held by a rope tied round its middle, and it feels an unaccustomed weight upon its back. With tossing tail, and angry head crowned by the deadly horns, it bounces and bucks in its effort

I NEVER knew before that a horse could bounce like an indiarubber ball. I never knew that cattle had the agility of snakes. I always thought a Mayor was a portly person wearing a large chain of office, I certainly never imagined one that could sit astride a wild steer. I did not know that Governor-Generals and their ladies could line up and get their dinner from an outdoor kitchen. Yet all this I learned on the first day of the Calgary Stampede.

For one week out of the year, the Canadian West throws off the taming influences of civilisation and reverts to the days and ways of fifty years ago. Calgary is indeed, the Cow Town—cow-punchers, Old Timers, and Red Indians hold sway, and all the colourful robustious life of the old time prairies is recaptured. Stampede Week is the week of the year.

Job Calf Child's Present.

THE celebrations open with a street parade. The cowboys from every ranch within hundreds of miles are there, picturesque in coloured shirts, leather "chaps," and the huge sombreros—or "ten gallon hats" that they have copied from the Montana cowhands. From the Indian reserves come the Sarcee, the Stoney, the Blood, and the Blackfoot Indians, magnificent in war paint and feathers. Their buckskin suits are covered with beadwork, their black, plaited hair crowned with the traditional headdress of eagles' plumes.

Small brown children cling to the saddles behind the squaws, or are tucked into a kind of cradle swung between two poles that are hitched like shafts to the horses' sides and drag on the ground behind. And what names the Indians boast—Duck Chief, Boy Chief Medicine Owl, Dick Bad Boy, Jim Big Eye, Joe Big Plume, Job Calf Child.

It was Job who invited me into his teepee after it had been set up among the others on the Stampede ground, for all the Indians and their families move house and home for the great week.

THE CALGARY STAMPEDE

A Week's fun in the Wild West

In the warm dusky tent I sat on skins on the floor. In the centre a fire smouldered within a circle of stones, above it, hung from a tripod of sticks, dangled pieces of raw meat, being tastily smoked. Mrs. Pretty Woman, Job's wife (who bore an ironic name, for she was certainly the ugliest woman I have ever seen), squatted near the fire engaged on the beautiful beadwork that would adorn husband or son. Job whispered to her in rapid Cree. She nodded a little glumly, I thought, and he disappeared from the tent. In a moment, he was back and presenting me with a magnificent belt—turquoise, red and silver beads, worked in some emblematic design on a background of white beads. No wonder Mrs. Pretty Woman had looked glum—her careful work to be bestowed on a perfect stranger! I am very proud of my belt, for it is a great compliment to receive a present from an Indian. He will

to rid itself of the hated rider and the irritating bell. The Mayor of Gadsby—a spare figure in cowboy's dress—keeps his seat marvellously for a few breathless moments, arms and legs swinging wildly to preserve balance. But it is only a matter of seconds before he is flung off, and the steer, rid of at least one encumbrance, dashes away to the end of the arena and so out into another pen.

Milking Wild Cows.

THE bucking horse contest is even more exciting. When the cowboy has stuck to his horse for the required time, another rider comes thundering over the ground towards him. For one moment the two horses charge flank by flank, but in that moment, the man on the bucking horse has been lifted clean from the saddle by the other, and his horse, now riderless, but still plunging and kicking, careers madly out of the arena.

Comedy is provided by the wild cow milking competition. Down the arena come a herd of wild cows, and hard on their heels, almost hidden by a cloud of dust, are the cowboys, two men to each cow. The air is full of whoops and yells and flying ropes. While one man ropes the animal and holds it, the second, who is provided with a milk bottle, has to milk a level inch and run with it to the judges' stand.

Beating Ben Hur.

THE final event of each day is the chuck wagon race, and for thrills it leaves the chariot race in Ben Hur far behind!

The chuck-wagons are the travelling kitchens attached to a round-up outfit. They are ramshackle covered wagons, with a water barrel hitched to the side, and a dilapidated cooking stove clanking behind. Each one is drawn by four horses and driven by a jehu. Four or

more wagons compete in each heat. The various ranches entering are distinguished by the brand mark painted on the canvas cover, similar to that used to mark the cattle belonging to each ranch. Thus the Prince of Wales's ranch has the brand mark E.P.; another famous ranch is Bar U. (U), and yet another the A.E.7. Four cowboys, besides the driver attend each wagon. At the starting signal, they swing water barrel and cooking stove into place, vault on their horses, and swinging round, follow the careering wagon, urging it on with whoops and yells. Round the course they go, the horses with necks outstretched, galloping like mad things. The men sit down in their saddles, and with long stirrup leathers and flapping arms, ride in the Indian manner.

The driver is a tense figure with taut reins and a flourished whip. No one knows how he keeps his seat, for the wagon rolls like a ship in a rough sea. One of the drivers this year was a seventy-year-old man. Cowboys are like soldiers, they never die—occasionally they are killed—otherwise they just fade away.

Cheerful Cowboys.

BUT do not imagine that the Wild West is confined to the Stampede Ground. "Not

tat all," as the Canadians say. It overflows hilariously into the town, and a pretty girl walks warily, for an exuberant cowboy, riding up the main street, will swing his rope over his head, and unless she is very quick, she will find herself a captive. And it is quite useless to escape into a shop, for horse and rider will follow cheerfully. I saw one cowboy riding out of the stately portals of a bank as if it were an everyday occurrence.

The grand finale is the cowboys' dance, which is held on the last night in the largest hotel, but which overflows into the street where the fun is fastest and most furious.

Take it from me—the Calgary Stampede is a thrill from beginning to end, and not to be missed by anyone finding him or herself within two thousand miles of it.

It is a week of rollicking good fun, of invigoration and inspiration—for physical courage and iron nerve is a fine thing to see. In addition, although it has all the excitement of a bull-fight it has none of its cruelty. In the whole time I saw no accident befall any of the animals, although one of the cowboys was seriously injured.

There is a friendly rivalry between the Canadian, American and Indian Competitors. The World's Championship for Bucking Horse Riding was carried off by a Canadian, the prize for steer decorating went to America, while many Indians returned home the richer for various money prizes which they appreciate more than the silver cups presented by Lady Willingdon to the "white men."



Guy Weadick (left), Stampede Manager.



A Red River cart, as used by the Early Settlers.

RADIO REFLECTIONS

CONDITIONS in different parts of the country undoubtedly vary considerably, but, so far as my personal experience goes, I have just

awakened to the fact that my reception at home is far less subject to the interference of oscillators, conscious or unconscious, than it was even twelve months ago. There may be many reasons for this, but I am afraid the one we should like to know to be the truth—that listeners in general are more considerate and more expert than they once were—will scarcely hold water.

Even the general lines of development of radio sets, one would have imagined, should tend towards quite the opposite result. The most popular type of receiver is certainly the three valve arrangement, having a detector valve followed by two stages (one transformer and one "R.C.") of low frequency amplification. Reaction being applied directly to the grid circuit of the detector, which is in effect the aerial tuning circuit, theoretically any effort to receive other transmissions than those of the local station and the two Daventry's is almost inevitably attended by oscillation, no matter how careful the operator.

In spite of these theoretical considerations, I feel convinced that the irritating chorus of chirrups and cat-calls which used to spoil our reception, sometimes for whole evenings together, is materially on the decrease. Why is it? Probably the most logical reason is the great improvement in valves, circuits and components generally, which has resulted in the average receiver being not only more efficient in regard to range, but more easily and delicately controllable.

It is still almost impossible to avoid oscillation entirely, but the correction of the fault is a matter of a moment with any well-designed modern set, whereas with those of a year or so ago the reaction itself was uncertain and "sloppy," as we used to say; and the power of the receiver was such that only by pushing reaction to its uttermost limits was there any hope of getting a distant station.

Radio-Controlled Vehicles.

Following upon my recent notes on this subject, more particularly in regard to public service vehicles and the question of signalling, news comes from the land of tall stories of a series of successful experiments in this direction. Chicago, I learn, was recently surprised to see four motor-cars of well-known make moving simultaneously, stopping, starting and accelerating without human occupants. I need not say that they were radio-controlled.

Later, the inventor of the system employed sat in one of the cars and, with his small box of apparatus on his knee, drove and guided an empty tram—or should I say street car?—through the main streets of the city. Further demonstrations of the radio control of machinery were given; the inventor directing the operations of a large creamery and bakery plant.

I do not suggest that this is merely a "tall story." In fact, there is nothing particularly startling about this American inventor's accomplishment. I do think, however, that his success in a particularly practical demonstration suggests that we may be on the eve of almost revolutionary development in more than one field of endeavour; and that the possibilities of radio are rapidly becoming more fully appreciated and their commercial applications understood.

The Lotus Portable.

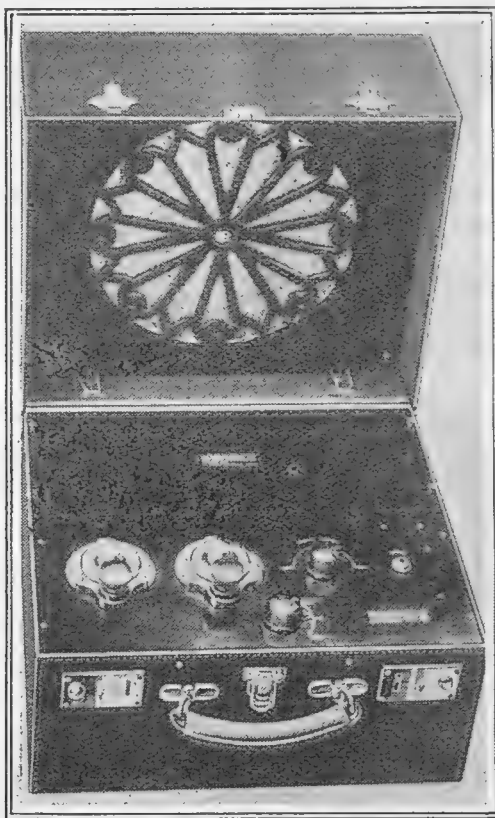
Immense strides have been made in the design of portable radio receivers since the

LESS INTERFERENCE

BY ROBERT W. BEARE

improved type of screen grid valve has become available, and I have spent several interesting hours in trying out the Lotus, one of the best examples of the ultra-modern set. This employs only three valves, but since the final one is a pentode, while the first (the screen grid) gives very nearly double the effective high frequency amplification obtainable from an ordinary three-electrode valve, the net result is practically five-valve performance with particularly economical current consumption.

Another advantage—a case in which theory is supported in practice, so far as the Lotus set is concerned—is that the use of two tuned circuits greatly increases the degree of selectivity obtainable, without materially complicating the tuning control. Whether or not it would be possible efficiently to "gang" the two tuning condensers in order to obtain single-knob control is an open question, but the operation is so simple in any case that it would be scarcely worth while.



The Lotus portable set, employing screen grid and pentode valves.

The daylight range of the Lotus set on the ordinary B.B.C. main stations is estimated at 100 miles, while 5 GB and 5XX are given 200 to 500 miles. At night, stations over 1,000 miles away can be picked up at comfortable volume on the loud speaker; and the delicacy of tuning, combined with the directional properties of the frame aerial contained within the cabinet, is such that transmissions very close together in the matter of wavelength can easily be separated.

Both long and short wave broadcasting is available through the movement of a switch, without the necessity for the irksome changing of coils or transformers, and both control and maintenance of the set are praiseworthy simple.

Although, as in the majority of portables, the loud speaker is also contained in the

cabinet, the quality is remarkably good, and it is possible to obtain almost more volume than is desirable in an ordinary room

without overloading either the pentode valve or the loud speaker.

The Lotus set appeals to me rather particularly as its makers have apparently much the same ideas on several subjects as myself—always a satisfactory state of affairs!

Portability, or use in conjunction with a motor car, demands a somewhat utilitarian type of cabinet—and that same set cannot usually be regarded as a particularly creditable piece of furniture, when the set is required for home use. Well, the Lotus people have solved the difficulty by making their set in two distinct models.

R.W.B.

If your radio won't work, write to BRITANNIA about it.

Mr. R. W. Beare will be pleased to answer any inquiries from readers. All letters should be addressed to him,

*c/o BRITANNIA,
Inveresk House,
Strand, London.*

A Broadcasting Experience.

As everybody knows, the Hallé concerts in London, under the ægis of the B.B.C., are always broadcast, and my experience of the transmission of the last of these concerts which was held was interesting. I thought I would take the opportunity of making it the occasion of testing a new type of loud speaker, which claims—and the claim seems to me justified—to fulfil most of the requirements of a perfect Loud Speaker.

For most of us it seems a far cry from the days of the ear-phone, but there are many who still maintain that loud speakers have a tendency to rob radio-reproduction of a certain purity of tone. That manufacturers have already done much to remove this stigma goes without saying, and in no respect have greater improvements been effected in wireless, and it is getting better and better every day. The moving coil speakers represent a definite advance, but there are certain drawbacks to their general adoption. I was, therefore, much interested in the new Amplion Lion, to which I listened in the other day.

This is outwardly of the usual type, inasmuch as one just hooks it up with two wires in the ordinary way and no other paraphernalia is necessary; and the reproduction seemed to me to be a great improvement on anything that the Amplion people had turned out previously. I listened-in to the performance of Schubert's Unfinished Symphony and the first part of Beethoven's Seventh, and then went down to Queen's Hall to hear the Manchester players in the flesh. I was very much struck by the purity of the tone which I had just been hearing about half-a-mile away; if anything the Amplion had the effect of, so to speak, making the tone sound smoother than it did in Queen's Hall. In the Hall I realised the Hallé Orchestra's double basses have a certain roughness of tone which disappeared on the Loud Speaker. It was as if the "Lion" had eliminated some extraneous sounds. At the same time the modifications, or whatever it is right to call them, are not sufficient to alter the essential tone quality of the orchestra.

A. KALISCH.

THE WEEK ARTISTIC

INDIAN PAINTING of TO-DAY

By R. H. WILENSKI

THE important articles on Indian politics in early numbers of *BRITANNIA* prompted Dr. Cousins, Principal of the Brahma-vidya Ashrama at Adyar, Madras, to write and suggest that I should draw attention to the revival of Indian art which has taken place within the last twenty-five years; and I am happy to accede to his suggestion.

To intelligent Europeans acquainted with the ancient art of India, either in the originals, or from casts or photographs, used to regret, up to a quarter of a century ago, that modern Indian artists appeared to neglect this art as a source of inspiration and to be guided instead by the examples of European art which found their way to India. There was, indeed, something lamentable in the thought that the race which had produced the Sanchi Stupa in the third century B.C., the Amaravati Stupa in the first two centuries A.D. (both familiar to students at the South Kensington and British Museums) and the frescoes at Ajanta in the second to sixth centuries A.D., should prefer to those masterpieces the frequently second and third rate European art which used to decorate the walls of the Indian art schools.

Mr. Havell's Fine Work.

When Mr. E. D. Havell was appointed Principal of the Calcutta School of Art in 1896 he determined to remind Indian artists of their own heritage, and he began by removing all European pictures and reproductions from the school; and his subsequent work in encouraging native handicrafts and reorganising art education all over the country is part of the history of modern India. Since his retirement the movement which he inaugurated has developed rapidly, and many talented artists are now working on the basis of the ancient traditions in many regions in India.

Leading Artists.

I have seen, for example, most interesting pictures by Gogenendranath Tagore of Calcutta, who works both in the traditional Indian and modern Cubist styles and sometimes produces highly curious effects by combining the two conventions; by K. Venkatappa of Mysore, who was trained at Calcutta during the period when Abanindranath Tagore was professor of the school after Mr. Havell had left; by Promode Kumar Chatterjee of Baroda; Ramendranath Chakravarti of Masulipatam, and Mrs. Sunyani Devi of Calcutta, whose picture "Krishna playing the Flute," I reproduce through the courtesy of Dr. Cousins, who has provided me with the photograph.

All these artists work in tempera or water-colour, as oil paint is unsuited to the Oriental calligraphic touch, and it is worthy of note in passing that European art was closely related to Eastern art until oil painting took the place of tempera in the second half of the fifteenth century and Western art developed on lines which were only made possible by the oil medium.

Old and New.

Mrs. Sunyani Devi's picture as a whole is based on the glorious Ajanta tradition, and its atmosphere is charming and characteristic. But if we compare it with the detail from an Ajanta fresco, which

I also reproduce, we can see that the modern artist's work bears the same relation to the prototype that a "pretty girl's" head on the cover of a modern English fashion paper bears to a head by Botticelli or Rubens. Observe in the Ajanta painting the exquisite sensibility of the lines symbolising the oval of the head, and the curves of the eyes and mouth, and contrast it with the insensitive outline of the face, the stiff buttonhole eyes, and the pinched reugged lips in Mrs. Sunyani Devi's picture. And how near, in the face, is this modern Indian artist's convention for "beauty" to the English and French fashion drawings of beauties made up in Bond Street and the rue de la Paix! Only in the hands do we see the fine calligraphic flow of the old tradition, and it is accurate to say that few living European artists can draw lines



"Krishna playing the flute," by Mrs. Sunyani Devi (Modern Indian Art).

as expressive as those which symbolise the shape and movement of these hands.

The conventional language of Chinese, Indian and other Oriental art makes a strong appeal to modern European artists who are struggling to escape from the naturalistic degeneracy of nineteenth century Western art. But it is important to remember that the artistic conventions of great Oriental art are extremely sensitive and elastic, indeed, in the case of Indian art, so sensitive and elastic that they imbue the most voluptuous painting and sculpture with a poetical refinement. From the Indian standpoint, Mrs. Sunyani Devi's picture is a step in the right direction, but the artist still has a long way to go to recapture the secrets of the great Indian tradition.

John Tandy appears.

A young Irish artist, John Tandy, who lives partly in London and partly in Paris, is having a first show of his wood-engravings and drawings at the Cottars Studio Gallery till the middle of next week. The Gallery is a queer little shed behind the modern bric-à-brac shop run by Lady Playfair and Mrs. Pitt-Chatham in the Brompton Road. John Tandy is the son of Brigadier-General E. Napper Tandy, and thus a direct descendant of Napper Tandy whose name appears in "The Wearing of the Green." He is now twenty-three and has been trained as an architect—the right beginning for an artist who wishes to play a part in the classical-architectural pictorial movement of our day. Tandy's wood-engravings are technically excellent. They reflect the influences of those stimulating teachers Leon Underwood and Iain Macnab, with whom he has studied since his architectural apprenticeship. But they also reveal invention and much ingenuity in suggesting architectural relations in symbols of sheer black and white.



Detail of scene from the Sibi-Jataka (Ajanta Caves).

IS IT RIGHT to HANG a MAN?

By the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Birkenhead, P.C.

In this concluding instalment Lord Birkenhead deals with the crimes for which the penalty is death. These crimes, briefly referred to by Lord Birkenhead in his article in last week's BRITANNIA, are: Treason; Arson etc. in Arsenals and Dockyards; Piracy with Violence and Murder.

NOW as to treason. We know that, in days gone by, treason was a charge often made on inadequate facts and under barbarous laws. We do not always bear in mind that those barbarous laws have been repealed, and that the law of treason is now comparatively simple.

I conceive that in some of the existing cases it may well be that the death penalty is excessive, but most of them are also triable under the Treason-Felony Acts which were passed so that the offence can be treated as a felony without capital punishment.

Casement—the Traitor.

THERE is, unfortunately, a recent case, that of Casement. This man, born of good family, had spent his life in the service of the State. He had shortly before the War retired on a pension, after receiving a knighthood for his services.

For some reason, which remains obscure, he became disaffected, and during the war he was proved by the clearest possible evidence to have been engaged in the German service. He sank so low as to attempt to seduce British soldiers from their allegiance and he was sent on an expedition intended to hold up a considerable portion of our forces, at a time when we were straining every nerve and needed all our resources to resist the enemy attack. He was captured and his attempt failed. He had a fair trial and was condemned. He had, in the hour when his country was most in danger, helped those who were threatening not only us but the world.

Was it wrong to declare his life forfeit? If it was, then one must admit that there can be no case in which the state can say that a man shall die. I am certain that it will be generally agreed that his sentence was just and merited, and that it was right that he should die.

Of the second offence I believe that there is no modern instance in this country. During the war there was found no one so base as to inflict that injury upon the country, or to give such assistance to the enemy. If there had been, the offender would have been aiming at the life of the community, he would have forfeited his right to continue among us. I assert that it would not be right that such a man should live.

Death Penalty for Pirates.

THE third offence is Piracy with Violence. We think that piracy is an obsolete crime. There are no pirates nowadays, and time has confused in one golden haze the exploits of

those mariners of England, who exacted retribution in the days when private vengeance was still arguably lawful, and the misdeeds of the truculent ruffians who disgraced the high seas before the British Navy drove them into oblivion.

But history proves that piracy revives whenever government is weak, and at the present time we are mourning the loss of two gallant gentlemen who died defending their ship from the pirates whom lately we dislodged from Bias Bay.

In the olden times the pirate was described as *Hostis humani generis*, and he alone of all criminals could be hunted down and tried by any nation, no matter what his allegiance or where he preyed. The rule applies to this day.

If the murderers on the Anking are caught the question will arise: Should they be executed? The law says that, if their guilt is proved, they have incurred the penalty of death. These men assume the guise of passengers, they rob, murder and ravish, fearing neither God nor man. Unless they are extirpated they remain a menace to the public, a danger to commerce, and a terror to the peaceable.

We have not only to reckon with the actual offenders. There are thousands there, inured to murder, plunder and crime, who flourish with impunity, and wither only when force, which alone they understand, teaches them that they too will suffer if they do not abandon their evil ways. These men of course are Chinese,

LORD BIRKENHEAD

*will contribute to next week's issue of BRITANNIA
an article of outstanding international importance:
"MY REPLY TO PRESIDENT COOLIDGE"*

but we must not assume that they are pirates because they are Chinese.

A Terror of the Seas.

ALL nations bordering on the seas will produce pirates if the hand of authority is weak, and our records are as full of pirates as any.

There was one Teach or Blackbeard, one of our race, "a Bristol man born," who infested the West Indies in the early eighteenth century.



Powerful and unscrupulous, valiant and uncouth, he went into the fight covered with belts of pistols with lighted links in his hair. He was a robber and a murderer who feared neither God nor man. Fourteen wives had a feeble hold upon his affections. He was neither faithful nor jealous, but placed them at the disposal of his comrades when he was in the humour.

While he was alive, he was the terror of the seas and his impunity encouraged others who found his villainy glorious. He was slain in an attempt to capture him, or he would have been hanged. Was it wrong to kill him in an attempt to vindicate the law? Would it have been an unjustifiable act to have hanged him if he had been taken? His fate leads one to doubt whether, if the law ought not to countenance capital punishment, it ought also to punish those who kill to protect themselves or their possessions.

If life is so precious that the law will not take it, then must we tamely submit to be robbed or even murdered by an armed miscreant though we can save ourselves at the expense of his life? The law now says that we lawfully may. There have been in recent years cases in which men have repelled attempts at crime by slaying the offender. It would be a curious result if logic compelled us to condemn the intended victim because he was so wicked, so vile, so disregardful of the sanctity of life as to slay a violent felon.

Should Such People Live?

BUT when people talk of the death penalty they usually have in mind the fourth offence: Murder. The offender has not considered the right of the victim to live. That victim is now dead and buried. Sometimes we are tempted to think, when we read of hysterical interest in murderers, that the victim is forgotten. Let us recall one or two of the people who ought not to have been hanged, if it be true that the State ought never to require his life of a man.

In the early part of the eighteenth century, there were two wretched men who earned a precarious and not always honest livelihood in

Edinburgh. By accident they learned that a dead body was worth money if sold to the anatomists. They improved on the practice of the Resurrection Men by making their own corpses.

For a time they flourished, and many poor people died in order that these men might feed their worthless bodies and keep their paramours. At last they were detected. Hare saved his skin because without him the necessary evidence was lacking. Burke was condemned and hanged, and by his crime added another word to our language.

Of all vile wretches, none could be viler. And I venture to think, in view of what happened to Hare, that if the death penalty had not been a weapon in the armoury of the law, Judge Lynch would have showed his ugly countenance, and a justly incensed mob would have done what the law refused to do. Was his life not forfeit?

There was a trial in 1879 which excited interest at the time.

Kate Webster, a woman of a criminal record, took service with a widow lady and murdered her with premeditation. She dismembered the corpse, and disposed of part of the remains by boiling it in a copper. She even, so it is said, attempted to dispose of the fat by selling it to neighbours as dripping—part of her perquisites. She was arrested while trying to dispose secretly of other parts of her mistress's body. She was tried and found guilty. The law claimed the forfeit and she paid it. I find it difficult to believe that the sentence was wrong.

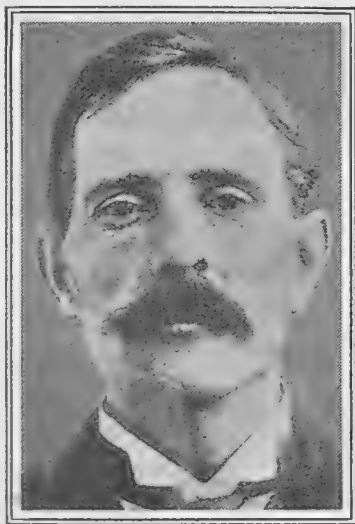
A Murderer of three Women.

TAKE another case: George Joseph Smith, whose trial is known as the "Brides in the Bath" case. He was a man who set himself, like Landru to live by swindling confiding females. He offered them marriage. If they parted with their means before the ceremony, he decamped and left them penniless. If they were more cautious and waited until after he had kept his word, then he robbed them as soon as possible after the marriage, leaving them as penniless as the others. If they were not so confiding, and death only could part them from their poor possessions, then he killed them in such a way that they seemed to have died naturally.

He did it once too often. He was tried for the murder of three women, and there is reason to believe that there were many more whom he had deceived and murdered. There is also Neil Cream, who must have been sane, for the scrupulous care with which the Home Secretary inquires into the sanity of a condemned murderer is well known. He murdered women of the lowest class for obscure motives, probably to gratify his erotic tenden-

cies. He was a man of some education. So too, was Armstrong, a University graduate and a solicitor, who poisoned his wife in cold blood, and attempted the life of a colleague merely to cover up a defalcation. Again, Brown was a man of remarkable ability, if his companion Kennedy was merely a ruffian.

These men were all hanged. The list can be extended indefinitely until the repetition of horrors almost destroys horror. Yet it would seem we are to believe that the law was wrong in taking their lives, and we were wrong to approve the sentences of the law.



George J. Smith; a murderer of three women.

"Death" Sentence of Imprisonment.

THERE remains two points which it may be useful to mention. It is said the experience in other countries has shown that the abolition of the death penalty has not increased the number of murders. It may be the case in particular areas, but the experiment has not been

tried for a sufficient period or over a sufficiently wide area, to form an accurate opinion for our guidance.

We need also to examine the fate of the murderers who have been relegated to life-long imprisonment. It has been said that in some cases at least the various conditions imposed have constituted in themselves a death sentence far more terrible than one which is expressed to be a death sentence. And while imprisonment is mentioned, cannot it be contended with at least as much force that the State has no right to deprive a man of his liberty?

"Give me liberty or give me death," exclaimed the American orator, and succeeding generations have echoed his words. And if not imprisonment, then why fines? why taxes? and the wheel comes round full circle—civilisation is again anarchic barbarism. It is not proved that the death sentence is no deterrent. I venture to suggest that no one who strictly examines his own soul can deny its potency.

And, lastly, there is the lingering fear that the penalty of death may be exacted in a case where a mistake has been made. If the accused is alive, such a mistake can, though imperfectly, be put right, but if he is dead, life can never be recalled.

As Sir Edward Marshall-Hall in the Seddon case told the jury: "There is one thing the scientists have never yet been able to find, never yet been able to discover, with all their research and with all their study, and that is, how to replace the little vital spark that we call life. . . . If your verdict is against him, that vital spark will be extinguished, and no science known to the world can ever replace it."

Making Certain of Guilt.

IT is impossible to deny that in human affairs, the chance of mistake cannot be wholly

eliminated, but in the administration of justice, and more particularly in murder trials, scrupulous care is taken to prevent a miscarriage of justice. There is the preliminary investigation by the police aided, as soon as real suspicion is cast upon a definite person sufficient to warrant his being charged with murder, by the Public Prosecutor. There is an investigation before the magistrates. There may be a further inquiry by the Coroner. Even after committal, no trial can take place, in the absence of a verdict by a Coroner's jury, unless the Grand Jury, after hearing the witnesses find a true bill.

The trial before Judge and jury is in public and their decision depends upon the evidence. Again, after a verdict of guilty, there still is the opportunity of appeal, in some cases as far as the House of Lords. And when the legal proceedings are over the Home Secretary considers the sentence in order that he may advise whether the Prerogative of Mercy shall be extended to save the murderer's life.

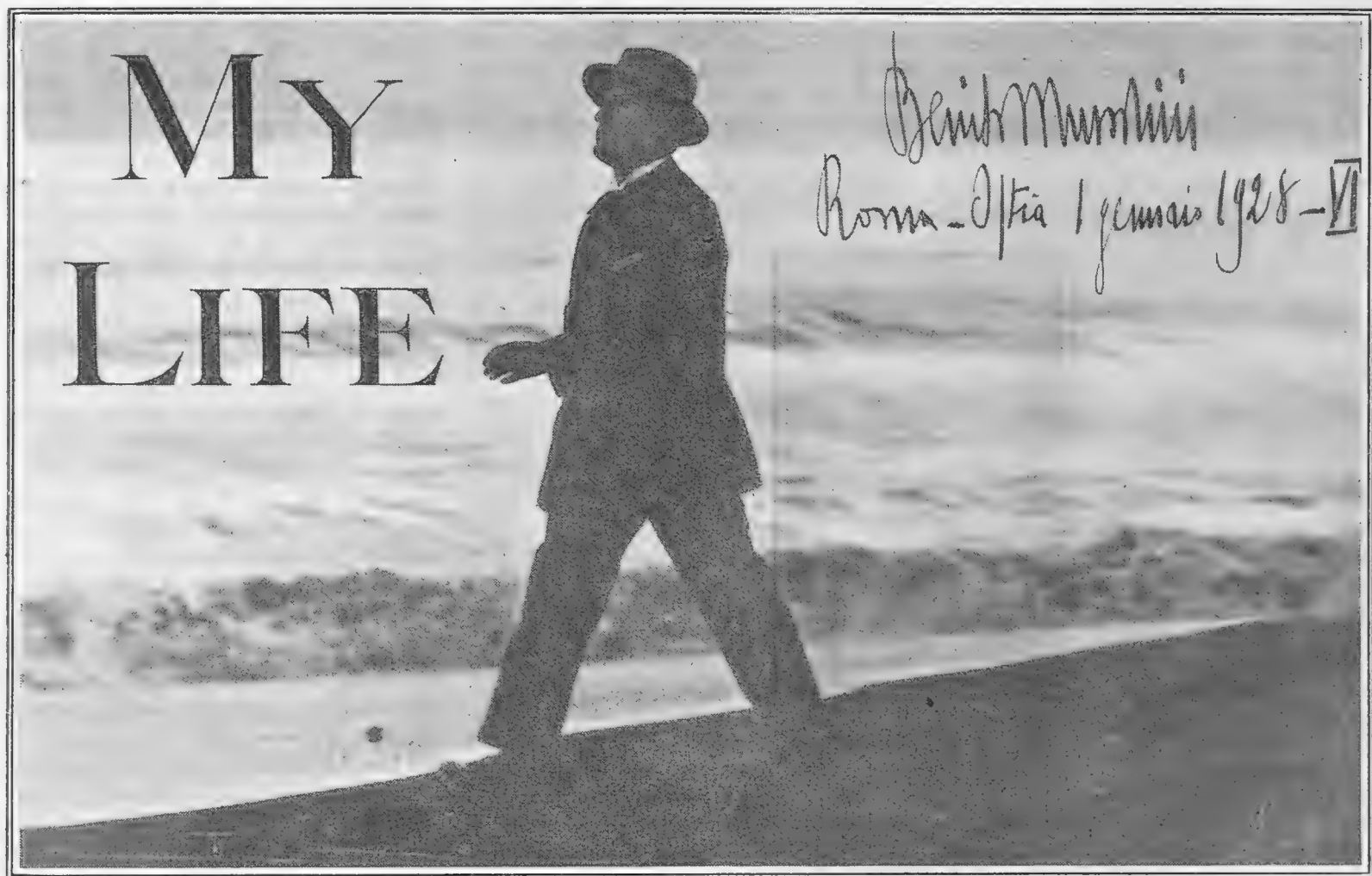
In the legal proceedings, the court is bound by the Rules of Evidence—rules indeed that shut out much that in other lands is admitted to prove guilt—but the Home Secretary is not bound by those rules and can listen to any circumstance, however irrelevant in law, which may tend to lead him to the path of mercy.

The public can rest assured that the utmost care is taken not to execute the prisoner unless his guilt is manifest and in many cases not even then. But the fear of a possible mistake has no bearing on the problem whether the State ought, or can in natural justice, deprive a murderer of his life. We are all agreed that a man charged with murder should not suffer the penalty, whatever it may be, unless he is guilty.

I HAVE considered on many occasions with sympathy and with careful attention the arguments brought forward against capital punishment. They have not convinced me.



Roger Casement; shot for treason during the war.



I FACED infinite enemies. I created new ones! I had few illusions about that. The struggle, in my opinion, had to have a completeness of character; it had to be brought whole and complete on all of the most diverse fields of action. I must set this completeness forth in a clear way; it is necessary for me to divide the different fields in which my action was demanded and out of which evolved the most significant facts of my Governmental life. Deeds and actions, more than any useless subjective expressions, write my true autobiography—from 1922 to 1927. I never knew those discouragements or those exaltations which often are harmful to the effectiveness of a statesman. I knew that not only my prestige was at stake, but the prestige, the name of the country, which I love more than myself, more than anything else. I was anxious to improve, refine and co-ordinate the character of the Italians. Let me state what my domestic policies have been.

From petty discords and quarrels from the many coloured political partisanships, from peasant strifes, from bloody struggles, from the insincerity and duplicity of the Press, from the Parliamentary battles and manœuvres, from the vicissitudes of representative lobbies, from hateful and useless debates and snarling talk we finally climbed to a solidified nation, to a powerful harmony—dominated, inspired and spiritualised by Fascism. I am not the judge of that. The world is.

AFTER my speech of November 16th, 1922, at the Chamber of Deputies, I obtained approval for my declaration with 306 votes against 116. I asked and obtained full powers without difficulty. I had to solve the problem of our armed Fascist squadrons. I always have had a great influence on my soldiers, and on the action squads, which in every part of Italy

Signor Mussolini has handed over to the State the money he has received for the serial rights of the story of his life—over £11,000.

This money is to be devoted to Italian charitable organisations.

gave proof of their valour, gallantry and of their passionate faith. But now that Fascism had reached power, these formations in such a situation were no longer desirable. On the other hand, I could not suddenly wipe out these men who had given me deep and absolute devotion. In their instinct, in their vibrating intuitions, they were led not only by strength and courage, but by a sense of political virtue. And as the perils had not entirely disappeared, it was indispensable to guard the citadel of the Blackshirts' triumph. I decided then to create a voluntary Militia for national security and defence. Of course, its duties had to be well defined. It must be commanded by seasoned veterans and chiefs who, after having fought the war, had known and experienced the struggles of Fascist resurrection.

I proclaimed that with Fascism at the wheel everything illegal and disorderly had to disappear. The decision to transform the squads of action to Voluntary Militia for National Security undoubtedly was one of political wisdom; it conferred on the Régime not only authority, but also a great reserve strength. The organisation of the Grand Council, a body entirely political, was one of my major aims after my coming to power. Every day I needed clear answers to questions arising. In all my complex work as Chief of the Government, I could not forget that I was also Chief of that party which for three years had fought in the squares and streets of Italy—not only to gain power, but, above all, for the supreme task of infusing into the nation a new spirit.

The Great Council had to be the propelling element of Fascism, with the hard and delicate task of preparing and transforming into legal acts the work of the Fascist revolution. There were not, and there are not now, heterogeneous elements in the Grand Council, but virile Fascists, ministers, men expert in knowledge and interests. The

Grand Council has always succeeded. I preside over it and, let me add as a detail that, all the motions and the official reports which have appeared in the papers in concise form, have been written by my hand. They are the product of long meditations, in which Italian life and the position of Italy in the world have been examined and dissected by the Fascist soul, spirit and faith. The Grand Council which to-day I want framed in the legislative institutions of the Régime, has rendered in the first five years a magnificent and unparalleled service.

ONE of the problems which imposed itself first of all was that of the unification of the police forces. We had the ordinary police, with the different branches of political and judiciary police; the Royal Carabinieri, and finally the body of the Royal Guards. This last institution, originally created by Nitti, was made up of demobilised elements and was a useless organisation. I decided immediately to disband the Royal Guards. That suppression in the main was not attended by unfortunate incidents. In Turin and Milan there were attempts at resistance and tumults. I gave severe orders. I called into my office or telephoned to the chiefs responsible for certain local situations. I ordered them to fire, if necessary. In six hours everything was calm again. The immediate dissolving of an armed body of forty thousand men cost only four dead and a few wounded! The officers were incorporated in other organisations, or

took up activities according to their own wishes; the privates reached their districts and homes without further troubles.

Our Italian form of political Masonry which at first seemed to have adjusted itself to the new conditions, submitting to the advent of Fascism to power, now began a stupid and deceitful warfare against me and against Fascism. At a meeting of the Grand Council I proclaimed the impossibility for Fascisti to be Masons at the same time. As a leader of the ranks of Socialism I had already practised the same anti-Masonic policy. We must not forget that this shady institution with its secret character, has always had the character of briber and blackmailer in Italy. It has nothing of protection, humanitarianism, or assistance about it. Everyone, even those who were benefited, are convinced that Italian Masonry has been nothing more than a society of mutual and reciprocal adulation for its adepts. My struggle against Masonry was bitter; I carry the tangible signs of it still, but it constitutes for me, for my sincerity and my probity, one of the most precious titles of merit.

IN 1923, after negotiations I carried on with unwavering constancy, I united Italian Nationalism with Fascism. For a certain time an identical vision had been shared by these two organisations in regard to everything that referred to the ends and aims of our national life. The political developments, however, led along separate paths. When victory was concluded, and when the better elements of Nationalism already were collaborating with the new Régime, the unification was more than a wise act, for it was also an act of political sincerity. Blackshirt and Bluc-shirt—the latter was the uniform of the Nationalists—united in a perfect chivalrous sentiment and political loyalty. This new and deep unity allowed us to enjoy and develop better auspices for a new future, worthy of that great Italy which had been prophesied, desired and finally created by Nationalism and Fascism. In April, 1923, in Turin, the national congress of the "Popular Party" assembled. It was a verbose and academic meeting, not very different from those other political congresses which for decades have hypnotised Italian public life. They naturally discussed the policies of the Fascist Régime for a long while and, after various divergencies, the majority of those assembled voted in favour of a compromise with an anti-Fascist leaning.

Among the members of my Ministry there were some of the "Popular Party." They found themselves, after the meeting, in a difficult and delicate position. I naturally put before them the problem of weighing more or less their opportunity of staying in the Fascist Government, under the new state of things created by the attitude of their Party. There were some explanations. Differing opinions alternated; but in order to initiate that process of political clarification which I had foreseen was inevitable, I advised the members of the Government of the Popular Party to leave their places so that they could avoid dissensions between their Parliamentary group and the Fascist Party.

I had foreseen this process of clarification as soon as I came into power. The precepts and attitude of Fascism were not adapted for all minds at that time. There were still many dissenters. Many people fed on the illusory hope that they would be able to influence and bend the methodical and straight courses laid down by Fascism. For this purpose, I was approached by those who were skilled in twistings, turnings and slidings. Naturally, they always found me as resistant as granite.

For the first time, in 1923, Labour Day passed without incident; the people worked calmly, without regretting that old date, which now meant nothing in Italy. Now I was anxious to test public opinion and to see for myself how deeply Fascism had penetrated into the masses. First I went to Milan and to Romagna. Afterwards I visited Venice,



Mussolini giving the famous Fascist salute.

Padua, Vicenza, Sicily and Sardinia; finally I went to Piacenza and Florence. I found everywhere warm, vibrant enthusiasm, not only among my lieutenants and Blackshirts, but also among all the Italian people.

The Italian nation finally sensed that it had a Government and a Leader!

THE Blackshirts, the makers of the revolution, hailed me as a leader with the same unchangeable enthusiasm which they had shown when I was only the Chief of the Party, and when I was developing that programme of journalistic attack which had added so much to my popularity. The Italian temperament at times is much more adapted for faction than for action. But now my old comrades were just as near to me with their daily tasks and their regimental discipline. Their attitude not only made me proud, but moved me deeply. The people felt that it had gained a real liberty from the continuous blackmails of parties which deluded and hoodwinked the masses. They blessed my political work! I was happy!

It was during this period that the opposition campaign opened again. Not being able to beat me on the field of conciliation and compromise, the opposing elements, led by the *Corriere della Sera*, began a series of depressing prophecies and predictions of calamity. They launched deceitful attacks and spun their polemic webs. I put into effect, however, a new electoral law, because I was not going to fall into the pit-falls of the proportional representative system. I alienated the "Populists," the Democrats and some of the Liberals. Meanwhile we had anti-Fascist assaults and ambushes. This was a stormy year. It must be regarded as a period of settling down and one of difficulty. I had to keep Fascism from internal crises, often provoked by intrigue and trickery. I succeeded in this by an inexorable

attitude against those who thought they could create disturbances and frictions in the Party itself. Fascism is a unit; it cannot have varying tendencies and trends, it cannot have two leaders. It is a hierarchy; the foundation is the Blackshirts with the Chief at the head. That is one of the first causes of my strength, for all the dissolutions in our political parties were always born of personal ambitions, from false preconceptions, from corruption, or from mysterious, oblique and hidden forces which I always traced to the work of Italian Masonry. I resolved not to yield a hairsbreadth. When the more urgent legislative problems were settled by Parliament I decided to dissolve the Chamber, and after having obtained extension of full powers, I announced elections for April 6th, 1924.

This announcement was sufficient to calm political agitation. All parties began stocktaking. They prepared schemes for obtaining the greatest number of votes and to send to the Chamber the greatest possible number of representatives.

ELECTIONS may be considered a childish game, in which the most important part is played by those who are elected. Fascism had no desire to submit to the usual forms of that silly farce. We decided to create a large national list on which places had to be found, not only for faithful custodians and trustees of Fascism, but also for those who in active national life had been able to uphold the dignity of their country. Fascism, by this policy, gave full proof of great political wisdom and probity. It even tolerated men of opposing or doubtful position because they could serve. In the national list were included ex-presidents of the Council as Orlando, and of the Chamber as De Nicola, but the fulcrum of the list was made up of new elements. It was, in fact, composed of two hundred veterans, ten gold medallists, one hundred and fourteen silver medallists, ninety-eight bronze medallists, eighty mutilated war invalids, and thirty-four volunteers.

The Socialists, divided from the Communists, sharpened their weapons. So did the Populists. But from the ballot boxes of April 6th there overflowed a full, irrevocable, decisive victory for the National list. It obtained five million votes against two million represented by all the other lists put together!

My policy was supported by the people. I could afford to be indulgent toward our adversaries without trying to press them unduly.

I DIRECTED that political battle while living in Milan. I did not attach much importance to the electoral struggle or its results, but it interested me because of the consent and the enthusiasm which every Italian city had given to the National Fascist list. This endorsement of the people encouraged my thesis and my governmental work. Having gone back to Rome, I was received as a returning victor, and, from the balcony of the Palazzo Chigi, while I saluted the people and the city of Rome, I congratulated the new and greater Italy, where men of good faith were all in harmony. This was my slogan: "Let Parties die and the Country be saved."

On May 24th, with unusual solemnity, came the opening of the 27th Legislature. The King made a very impressive speech. The hall had the appearance of a great occasion. The veterans, some of whom were very much decorated, were cheered. Now there stirred, in that old Chamber, so accustomed to mean petty political intrigues, a breath of new life; an heroic sense of the new soul of Italy. All these things irritated the Socialists. They who, in their hearts had hated the war, had humiliated our victory. The deep dissension between the new and the old Italy was again drawn at Montecitorio. This dissension persisted in the Parliamentary atmosphere, even after it had been beaten and overcome by Fascism in the towns and streets of Italy.

The usual Parliamentary discussions began. The seating of new deputies roused violent diatribes. The Socialists who were absent from the ceremony of May 24th had taken their seats, hostile as of old. The atmosphere was electric. With very great patience I succeeded in appeasing the first tumultuous meetings. To elevate the plane of the discussion, nothing was more effective than a speech, spoken on June 6th, by the blind veteran Carlo Delcroix. On June 7th I denounced my enemies and their manoeuvres. I remember that I admonished all in the name of Fascist martyrdom and in the name of the peace of souls, to attend solely to productive activities and I added:

"We feel that we represent the Italian people, and we declare that we have the right to scatter to the winds the ashes of your spites and our spites, so that we may feed the venerable and intangible body of the country with a powerful lymph. . . ."

I WAS animated by a deep and sincere desire for peace. But the success of my words was only apparent; in the ardours of Parliamentary political struggle scenes unworthy of any assembly took place. The Socialists had been hard hit and on the most sensitive spots. They were circumscribed in number, amazed by the rush of Italian youth, dismayed by the new directions events were taking. They were beaten, and they felt it. Skilful and astute in every political art, they tried all their wiles in turn. It was a game played deliberately to destroy and to tear down. In this subtle work Matteotti, the deputy, distinguished himself. He was a Socialist from the province of Rovigo, tenacious in his arrogant spirit of political dissolution. He hated war. In this attitude he had reached an absurdity, even beyond the limits reached by any other Socialist. In the tragic period after the defeat at Caporetto, he had been against our Venetian refugees. Matteotti denied shelter to those unhappy people who fled from the lands invaded by the enemy and where the Austrians were committing every sort of violence. He said they should remain under Austrian domination! Now he brought his whole bag of conceptions

and devices into this Parliamentary battle. Being a millionaire, he considered Socialism as a mere Parliamentary formula. It must be remembered that though he was an ardent fighter, able to irritate his adversaries in the whirlwind of the struggle, he was far away from being able to imperil seriously the assembly, still more so such a party as the Fascist. Matteotti was not a leader. In that same Socialist Party there were elements who surpassed him in debate, in talent, and in coherence. In his electoral districts he had had violent fights with the Fascists, and at the Chamber he had at once revealed himself as the most zealous and pugnacious opponent.

ONE day Matteotti disappeared from Rome. Immediately it was whispered that a political crime had been committed. The Socialists were looking for a martyr, and at once, before anything definite could possibly be known, they accused Fascism. By my orders we began a most complete investigation. The Government decided to act with the greatest energy, not only for reasons of justice, but also to stop, from the first moment, the spreading of any kind of calumny. I threw the Prefect and Police Chief of Rome, the Secretary of the Interior, Finzi, and the Chief of the Press Office, Cesare Rossi, into the task of clearing the mystery. Very soon the guilty were identified. They were of high station. They came from the Fascist group, but they were completely outside our responsible elements. The sternest proceedings were taken against them without

The attitude of the people made me proud and moved me deeply. The people felt they had gained a real liberty from the blackmails of Parties which deluded and hoodwinked them. They blessed my political work and I was happy.

limit or reservation. Severe measures were applied—so severe indeed, that for some they turned out to be excessive. The suspected were arrested at once. Among the responsible elements, those who had had relations with the guilty ones, merely because they were under suspicion, were retired, though innocent, from public life. All this should have stilled the storm. On the contrary, this dramatic episode was destined to disturb the austere serenity which I had imposed for myself and for everyone in the general policy of the country. Though we were still living in an atmosphere of passion, of polemics and violent battles, it seemed hardly possible that only a few days after the opening of the 27th Legislature, a group of men of position could carry out an enterprise which, commenced as a jest, had ended in a tragedy. I always have had harsh and severe words for what happened. But in the face of the faithful and energetic behaviour of the central government there now burst out an offensive without comparison against Fascism and against its leader. The opposition at the Chamber gave the first signal of attack in great style.

I FORESAW immediately the ignoble game which started, not from any love for the poor victim, but solely from hate for Fascism. I was not surprised. At the Chamber, when already weak men were vacillating, I said:

"If the question is to lament, if the question is to condemn, if the question is to regret the victim, if the question is to proceed on our

inquiry of all the guilty and those responsible, we here repeat that this will be done calmly and inexorably. But if from this very sad happening one would draw argument wherewith to stage this tragedy as a means of political attack on the Government, then it must be known that the Government will defend itself at any cost. The Government, having an undisturbed conscience, and sure of having already fulfilled its duty and of its willingness to do it in the future, will adopt the necessary means to crush that trick utterly and irrevocably."

These words did not penetrate the already hardened minds. And there happened exactly what I had foreseen; the opposition threw themselves on the corpse of Matteotti in order to poison the political life of Italy and cast calumnies on Fascism both in Italy and abroad. The development of Italian public life from June till December, 1924, presented a spectacle unparalleled in the political struggle of any other country. It was a shame and a mark of infamy which would dishonour any political group. The Press, the subversive and anti-Fascist parties of any quality, the false intellectuals, the defeated candidates, the brainless cowards, the rabble and the parasites, threw themselves like vultures on a corpse. The arrest of the guilty was not enough. The discovery of the corpse and the sworn verification of surgeons who stated that the death was not due to a crime, but was produced by trauma—even that was not enough. Instead, the discovery of the corpse in a hedge near Rome, called the Quartarella, unloosed an orgy of research of details, which is remembered by us with the ignominious name of "Quartarellismo."

FORTUNES were made out of the Matteotti tragedy. Portraits and medals were struck, his image was stamped on dies, commemorative dates shown on electric signs; and subscriptions were opened by subversive newspapers. Even now some of the accounts are still open.

The opposition parties and their representatives at the Chamber retired from Montecitorio, threatening not to participate further in legislative work. To this movement and to those who accepted it was given (in illusory analogy with a well-known event in Roman history), the name of Aventino. But the Aventino group was reduced to a grotesque parody, in which hate and nakedness of power now re-united men of the most different political complexions. They ranged from Socialists to Liberals, from Democrat-Masons to Populists. Clandestine meetings were held. Fanatical elements waited hour by hour for Fascism to be overthrown. On the background of this ignoble dramatic farce, there stood out the figure of Senator Albertini, the happy owner of a newspaper. Albertini loved to scrape in the garbage, listen to all the dirty rogues, and to collect the most mendacious pamphlets, all for the purpose of injuring me and Fascism.

But I was not discouraged in the least. I knew the attitudes, postures and poses of these adversaries! I knew they would have used the Socialist deputy's corpse as an anti-Fascist symbol if they could. But their ghoulish politics left me cold. Besides these scoundrels there were those who were—but feeble Fascists. They let themselves be wheedled by the political atmosphere. They did not realise that an episode is not the stuff of which history should be made. In the name of a so-called sentimental morality, they wanted to kill a great moral and political probity and knife the welfare of an entire nation. There were also in this category many repented Magdalenes, and many hid their Fascist insignia, and trembling, abandoned the Fascist nation, already brought to white heat by a thousand attacks.

WE were drifting back into the depths of a revolutionary period, with all the excesses of such abnormal times with spites, troubles and explosions. Many of the magistrates, often under Masonic influence, could certainly not give equitable and faultless judgments. Various parties beyond the borders gave help to the Socialists at home. It was then clear to me how anti-Fascism was still abroad in some international zones where Democracy, Socialism and Liberalism had consolidated their weight of patronage, blackmail and parasitism. All this rather looked as if the Government had weakened. In December, 1924, at the end of that painful three months, there were some who calculated the days of life of our Ministry. A great hope sprang up in the hearts of the politically hungry. There was, in fact, a miserable manœuvre on the part of the three former presidents of the Council. But these professional politicians have so little practical sense that they could not understand that it would have been enough for me with one breath to give an order to the Blackshirts to overturn once and for all their fancies and dreams.

These swollen frogs waited for their triumph. The corrupt press gave the maximum of publicity to calumnies, to incitation to commit

crimes and to spread defamation. The Crown, supreme element of equilibrium, was violently menaced with blackmail and worse. As ever, there were adventurers willing to speculate on any turn in the tide of events to create a political rebirth for themselves.

As if all this were not enough, in that dark December of 1924, to complete the picture, Cesare Rossi, the former chief of the Press Office, tried a rascally trick. This man, expelled from Fascism for implication in the Matteotti affair, prepared a memorial which was a tissue of lies and libels. He aimed at involving the Régime in guilt and consequently me with it. Everything that had happened or was happening in Italy, he endeavoured to lay on my doorstep. This memorial purported to present a "moral indictment" against me. But in that field I cannot be attacked. Every attempt of this sort is void. I was informed beforehand of Rossi's plot; I knew the contents of his memorial, and on the day in which it was to be printed in the papers of the opposition, I put an end to the miserable manœuvre. I published the memorial in a friendly paper; and in this way indicated that I gave no value to it. It was a jest and a delusion. The bubble, swelled by slanders, burst like a pricked balloon.

This contemptible game lasted for six months. The weak consciences had sunk under the surface, the singers of doleful tunes felt their throats parched. The speculators were now disgusted by themselves. In that period a former Minister, decorated with the Collare dell'Annunziata, the highest order of Italy's sovereign, aligned himself with the cult of republicanism and with the worst elements of the Socialists! I held the Fascist Party firmly in my hand during this period. I curbed the impulses of those Fascists who wanted violent reprisals with a clear order: "Hand in the pockets! I, Mussolini, am the only one that may have his hands free." However, in Florence and Bologna there were episodes of extreme violence. I knew then that it was time to speak and act. I ordered the guilty to be arrested. I desired justice to follow its unwavering course. Now I had fulfilled my task and my duty as a just man. So I now could play my own game against my adversaries—in the open.

A further instalment of Benito Mussolini's story of his life will appear next week.

A Brief Judgment of the Horoscope

By the Hon.

Ralph Shirley (Founder of "The Occult Review.")

MUSSOLINI was born with the Zodiacal sign Scorpio rising, as were also Louis XIV, Napoleon, William Pitt, Earl of Chatham (the real founder of the British Empire), Goethe, Lord Northcliffe, and many other men noted for their forceful and independent characters.

It is remarkable that the Sun, Moon, and all the planets were above the horizon, shown by the dark lateral line across the map, a significant indication of Il Duce's phenomenal rise to power.

The dominant planetary influence with Mussolini is Uranus, a planet which is regarded as expressive of the caprices of Fate, and sensational successes and reverses. This planet is in the Mid-heaven, as it was in the horoscopes of Gladstone and Boulanger. It is not considered a fortunate planet owing to its capricious character.

In the present horoscope its position is particularly brilliant, as favourable aspects are thrown to it by Neptune and also by Jupiter and Venus in conjunction in Cancer in the 8th House. This conjunction exercises a protective influence against the dangers threatened by the alarming combination of the malefic planets in the 7th House, the House of open enemies. Exactly on the cusp of this House we find the Socialistic planet Neptune, and the Moon is in the same House, "besieged" by Mars and Saturn, both malefics—a very threatening combination—while at the same time it is

conjoined with the violent fixed star Aldebaran. It is curious to note that the Sun is in Leo, Italy's ruling sign, in conjunction with Mercury, and elevated above all the planets except Uranus.

It is also to be observed that the Sun in Mussolini's horoscope is on the place of the King of Italy's Ascendant (the degree of the Sign of the Zodiac rising at birth), while the Sun in the King's horoscope occupies the place of the Ascendant in that of Mussolini.

This mutual reception has enabled each to be of service to the other whether in the retention or acquisition of power.

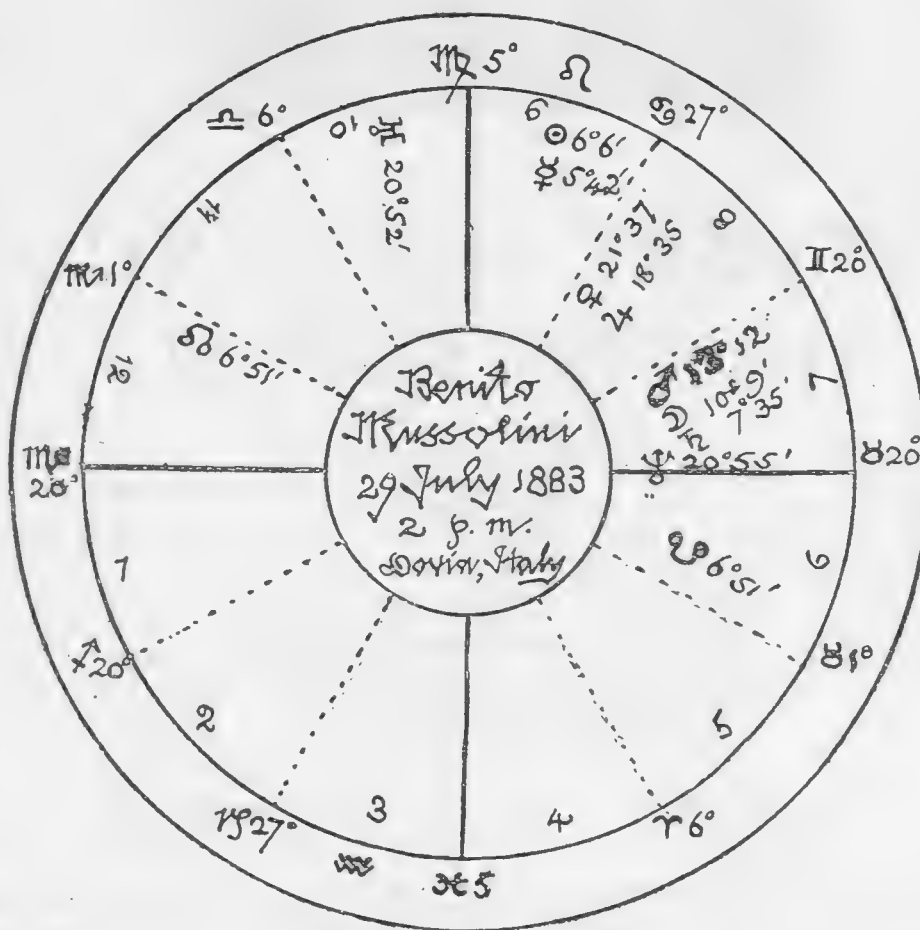
During the transit of Saturn through Mussolini's ruling sign, Scorpio, his life was attempted five times, and had it not been for the protective influences of Jupiter in conjunction with Venus, he would hardly have escaped assassination. It must, however, not be overlooked that in spite of the very brilliant planetary positions that have raised the Native to his post of unrivalled power in his own country, there are indications of extremely powerful hostile forces (in the malefics in the 7th House) who will leave no stone unturned to secure his overthrow.

It looks as if mutually antagonistic parties might eventually sink their differences and combine to achieve the defeat of the Italian Dictator.

The spring of 1932 will be a critical period as Neptune will then be on his mid-heaven while Saturn will also be in opposition to the place of the Sun and Mercury at his birth.

The hostility of America to Mussolini's dictatorship is clearly shown by the position of the Moon in Gemini in conjunction with Mars and Saturn. It is also worth noting that Mussolini's Mars is on the place of King George's Sun, and King George's Mars on the place of Mussolini's Sun; mutually antagonistic positions: the reverse of the case with his own Sovereign.

Had the Sun not been so favourably placed Mussolini's term of existence would have been a short one. As it is, his constitution is by no means flawless and his life is threatened in more ways than one by the very fateful position of the Moon at his birth,



The Horoscope of Benito Mussolini

THIS represents a map of the heavens at the moment of his birth as recorded by him in his "Life" in the first number of BRITANNIA.

The symbols in the above map are:

Signs of the Zodiac: Aries ♈, Taurus ♉, Gemini ♊, Cancer ♋, Leo ♌, Virgo ♍, Libra ♎, Scorpio ♏, Sagittarius ♐, Capricorn ♑, Aquarius ♒, Pisces ♓.

The Sun, Moon and Planets: Sun ☉, Moon ☾, Mercury ☿, Venus ♀, Mars ♂, Jupiter ♃, Saturn ♄, Herschel or Uranus ♅, Neptune ♆.

The Dragon's Head and Tail or Moon's Nodes ♋, ♏.

BRITANNIA'S PULPIT

CANON HANNAY "George A. Birmingham"

AN Irish peer, now, alas! with us no longer, used to tell a story about a farrier on his estate who sent him in a bill in this form: "To curing your honour's mule until it died—10s." The farrier's efforts, so he used to say, were like those of the British Government for the betterment of Ireland, which were very likely to end in the same way. Since then even the best-intentioned of our statesmen have given up the attempt to cure that particular mule. So it is legitimate to find a new application for the story.

Shall we some day have a bill sent in by those who are doing their tiresome best to save religion in England? Perhaps a bench of bishops, perhaps a committee of representatives of our newer faiths, perhaps a company of evangelists errant, perhaps an excited House of Commons, will send in the bill. Whoever sends it the plea for payment will be the same. They cured the poor mule until it died. Or—there is just this hope, for the mule is an obstinate beast and may survive its wellwishers—the bill may run: "To curing your honour's mule until we died. . . ." We shall pay that bill gladly, however high the charge.



virtues and the suggestion that neither we nor our theories are nearly so important as we think.

Virtues Without Excitement.

I do not suppose that any one took kindly then to the prophet's admonition. It is not likely that we will listen to it now. Men galloping on a hot scent after religion through medieval forests, or chasing it along tarmac roads in high-powered motor cars, will resent being told to go home, cook the dinner and clean the boots. And that is very much what the prophet Micah's saying comes to.

There is no novelty and no excitement to be got out of the practice of fair play and gentleness. It is almost insulting to be told to take ourselves less seriously. If this is all that religion is, there would be no sense in our thrilling controversies, our conversions and perversions, our daring experiments.

The Anglo-Catholic might walk hand in hand with the Modernist and his Roman brother stand up while a Baptist was saying grace without feeling that he caused scandal to the faithful. There would be no need to discuss what is wrong with the Church, for it would not matter whether anything was wrong with it or not. Lausanne Conferences and Malines Conversations would be merely rather tiresome forms of amusement.

The Search for Religion.

There has been a spurt in religion in this country of late—or if not in religion itself, at all events in the interest taken in the subject.

I suppose there has not been so much talk about religion in England since the days when Oliver Cromwell's troopers forbade the eating of mince pies at Christmas and smashed the stained-glass windows of the "steeple houses." People then were forced to give some attention to the subject since their daily lives were seriously interfered with by religion, a thing which Lord Melbourne said ought not to happen. Now all the excitement is purely voluntary.

But there is no doubt about the quantity and vigour of it. Newspapers devote whole columns of their space to sermons. Their correspondents telephone to preachers late on Saturday nights to know what they are going to say next day. Editors telegraph for articles on the sermons which have been preached. The leaves of new Prayer Books, rent from their stems by furious controversialists, lie thick on the ground.

Members of Parliament make speeches about theology, just as if it were a kind of Tariff Reform; about which it is to be hoped they know more than they do about Prayer Books. Crowds throng the galleries of both Houses to listen to the talk. You get no such crowds for a debate on Betting, though that ought to be a popular subject. Experimenters, thrilled to the marrow of their spines, pursue spirits in the chambers of necromancers and get angry with any one who takes the prophet Isaiah's view of ghosts which peep and mutter.

Anglo-Catholics, fortified by innumerable Masses, take up stones to fling at Modernists, who are misty and illusive creatures, very difficult to hit. Earnest seekers for health in body and soul toil upwards after Mrs. Eddy

"THERE SHALL NO SIGN BE GIVEN"

with a faith which leaves poor reason gasping far behind.

Dignified ladies, in company with men of slightly tubercular mentality, make excursions into the carefully fenced gardens of Romanism and greet the rest of us with pitying but supercilious smiles. Pretty women, not so dignified, present "Four-square" Gospels to incurious crowds in large halls and are questioned by other exotic females about their doings at popular bathing resorts in California.

It can scarcely be denied that we are all keen in our search for religion and most anxious to impress such discoveries as we make on other people.

Seeking after a Sign.

Heaven forbid that I should imitate the example of some of our famous ecclesiastics and call this "an evil and adulterous generation." But there is no doubt that we "seek after a sign" and I am inclined to think that the original rebuke might be passed on to us—"There shall no sign be given."

There was once a prophet called Micah. Very little of what he wrote survives. It is indeed rather surprising that anything survives at all, for he cannot possibly have been popular with his contemporaries. They were, it seems, excited about religion just as we are and the prophet came down on them by simplifying the whole business in a way that must have been profoundly annoying. "What doth the Lord thy God require of thee," he asks, "but to do justly, to love mercy and to walk humbly with thy God?" Just that. The recommendation of a couple of dull, perfectly commonplace

As a Little Child.

Of course that is not all there is in religion. In it is what the soul hungers for. There is, far off, the ecstasy of communion with God. But that and all the strange delights of the way to it depend on the prophet's simple commonplaces. There is an authority higher than Micah's for saying this. If we are content to go quietly on doing the simple things in that mood of humility, of which the little child set in the midst is our example, we shall "know of the doctrine"—if that is what we want.

We shall, in some fine hour, touch the hem of the "Sweepy garment, vast and white." There is no short cut to such experiences, no magic formula for inducing them. There is only the prophet's plan of doing right and humbly waiting until of themselves the great things come to us, and we find the answer to the prayer which we feebly make from time to time—"that we may evermore dwell in Him and He in us."

BRITANNIA'S PULPIT
will be occupied next week by
the Rev. F. B. Meyer, who
writes on "What I think of
Religion To-Day."

THE WOMAN'S SECTION

EDITED BY

HOME

Julia Cairns

GARDEN

CHILDREN

BEAUTY

COOKING

FASHION

EVERY regular reader of "Britannia" is incited to make full use of this Service Department, which I am personally directing.

In order to facilitate matters as much as possible, readers who wish to avail themselves of this free Service are invited to enclose a stamped addressed envelope, with their enquiries, which should be addressed to:—

Britannia Universal Service,
Julia Cairns Department,
Britannia,
Inveresk House,
Strand, London.

Envelopes should be marked according to the nature of the enquiry within—e.g. "H. me," "Beauty," etc.

SOME Barrie people once stole over a magic threshold at midnight on Midsummer Eve to find themselves in that enchanting world of dreams come true. The same fascinating, bewildering air of phantasy pervades this England seen again after nearly six years abroad. It wouldn't be a surprise to wake up suddenly and find it all dissolved with the mists of sleep, for this isn't the land I left.

It is home but stranger than any foreign land ever visited, even at that moment of moments when an alien foot first touches new soil. The voices are different, the people are different, in fact, everything is different. The women, for example, have done something to themselves.

Years ago, partly perhaps because it was deemed bad taste to be conspicuous on the street and partly because we used to think brains and clothes didn't go together, the majority of women were not smart in appearance. On occasions they showed that they knew how to dress but it wasn't a habit and other nations judged them accordingly.

ENGLISH women have discovered their style. It is the tailor-made. They now look smart and well-groomed and yet refreshingly different in simple, well-cut costumes and tailored coats.

There is a marked difference in their shoes. Undoubtedly, the shortening of skirts and the change from dark hose to light has necessitated more attention to footwear because these two modes make this more conspicuous. There is more variety in styles and these are smarter than they ever were. Well-shod feet beneath a well-cut costume or coat go far to make the well-dressed woman. Some of us who are prouder of our minds than of our bodies once effected to despise clothes. It is well to remember that other nations are judging England by her women. To regard our attire as part of our national duty doesn't mean inordinate extravagance in money or time. Anyone can be well dressed who wastes both. It is only the woman who has a mind and knows how to use it, who can appear groomed at the least possible expenditure of hours or treasury notes.

But these are mere externals after all, good as it is to walk about noting the changes for the better. There are other differences.

NO one comes back to a country that "isn't the land he left," without trying to find out the reasons for these changes. The

undercurrent is traceable back through the years, of course. Something was at work imperceptibly, beneath the surface even in those "unhappy days of long ago," as it now seems. Before 1914 it was the exception to do much travelling. Those women who had, showed the

to-be-coveted result of widened horizons. During the war many women lived in other countries who would otherwise never have left their own hearths. It taught them something of the different nations. We always grow and develop as we learn. A habit was established. People now go abroad as a matter of course.

Insensibly, they take into themselves something of the countries and peoples visited. One of the amazing changes in these years of transformation is the way so many of our women now travel every year to some part or other of the Continent. They go with their families or in parties of twos and threes. When they come back they cannot help bringing with them the finest of Belgium, France, Germany, Holland, Italy, Spain or Switzerland, which has impressed them. More, something of England has gone into those countries.

There is another circle. It is not so large but it is increasing year by year, thanks to the enterprise of the steamship companies. In it are those who visit India and South Africa and Canada. They return but

not as the same people who set out. Women have discarded much of their insularity, their provincialisms. We used to have provincialisms even among life-long residents of the metropolis. They arise from an attitude of mind, not a state brought about by a place. *Savoir faire* is its exact antithesis. Some people possess this innately. Others acquire it, which is what many of our sex have done. It develops as something of our complacent satisfaction with ourselves goes and we more rightly value the worth of other races.

EVERY nation can teach us something — will not perfection mean the noblest qualities of the various races blended in an individual? If our attitude in travelling is that of the learner in these different countries, it is the best which impresses us. So the finest of all lands comes home little by little, imperceptibly working its magic transformation. It isn't so visible to those who have been with it day by day, but it is to one who sees it all at once after an absence of years. And, behold, it doesn't dissolve with the mists of sleep. It is not a dream.

"THIS ISN'T THE ENGLAND I LEFT"

BY ONE WHO HAS BEEN AWAY SIX YEARS

With Summer Gone

By



TREE people growing weary . . . yellowing leaves scattering themselves on the mist-sodden earth . . . late Autumn blossoms quivering in their last lap of life . . . and all Nature whispering of sleep. This is November. And we, to whom Nature in the home means so much, might, if we allowed ourselves, grow almost sad at this apparent willy-nilly drifting of all those things which, during the last few months, have helped to make our homes so full of life and colour. Yet, although not for some time to come may we be able to enjoy the glorious sense of profusion which comes from masses of mid-summer roses, from lilies by the pitcherful, from bowls of honeysuckle and jasmine . . . do not let us forget that, even one or two blossoms, judiciously chosen, will make all the difference in the world to any room. By which I mean . . . a little morning-room . . . walls of beach-leaf brown . . . ceiling reminding one of primroses . . . the curtains and loose covers matching the walls . . . the carpet earth-brown. Furnished with simple pieces of oak, elm, and fruitwood, this is indeed a happy harmony. But take a simple earthenware pitcher, with no more than three scarlet gladioli—maybe the last of the Season—and at once you will give that room a splash of colour from Nature's hand!



And Flowers Scarce

JULIA CAIRNS



BLOSSOMS in the bathroom in mid-November may sound something of a luxury. Yet what a difference they make! And, after all, there is no need for many of them. Merely two or three early ranunculuses (one of the countless joys of Devonshire), but quite sufficient to add that little touch of Nature which neither you nor I are really happy without. Or even one spray of Lancifolium lily, with its splashes of clear pink, placed in an unsophisticated glass whiskey-bottle, will surprise you with its almost magical effect. Again, a very inexpensive idea for the dining-room table is to make a miniature rock garden. You will need a flat bowl, a few rather picturesque pieces of stone, some damp moss and, say, half-a-dozen cactus plants of different varieties, which you can buy for round about fourpence each. When, removing them from the tiny pots they come in to their new home, it is advisable to retain them in the mould in which they are planted, covering it afterwards with the damp moss. Again, roses in December—just two in a pitcher vase—seem to speak in a language all their own—not of sun-kissed flower-beds; warm with the slumberous indolence of midsummer—but a true artistic appreciation of the greater love of Nature, which sees, in each individual blossom, a world of sheer loveliness.



A **N**OTHER bedroom to day, one that, unlike the other rooms in the house, is not in regular use, but we will not call it the spare room, please! I hate the name. Why should one room be left out in the cold, and only receive the passing attention that the occasional visitor may care to bestow? Rather, call this the "second" bedroom, and instead of leaving it all alone, almost forgotten, why not make it into a bed-sitting-room, introducing a divan-bed and a writing table, maybe, and then use it for a sitting-room for yourself on those days, perhaps, when you wish to escape from the world of domestic troubles? But if it is to be a bedroom in the real sense, then give it as much kindly interest as the rest of the house and make it no less a room to admire than the living room or lounge which are in more frequent use.

FIRST of all, perhaps, you will consider the suite, choosing decorations and furnishing fabrics which will set this off to the greatest advantage. With the minimum of expense, you will naturally want to obtain the most attractive pieces of furniture that money can buy. At the top of this page I have had photographed a suite in walnut, which is, I think, one of the most beautiful woods in vogue to-day. As you will see, it is quite simple in line and, although not heavy in appearance, is of the type that will stand hard wear, and the drawers are lined with oak to give an added strength.

The *£ s. d.* of SIMPLE FURNISHING

THE SECOND BEDROOM

By Marjorie Day

Little additions—such as beadings in the form of narrow upright lines on each side of the central panel of the wardrobe and at the base of each piece of furniture—make a welcome variation to its simplicity of line.

The sunk top of the dressing table, too, quite effectively avoids an otherwise monotonous appearance in the tops of the dressing table and chest of drawers.

THE most important feature of every bedroom, namely, the bed, strikes a further

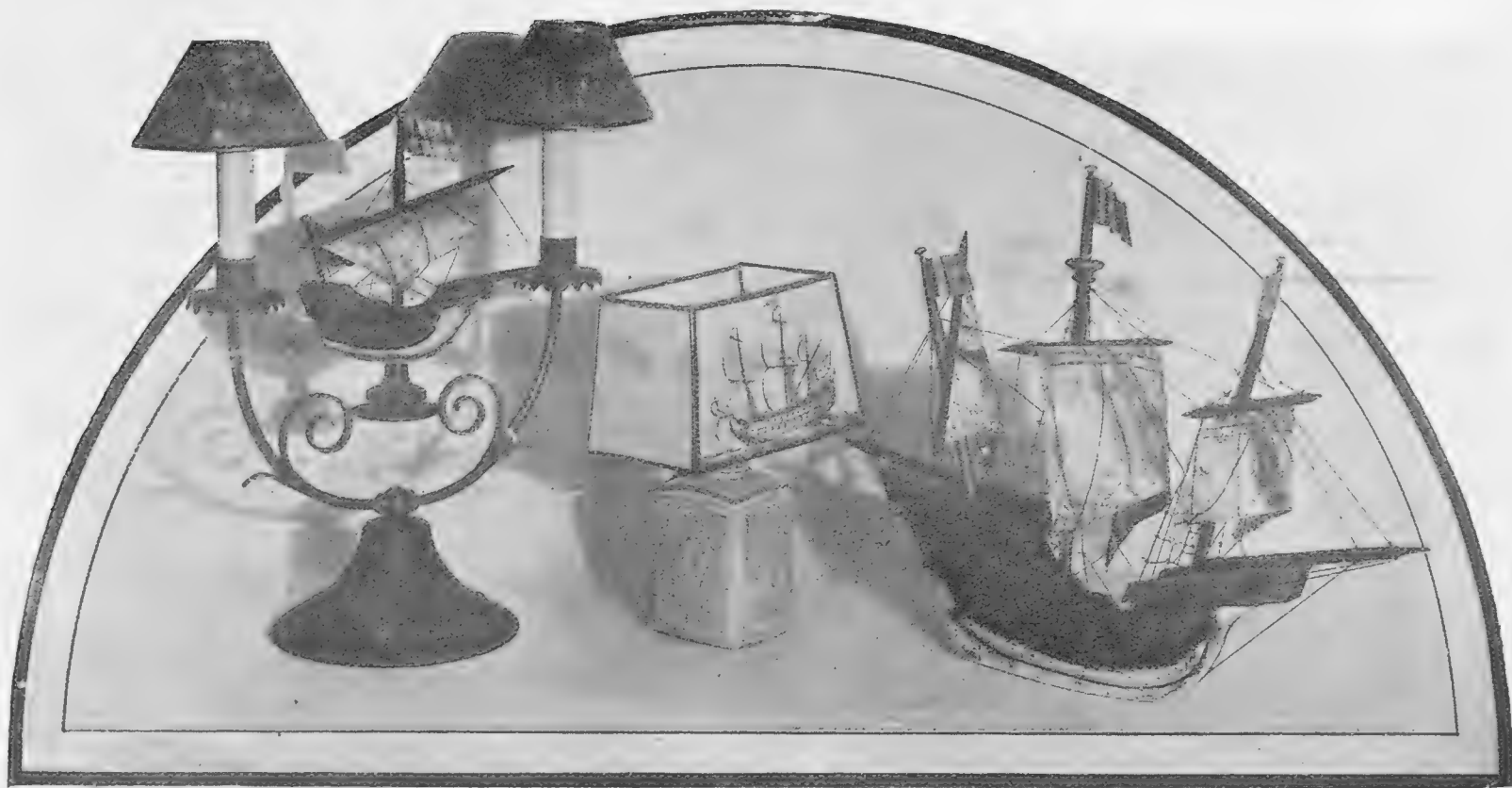
note of variation in the curved line of its head and foot; while, at the same time, thought has been given to ensure that the spring mattress and bedding in general give complete support and rest. Of course, such introductions as a standard lamp placed at the side of the bed instead of the more usual pendant form of light

fitting, a one-shelf bookcase within easy reach of the bed, and one or two other accessories which make for comfort, will naturally enhance the charm of the bedroom. And, with one or two well-chosen pictures, a few ornaments, and the judicious use of colour, nothing should be found wanting to give this "second bedroom" all the atmosphere of home interest which characterises the rest of the house.

AND talking of colour—here, perhaps, in the second bedroom it may play a most important part. Suppose, for instance, it is a cold north room, then splashes of warm reds and the tawny-browns of late Autumn will be more than happy there, giving just a light touch of bottled sunlight, as it were, which will make you happy too. On the other hand, if it is a room where the sunshine often makes its home, then you will require the cooler shades—the blues, leaf-greens and delicate mauves. Yes, there, is no doubt about it colour is a happy thought when chosen with discretion.



If you wish to know where these various pieces can be obtained, write to the Service Department as directed on page 783.



Something so intriguing about the picturesque models of an old-world gal'leon when it appears as a novel lamp! The galleon on the right, of dark brown wood with vellum sails, forms a pendant lamp, price 39/6. For the dining room table there is a candelabra, also in dark oak and vellum, priced at 29/9. The centre lamp, with its china vase base, is 29/6.

LAMP-LIT TIME

NEW ADVENTURES IN MODERN LIGHTING

For those who prefer the transparent charm of glass, there is this particularly beautiful model which combines metal and glass, disposed in geometrical fashion, shaded with jade-green vellum. An effective form of lighting for the modernist home (from 4 gns.)

All the articles illustrated on these pages can be purchased—write to the Service Department as directed on page 783.



Plant a Romantic ROSE-GARDEN

By MARION CRAN

Marion Cran's weekly articles are exclusive to BRITANNIA



THIS glorious rose is named after Marion Cran, whose wireless talks are a feature of London programmes. From its young stage of buttercup yellow flushed cerise and scarlet, it opens to show a brilliant red veined orange gradually changing to yellow-flushed scarlet.

A CONVENTION has crept into our rose-garden! A deplorable sameness in that genus, of all others, which can be all things to all men, either the "grande dame" of the garden, prim and stately—a houri fluttering in perfumed silks upon the bosom of the hour—a madcap scampering over arches and pillars, flinging bright arms to the sun and catching those who pass by in a sudden embarrassment; or the wild, sweet maid of the hedgerows, radiant in a pink and white simplicity. Rose lovers can choose a score of types upon which to model an original and wonderful rose-garden, yet look at this thing which we meet on every hand! A space of lawn or flagging stones cut into a neat design of beds, each bed filled with some one variety, and in the centre a lily pool, a sundial,

a bird-bath, or some such usual feature. The sides of the beds are always edged with violas, cat-mint, pinks or saxifrage; the rose-garden itself set in a hedge of yew, *Lonicera Nitida*, or ramblers on treillage. Not once, nor twice, but thousands of times do we meet this treatment in our garden island.

Why not plant roses more as



THIS beautiful well-head, itself set in a garden of roses, carries its crownright royally.

shrubs? New species as well as old-fashioned varieties lend themselves to the idea; the perpetual flowering Hybrid-Musks, *Moyesii*, *Rubrifolia*, and such romantic fairy-tale kinds as the old moss roses; yet where would one go to pick a white moss rose these days? Or that flat encarnadined Damascus rose that holds the attar of the ages?

ROSE lovers have a variety of architectural choice. Here is a charming spot where garlands of roses are encouraged to scamper over arches in delightful profusion.

I COULD name some gardens where they grow; but then I have a larger opportunity than most people, perhaps, of knowing where gardens of character are hidden. I know, too, the nurserymen who "feature" the rarer, unfashionable varieties; but then, again, I have many special chances of discovering these pretty by-ways in the trade. The ordinary man or woman would be very puzzled to



lay hands all in a minute on such a flower; perhaps, indeed, has never seen one, however keen an amateur gardener. The slender white bud gleams delicately out of the moss which sheathes both sepals and stem, and the scent is delicious with its rich indolent musky touch behind the mossy woodland perfume which predominates.

IT might be worth while for some who are planning to make a new rose-garden to approach the choice of varieties from the point of view of sentiment of their legend; planting rather for the fancy they signify to poet and dreamer than merely for their colour, form, or their recent show bench honours. Instead of Dorothy Perkins and American Pillar, which make most rose-hedges, that lovely perpetual-flowering pillar-rose Cornelia



Why not grow roses as shrubs? Both the new and old-fashioned varieties lend themselves quite well to the idea. Here is a Blush Rambler set in clump-form, and very picturesque it is!

It climbs too, the Blush Rambler, and most satisfactorily, as will be seen from the photograph on the left where it wends its way neatly over a rustic archway.



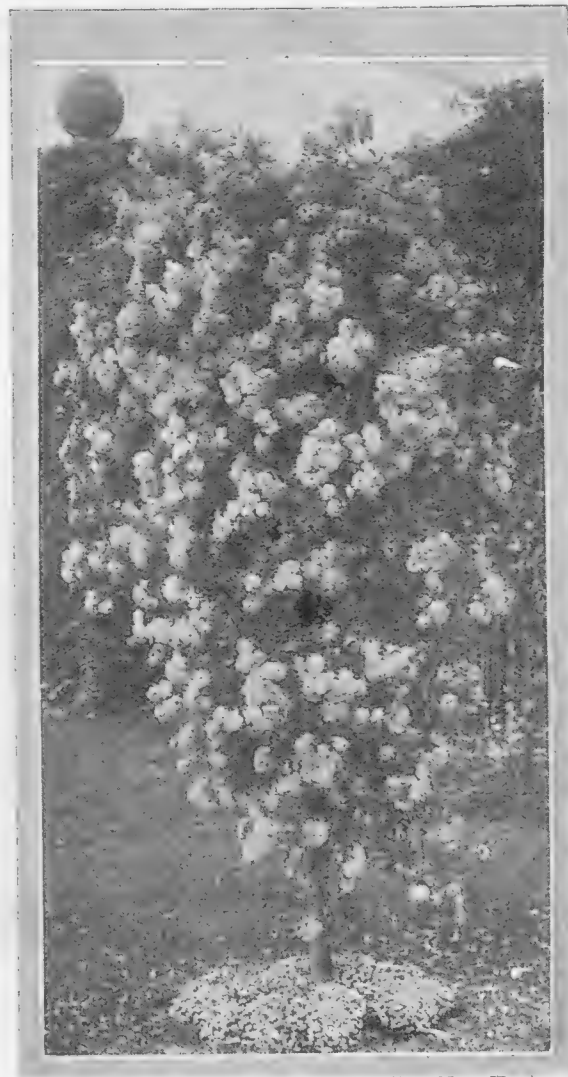
might well be substituted; it is the hybrid-musk which folk call the "love-letter-rose," because of its dry, sweet scent; it blooms continuously from May to November, and sometimes even to Christmas. A beautiful new way to grow it round a rose garden is against a wattle fence, which makes an admirable support for the long sprays, and serves as a ready-grown wind-break at the same time.

Some houses are fortunate enough to be able to lead right into the holy of roses from the very walls of the house itself, where the garlands of roses hang from climbers and ramblers, carrying thence straight into the rose-garden; a very pretty gesture from indoors to the "outdoor room"—informal and generous.

Anything which redeems monotony of plan is a relief.

much; yet it is a most perfect small rose bush to put in front of beds or taller kinds, a true blush colour, and deliciously scented.

There is Zephyrin, a fragrant, clear, bright pink, the "rose without a thorn"; there is Rosa Mundi, the rose of Provence, of which the maidens of Nancy made a bed of rose petals for Marie Antoinette when she came as a bride to France; this rose, by the way, has a quaint way of spreading itself by underground shoots. There are the sweet-briars, which are worthy of all our love, filling the summer dawns with heavenly sweetness. There is Prince Charlie's white rose; there is the old, delicious Maiden's Blush; there is the evergreen rose and that queer species which wears huge blood-red transparent thorns, like a necklace of rubies.



Remember to—

PROTECT newly planted roses in very severe weather. Lift half-hardy herbaceous plants.

PLANT trees and shrubs in open weather and transplant Alstromerias if required.

RIDGE-trench on stiff soil.

HOE between the rows of cabbages. Dust lettuce with wood ash and scot. Prune cherries.

GREASE-band orchard trees and root-prune if necessary. Apply slaked lime to stone fruits.

THE planting of a really romantic rose-garden full of memories and of history, of fragrance and unusual forms, needs more intelligence than just filling a dozen beds with a dozen different popular hybrid teas of uniform height. Many of the interesting ones, for instance, are best grown as specimens, such as flowering shrubs like Moyesii, the bloomy wine-coloured single species, which flowers on the old wood and needs no pruning; bearing in autumn brilliant hips like long elegant pitchers of sealing-wax red. The strong growing, free-flowering Moonlight, Prosperity and Pax are distinctly shrub-like in form; they like good, retentive land, and detest the pruning knife, sending up vigorous basal shoots every year and blooming in great fragrant trusses.

There is the appealing little Cecile Brunner, which no one seems to grow

And Dorothy Perkins—you can do much with her if you will. She gives a wonderful display during her one short-season of flower. Over-planted she is, but with many she is still a favourite.

DELICIOUS it is to eat; delicious, too, to my ear is its very name, which calls to my mind's eye visions of lush meadows and pensive cows, so that I wish to start "singing, singing, buttercups and daisies"; memories of cool, shady dairies, with pretty maids busy over pans of new milk and sweet cream! All the freshness and wholesomeness of country fare! Is it not queer and foolish that we eat cream cheese so seldom, most of us, and still more infrequently use it in our cookeries? One of the reasons why the cook-room is sometimes made dull is that we are too conventional, just following our noses, which does not take us far even when they be very long, so that we do not see many delightful things that ask us to eat and enjoy them. Cream cheese is a notable example of this; let us note that and not forget the note! One of the joys of my boyhood (I was a wise little pig!) was that very creamy cream cheese which appeared before me sitting upon straw. Alas, I cannot find it in London now.

CREAM cheese only a treat for the palate, it contains some nutriment which are essential to health and without which the bodies of old and young cannot flourish. What we ought to eat is not always what we like to put away! There used frequently to be used, about a book chiefly, this horrid phrase, "It is both instructive and interesting." The which usually meant a lot of the powder of instruction to a minute amount of jammy interest. So is it with eatings. When I am told a food is wholesome as well as appetising, I ask for something else as a rule, but not always. Lactic cream cheese is one of my exceptions, for I first found out for myself how delicious it is and afterwards learned that it's splendidly wholesome. Because why? Because the lactic acid that is in sour milk plays a big part in Lactic cream cheese, whereas it is absent from ordinary "creamers." These Lactic cultures, as they are called in everyday, understandable language, make Lactic cream cheese a miniature Metchnikoff treatment, keeping our organs of digestion in fine order; which means good health, does it not? Thus health and pleasuring for once in a way go together.

Plain and Simple.

PLAIN and simple, but I, myself, say with butter, cream cheese is fine on brown bread or water biscuits. I generally add a sprinkle of grey pepper; some folk prefer sugar. I find it an admirable rule in my eatings to follow my own ideas and to allow others to do what pleases them! On the other hand, I find that I am always learning. I have been known to spread cream cheese upon hot toast and to coat it with Oxford marmalade or the kind with thin flakes of orange peel in it. Good? Try it!

Greenery.

WHEN your spinach, cabbage or other greenery is cooked chop it finely, removing as much as you can of the thick stalks; toss it with a little butter and drop in a few drops of lemon juice. Then put it into a very hot shallow fire-proof dish or a pie dish, and

CREAM CHEESE!

By

W. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE

sprinkle it with cut-up cream cheese; then a thick layer of baked breadcrumbs and a very few very thin shavings of butter. Give it a good touch-up under the grill. This is delicious and quite a favourite with, and very good for the laddies and lassies. Which reminds me that Lactic cream cheese on its lonesome or "with" is very appetising and very nourishing for the not too-young youngsters; a useful variation for the usually too unvaried school-room menus. It is a body-builder. Children delight in Lactic cream cheese especially, one very jolly way being to mix it well with about a third its own quantity of honey and to spread it upon sponge fingers or on biscuits. Or it can be mixed with two teaspoonfuls of the syrup of preserved ginger and the juice of an orange; then spread on bread, preferably brown, or on biscuits.

A Cream Cheese Sauce.

ASPLendid thick sauce for such things as re-warmed, cold-boiled fish, broken up and de-skinned and de-boned; for eggs, de-shelled and laid in a shallow dish or one in a saucer; for such a vegetable as Jerusalem artichokes, is this: melt a tablespoonful of butter in a pan and smooth in the same quantity of flour; then add a breakfastcupful of milk. Make this very hot, but do not bring it quite to the boil. A little pepper if you like, and a little salt whether you like or not. If you want to give a bite to it, put in a saltspoonful of made mustard. Stir. Take the pan off the fire and stir in a tablespoonful of cream cheese, which has been warmed and mashed in a cup or basin. While I think of it, and I find it a yes forgetting to mention a thing while I am thinking of it,

a little cream cheese thus prepared is a tasty addition to many soups, such as potato, celery and tomato.

And a Savoury.

THIS is a cream cheese savoury which should start you off thinking out others. Prepare a breakfastcupful of cream cheese "as above," and add to it the same quantity of minced, cold white fish (or what about dried haddock or even a kipper?). Heat this in a shallow pan, but do not let it come to a boil. Then stir in a well-beaten egg and a tablespoonful of Madeira or of sherry. Make it very hot and eat it off thin slices of decrusted and buttered toast. If you wish to make it still hotter, summon red pepper to your aid!

FOR picnics and for supperings I have long loved cream cheese for sandwich-making. Brown bread always, and generally buttered. One of the charms of Miss (I feel that she is a Miss and a dainty one!) Cream Cheese is that she suggests all sorts of ways of utilising her help, so I need give only a few hints. Mix three parts of mashed Miss Cream Cheese with one of pulped uncooked apple, of course carefully skinned and cored, a touch of lemon juice and such sugar as may be needed to prevent the apples disagreeing with Miss Cheese. That's that. Or you may omit the apple and use only sugar and lemon juice. Other ways: a small portion of chopped olives or of stuffed olives; chopped capers, or gherkins, or parsley (very fine); or tomato ketchup, or anchovy or Worcestershire sauce—one or other of these added to cream cheese make most desirable sandwiches. So, also, chopped celery; chopped nuts, especially walnuts, with a touch of Worcestershire sauce; finely minced and absolutely lean cold ham or bacon. Indeed, there are almost endless "fillings" to be made with the help of Miss Cream Cheese.

IWILL wind up with a "special": to be made with either brown or white bread, both pieces buttered and very gingerly mustarded. Instead of, or with, the mustard you can put a little tomato ketchup. Then on each piece of bread a heavy shower of broken up cream cheese. For the middles, you have choice of a very thin slice of cold lean of ham, or of corned beef, or of brawn, or of luncheon sausage, or some minced cold chicken.



All the freshness and wholesomeness of country fare.

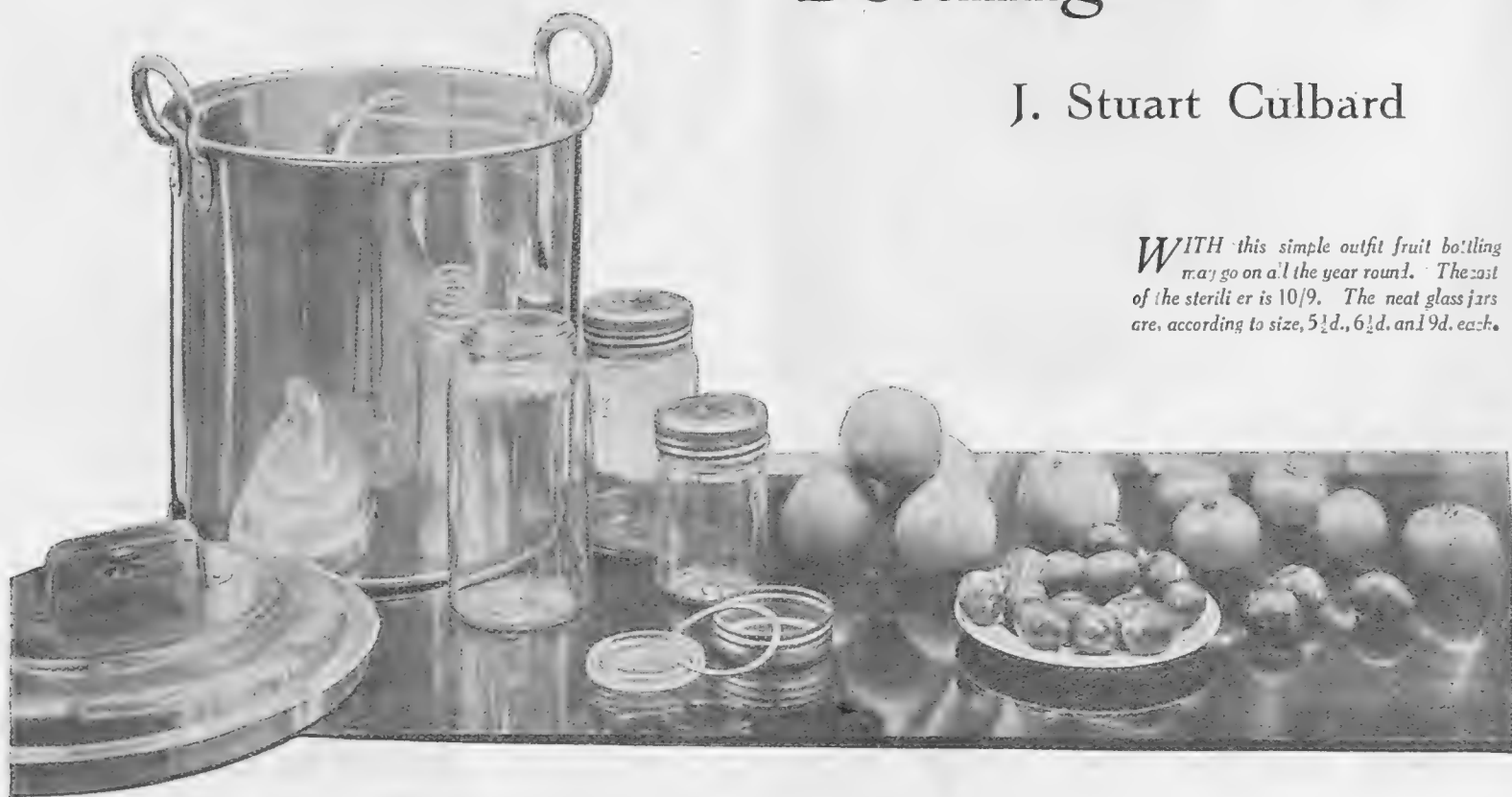
Cookery queries should be addressed as directed on page 783.

ALL - THE - YEAR - ROUND:

Bottling

J. Stuart Culbard

WITH this simple outfit fruit bottling may go on all the year round. The cost of the steriliser is 10/9. The neat glass jars are, according to size, 5½d., 6½d. and 9d. each.



THE art of bottling fruit is no new one. In the days when the stillroom was found in every house of reasonable size, and the herb plot was a recognised part of every garden, the "laying down" of bottled fruits was extensively carried out. In many cases this was greatly to the improvement of the fruit, several varieties—damsons in particular—losing much of their roughness, and gaining a mellow softness by being kept for six or twelve months in bottle. Of late years the art of bottling has been brought to perfection by the introduction of glass bottles with screw tops and patent caps and rings, and, if desired, a complete outfit for boiling and sterilising is now obtainable, which, with care, will last for years.

Air-tight Bottles

COMPLETE sterilisation is the great secret of bottling either fruits or vegetables. The air we breathe, the water we drink, all fruits and vegetables are teeming with minute forms of life which are the sole cause of decomposition. Hence the great importance of the heating process by which modern bottling is carried out, and the first requisites are perfect glass bottles with sound glass tops. Test these for yourselves before beginning operations by filling the bottles to be used with cold water, screw them down, and after wiping them carefully with a dry cloth, hold them upside down. If not a drop of water manages to escape the bottle is sound, but should there be the slightest leakage discard the bottle as faulty, otherwise it is time, trouble and material thrown away.

Sound Fruit

NEXT in importance is the selection of fruit which must be sound and dry. Pick it over and grade it, keeping large and small fruit separate, then pack it into the glass bottles, which are afterwards filled with cold water or sugar syrup and closed, either by a

metal or a glass cap, and fastened down with a clip or screw. The bottles must be placed in a large vessel containing about three inches of cold water, hay or straw being packed round them so as to prevent the bottles touching each other. The cover is put on the boiler and the contents brought very slowly—this is an important item—up to boiling point. The exact length of time at which fruit is kept at this degree of heat varies according to the kind being dealt with, some fruits requiring three, or even four, sterilisations. After each sterilisation, however, the cover must be removed from the boiler, the binders of the bottles must be tightened and the contents allowed to cool. Before the second, third—fourth if needed—sterilisation, the binder must again be loosened, and tightened again when the work is over. After the final sterilisation it must be left absolutely airtight. While the bottles themselves may be used year after year, the rubber rings, and sometimes the caps, will need renewing each season. Mention has been made of the use of sugar syrup instead of water for bottling fruit. The following proportions make a useful syrup for this purpose. To a quart of water allow half a pound of good cane sugar, bring these to the boil and continue to boil gently for half an hour, skimming away very carefully any scum that rises. Let this go quite cold before using it to cover the fruit.

The Art of Packing Tightly

PLUMS, damsons, and tomatoes are all good subjects for bottling. For the first named give preference to large bottles and fruit of good size—small fruit is best turned into jam—and pack the fruit, as nearly of a size as possible, into the bottles within an inch of the top, using the rounded handle of a wooden spoon to arrange the fruit in place, and being careful not to break the skins. Fill up with water or with

the sugar syrup if preferred, allowing the liquid to work its way well down among the fruit before putting on the cap, and having the fruit completely covered. Dip the rubber rings into hot water to make them sufficiently flexible to be flat. Then put on the cap perfectly straight, add the clip, and put the bottles into the steriliser, as explained above. Bring up the temperature very gradually to 100 deg. If the heat is allowed to rise too quickly it will crack the skin of the fruit. Let it remain at this temperature for about twenty-five minutes.

Storing

TAKE out the bottles and let them cool gradually. Where screw tops are used the loose rims must now be screwed down; with spring clips the clip is left on until the bottle is cold. The sterilisation must be repeated on three successive days, and when ready for storing the jars must be put in a dark place as light tends to destroy the colour of the fruit. While these instructions apply broadly to all fruits, the exact time of keeping them at high temperature varies, naturally, with their kind. Tomatoes require about half an hour, apricots and peaches about three-quarters of an hour, pears and apples—which require a preliminary peeling before treatment—call for an hour.

A simple old-world method of preserving damsons, ensures fresh and good fruit after months of keeping, with a bloom on it equal to the fresh variety. Take a wide-mouthed stone jar capable of holding three or four gallons. At the bottom put a thick layer of preserving sugar, then a layer of sound damsons, and continue to repeat these alternate layers until the jar is full. The top layer must be a thick one of sugar. Tie down the jar securely with a piece of pig bladder wrung out in hot water, in order that it may be stretched tight, and store in a cool dry place.

MAKING FUN OF YOUR HOUSE- HOLD PROBLEMS

WE all come up against them, don't we? The furniture requires laborious polishing—the linoleum needs thorough and frequent attention—metals, like aluminium, bronze, pewter—even silver, all take an appreciable amount of the housewife's time. Or think of that favorite dining-room table, the silver polished to perfection . . . the linen, as exquisite as linen always should be . . . and then, alas! a disfiguring hot plate mark! And the car—radiators, lamps, windscreens, windows and blemishes on the body of the car. All these annoying difficulties can be entirely eliminated by the use of an admirable new cleaner, which cleans and polishes in one operation. Can you imagine anything cheaper for speed, simplicity and all-round value, that will be more acceptable in the home? Readers of "Britannia" wishing to know the name of this excellent cleaner, which will literally make fun of many of their household problems, are invited to write to the Julia Cairns Service Dept. full directions being found on page 783.



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Your HANDS and Your ARMS

By Sonia

THEY must be beautiful—of course they must—lovely hands and arms are all too rare nowadays—perhaps they always were rare; certainly painters of all generations have searched for them, and usually—in vain!

But let me tell you a secret—you cannot acquire beautiful hands and arms in a night, even if they are the bit of you which will most easily respond to kindly treatment. First of all study them carefully and learn wherein their chief defects lie. Maybe there is a certain amount of redness on the upper part of the arm which can be counteracted by frequent massage with a good cold cream—massaging always with an upwards movement.

ELBOWS have a most annoying way of getting roughened easily, but the nightly use of cold cream should prevent this. However, in very persistent cases I would advise you to again resort to almost nightly massage, using a specially oily cream. This time working with a rotary movement. Again, employ a light rotary movement if you wish to fatten an arm which is too thin; olive (or if you

prefer it, almond) oil should be used, and commence the movement at the top of the arm, working towards the elbow, and then from the wrist upwards to the elbow.

It is a more difficult problem to reduce superfluous flesh, because it is done by massage, and the tendency is to create muscle instead, which is not a happy state of affairs. May I here give you one word of advice about reducing; don't diet yourself without first consulting your doctor—untold harm is so often done in this way.

BUT to return to the arms. I know of several excellent preparations for reducing—either in fluid form or salts. They are not harmful in the least, as is sometimes supposed, and they are certainly very successful in most cases. Dark hairs will often destroy the appearance of otherwise beautiful arms, but treat them with some prepared pumice-stone powder, which should be sprinkled on a cake of soap and rubbed into the arms. Pour cream on afterwards, wiping it off immediately. This treatment must not be used too frequently.

Peroxide of hydrogen will come to your rescue, too; it will bleach the hairs and in time destroy the roots as well.

AND what of the hands themselves? Are they too as beautiful as you would have them? One can, I know, make all sorts of excuses to oneself as to why they are not quite so perfect

Yes! hands can be the most beautiful part of you, if you choose to make and keep them so.

as they might be, or why the nails have been neglected. The maid, perhaps, left without warning, and the housework simply had to be done, or, maybe, you are one of those fortunate people who play golf or tennis a good deal, and your hands are suffering from undue exposure. Bad circulation, too, will mar their beauty, by causing redness. Remember that there is nothing like lemon-juice for whitening the skin. Keep a cut lemon under a glass in the bathroom and use it after washing the hands.

But now as to immediate treatment:—

From my own personal observation, it seems to me that many hands are spoilt by coarseness and unshapely fingers. I know we cannot all have long slender fingers, but I do feel that much might be done to improve the majority of hands that one sees.

Massage the hands regularly every night with an oily cream (one containing almonds is best) and sleep in a pair of perforated kid gloves. Massage each finger too, upwards towards the tips. Even after just

a few nights you will notice a marked difference, and the nightly treatment should be gradually lessened to something like "once a week."

DON'T wash in water that is too hot, too hard, or too cold, always keep a bottle of lotion nearby to rub on after well drying them first.



If you would have soft white hands and arms, make regular use of both day and night creams.

HATS!

By MARJORY CHARLTON

With a Way of Their Own

The How, When and Where of Hat Buying

A NEW Hat! Doesn't it make "all the difference" at every season of the year? A winter hat in the spring is a sad enough sight, but a winter hat that speaks of the faded glories of summer is sadder still. No costume is smart enough, no face is

sufficiently beautiful, no personality is so arresting, as to achieve success with such a handicap. Nor, indeed, need such an impossible task be attempted, even when it is the case of a really tiny dress allowance. For hats—*chic* hats, becoming hats, are an inexpensive proposition to-day.

Connoisseurs in dress—(it is generally the women with small incomes who *are*—give the matter more thought!) seldom spend large sums of money on a single millinery model, but they do ensure that, just as they have for every occasion the right frock or suit, they have also the right hat.

THERE are more ways than one of buying a hat! Some women, to whom it is—well, just a covering for the head (luckily very few feel this way!) walk into a shop and select one in a dream,

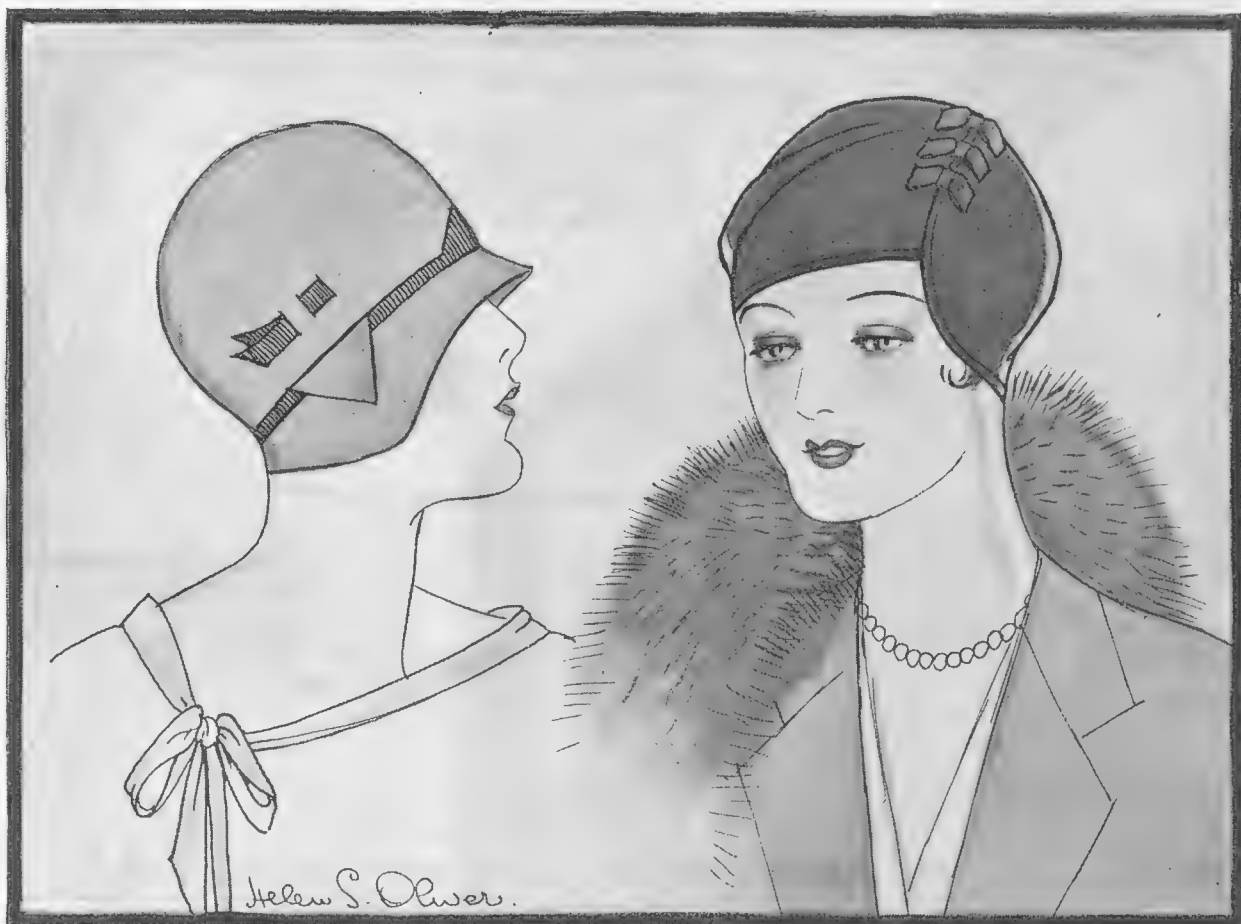
the result too often taking, for their friends, the form of a nightmare! Others sail away unsuited, leaving a trail of fainting assistants behind them, after trying on every model on the premises, not just once, but again, again and again!

Others start out with an *idée fixe*, and return with a hat, but more likely than not, it will not realise their expectations. Others again (these are the lucky people with a hat flair) find at a glance the hat of their dreams, whether it rests in almost solitary glory in the window of a fashionable milliner's, or is just "one of a crowd."

ALL important for those who would understand the art of hat buying, is the question of type. Can you, for instance, be described as handsome, rather than pretty? Then don't choose a "pretty little affair." For you something more dignified is indicated. Straight

The felt model below (left) shows the fashionable side-brim treatment, cleverly emphasized by an original arrangement of Petersham ribbon and is to be found in beige, elephant, dove, gazelle, malacca, grape-nut, café, noir, chocolate, vernon-green, Afghan-red, petunia, navy and black at 25/9. Felt too, carries out the Beret on the right—a Colette Caupy model, in navy, beaver, brown, beige, bottle-green and black. This is to be obtained for 45/9.

Above we show, carried out in fur-felt, the new Helmet-shape, sometimes called the Cabriolet, on account of its low, closed-in sides. This model is to be obtained in various colourings—light walnut, dark cedar, mahogany, red, dark red, silver, navy and also in black. (12/9).





Mouseline finished felt, velvety to the touch and light and comfortable in wear, is used for the above model. You can choose it in grey, wine, camel, red, navy, flesh, sandstone, sky, saxe, yellow, moorland and also in black. (12/9).

Velours expresses the right-hand model, trimmed with contrasting insets of the same material. It is to be found in black, also in mushroom, antelope, blue, light-red, cedar and brown. (29/6). Next to it is a model suitable for the Older Woman, of a shape that lends softness to the features. Embroidered felt carries it out in black, brown, beaver, navy, red, saxe, almond, and black (21/-)



features usually look their best under a straight brimmed hat, whilst turned-up brims suit the *retroussé* type. If you are short, add to your inches by means of your hat. One that is high of crown and brimless will help to this end. If you are tall, try and detract from your height with a hat that has a fairly low crown and a certain amount of brim.

The fashionable bonnet-shape is particularly becoming to the woman with small features. The popular Beret suits all and sundry, for it can be adjusted to suit various types of faces—and, indeed, moods! Modern millinery, being mainly expressed in soft, pliable fabrics

with adjustable brims, when these exist, lends itself to manipulation. A pat here, a pull there, the clever disposition of an ornament—it is by such deft touches that the clever milliner makes the best of her *clientèle* and of her models.

ANOTHER important point in hat buying is colour, and, here again, Fashion plays into the hands of the knowledgeable woman, for millinery colours are "infinite in their variety" to-day.

Colours (whether they become their wearers or not) needless to say, always matter vitally if a dress scheme is to be successful. And hats, because they frame, so to speak, the face, matter particularly. The pastel shades, rose, blue, hyacinth, also black, usually suit blondes,

with a tweed suit in view, or be left with nothing but a sports felt to wear with your smart afternoon frock.

I don't mean, of course, that you need be a slave to "matching," for although hats *en suite* are included in many of the nicest of the season's *ensembles*, contrasts are equally fashionable.

What, indeed, looks more effective than cherry or jade headgear with black; deep yellow with navy blue; or orange or warm red with brown?

THE season's millinery fabrics? For general wear, felt still remains Fashion's favourite—so soft in its latest variety that it is even the ideal medium for the close-fitting berets that all the world is wearing. And

for smart occasions, velvet is the rule, also hatter's plush.

Trimming in its old form, flowers, feathers, etc., is no longer used, but the designers have kept their promises concerning "Brighter Millinery," and the use of two materials in one model, or two-colour effects in the same material, often of a geometrical design, is an emphasized feature this winter. And as a result, hats are more interesting affairs than has been the case for some time past.

HAT ornaments, too, have come into their own. Sometimes these take the form of birds, beasts or flowers, carried out in marcasite; sometimes of fancy pins of Galalite sprinkled with bright sequins; sometimes of daggers in various metals.

Sports hats are often banded with felt or leather, the belt effect being emphasized by the nickel or gilt buckle that provides a finish.

So much for How to Buy and What to Buy. When to buy is, of course, now (if not sooner!) BRITANNIA will tell you Where, if you write as directed on page 783

The model below is skilfully cut so as to reveal the left eyebrow only. And very smart too! Two shades of felt, happily contrasted, carry it out—in all the Season's new colours at 12/9.



brunettes "prefer" (and rightly) warm colours, the various reds, oranges and deep yellows. Greys and greens and browns ask for a certain amount of colour in the complexion and hair. Unrelieved black tones down the skin that is inclined to be florid and is also quite kind to pale skins when heightened by a touch of colour or some glittering embroidery or ornament.

DO bear your clothes in mind when you are choosing your hats. The hat that goes with nothing, however pretty in itself, is simply a "white elephant." Don't, for instance, fall for a velvet shape with gold embroidery

THE WARDROBE THAT IS ALWAYS IN SEASON.

SOME women dress well in the summer only, some only in the winter, but Lois dresses well all the year round and on a sum that would seem to most people only enough for a season's outfit, and this is how she does it.

Two main shades, a light and a dark, are always the foundation of her scheme. Needless to say, each "goes" with the other. They may be black and beige, or grey, navy and either of the latter, or, nigger and beige. To these her main colours, she adds one bright shade for occasional use in accessories, which, in its turn, looks equally well with both the other colours.

Last spring she decided upon navy-blue and grey with red as her bright colour. Her purchases were a tailor-made in a fine light grey suiting with a coat cut on cardigan lines. A grey crêpe de Chine jumper, hemstitched in red and an overcoat in grey tweed having an indefinite pattern. A cashmere sweater in grey with navy spots and a grey stockinette skirt. Two felt hats, one grey and one navy. For warmer days, a sleeveless frock of navy crêpe de Chine with a red and grey spot design and an all-grey marocain frock ornamented with tucks. These were chosen to wear under a navy georgette coat trimmed with borders of crêpe de Chine. A navy straw hat went with either of these ensembles and grey and navy shoes did duty alternately. Two evening frocks, one of pale grey satin and one in red lace, with a separate short coatee and a platinum-grey velvet evening coat, trimmed with matching fur made up the total.

NOW that colder days are here, how has she adapted this spring and summer wardrobe? To begin with, the grey tweed overcoat. It is now navy blue, and she has added to it a fur collar and cuffs and a warm interlining. A choker tie makes her grey suit seasonable and, on cold days, instead of a crêpe de Chine jumper, she wears the thin grey and navy woollen one.

Her red and grey figured navy crêpe de Chine frock was sleeveless. She matched up the ground work and had a tiny picot edged collar and narrow belt of the plain material added, the latter being fastened by a buckle in the same red as the spots. Long navy blue sleeves which had a picotted frill of the printed fabric from wrist to elbow completed the transformation.

And what about the navy georgette coat? It has been made into an attractive *dalmatique*, for wear for afternoons or evenings over thin dresses in the house. She removed its scarf and added fur collar and cuffs.

THEN for the hats. The navy felt, except for re-blocking and a new trimming, is unchanged. The crown of the grey felt has formed a most successful union with the brim of the navy blue straw and very chic it looks, too. She has bought one new hat, a light wine coloured felt, which "goes" equally well with her grey suit or navy coat.

Her grey evening frock has undergone a change. The top remains, but has been cut out into scallops just below the hips, and the new skirt part attached to this consists of two shaped flounces of grey chiffon dipping at the sides. One of the very newest long shoulder sprays, of shaded wine-coloured clematis, gives the final touch.

You'd never recognise the red lace frock. It has been dyed a bright navy, which, though you mayn't realise it, looks extremely well at night. She had a piece of georgette dyed at the same time, and this has made one of those tightly swathed hip belts and a yoke piece at the top of the décolletage. Borders of the georgette have also been used to finish the front and sleeves of the lace coatee.

AMBER CHALLICE.

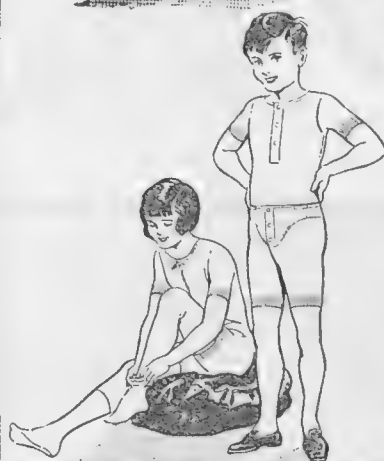
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YOU needn't shiver through another winter lacking the right fur wrap for evening wear when for 12 gns. you can become the possessor of the lovely white Coney cloak above! It is so worked that it has all the appearance of real Ermine. Soft ivory silk is used for the lining.



FOR the left-hand stole above sable-dyed Fitch is used, made from the finest full-furred skins, with a trimming of paws and large tails. Its price is 17 gns. The seated figure wears blended Marmot, made from three choice skins finished with tails and of a lovely Russian sable colour. The price is 5 gns.

PARTICULARLY fashionable is Mink Marmot which carries out the coat on the left at 36 gns. Yet for all its smart appearance, it is serviceable and hardwearing. Destined for wear in town the attractive example on the right, which costs 31 gns., is carried out in electric Seal Coney, the cuffs and collar, which so cleverly elongates itself into a border, being carried out in natural Skunk.



A FUR coat for 12 gns. Made of thoroughly reliable, well-matched skins and cut on easy-fitting lines even to the voluminous collar and wide cuffs. See it above, made of Beaver-Coney and lined throughout with strong brocade. Beaver-Coney is very hardwearing.

"I don't know—I forget!"

By MARY CHADWICK

SYBIL was snuggling down full length on a white bear-skin rug seeing pictures in the fire. We were playing the game of "Membering." She told me things that happened to her when she was quite a little girl and I told her about exciting events in my own childhood. Sybil's membering was very extensive and very interesting too, because it covered ground that usually is an absolute blank in the minds of most of us.

Thus Sybil could remember how odd it was to feel her "pram" getting smaller and smaller and how cross she had been when someone told her she was "growing out of it." The climax had come when she had been turned out of it altogether and walked beside it, and her little brother reigned supreme inside. Oddly enough, she never remembered that she had a mail-cart in which she went when she was tired, but gave me a long account of how far she walked, just as far as Mummy and Daddy, and never got tired one little bit. Sometimes Sybil was most anxious to forget she had ever been a baby like her little brother.

I TOLD Sybil that her memory played hide and seek once, and she made-up to fill in gaps.

"I know that," she had answered scornfully. "But really the matter is I've got a good forgettery. I told Daddy that one day, and he did laugh so. He'd asked me to fetch his slippers from upstairs and I forgot."

"Don't you like going upstairs?" I asked.

"Not very much, you see it's so dark along the landing when the light isn't on—and I can't turn it on till I get up. I always do forget when it's dark."

"You don't like the dark very much, do you, Sybil?" was my next question, after a little pause.

"No, I don't really," she answered, being at the same time very brave and very truthful. "You see, the dark is so funny. It makes you forget the things you've been told, the true ones; and remember horrid ones that Mummy says aren't real."

"Poor Sybil! what sort of things?"

"I don't know—I forget," said Sybil, and fidgeted. But I could see in the fire-light that a deeper glow spread over the child's cheeks, and suddenly remembered that her Mother had told me only recently how anxious she was because of this constant repetition, "I don't know. I forget." It was beginning to be a trouble at school too.



Sybil always came to me with her troubles—about the bogeys that lived under her bed, and the goblin under the roof.

"Do you mean you'd rather not tell me, or you don't want to think? Don't, if it bothers you. But I might be able to help!"

IT was not the first time that Sybil had come to me with her troubles and we had cleared them up together. We had done that with some of the bogeys that lived under her bed in the night nursery, and the goblin in the tank under the roof that gurgled at her when all was quiet.

"Yes—no, I mean I don't think I do want to remember. You see, if one says it, it makes things seem realer, if they are nasty. And if they are nice, one seems to lose them, and it's such a pity. Telling things is dangerous."

What worldly wisdom from Sybil, aged six! but it gave one some light on the reasons why so many children say so frequently, especially to grown-ups, "I forgot." It is safer sometimes than remembering they have found, through bitter experience.

"Why is it so dangerous to tell things?"

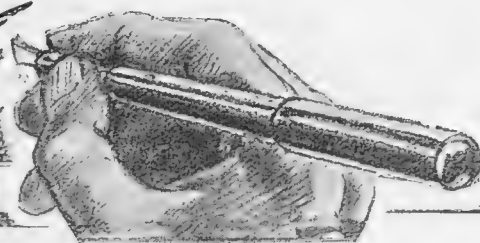
"Well, they might laugh, or one's membering and forgettery all get

muddled up when it's im-por-tant and people tell you to 'say it quick' and to 'think hard' and 'be sure it's true' exac'ly what happened—An' you get so frightened that inside your head is all one big hole."

"Has anything happened like that at school lately, Sybil?" I thought I could see through the trouble now.

"Yes, but you won't tell, will you? It was Miss Huney. She called me in and asked why had I cut initials on the stairs? I said I hadn't, and what were they? Then she said I was a naughty little girl, but I wouldn't be punished if I 'fessed. It must have been me because they were S.M., which is my name. I felt so frightened and couldn't 'member doing it. But as she said I had I supposed I did. So I said I was sorry, *perhaps I had*. That made her crosser than ever. But one of the big girls came in and said Stanley had done it. His name's the same nearly—Stanley Martin. She got crosser and crosser. Her face got so red and shiny, and she said why had I said I did when I didn't. So now I never know what to say. I don't know whether I 'member or I don't, because when I think I know and somebody says 'Are you sure, Sybil?' then I don't know any more. If only my forgettery weren't so good!" So I went on to explain to Sybil why we forget and why we remember.

Dear Sir



BRITANNIA'S OPEN FORUM

In order to give as wide a selection as possible from the large number of letters we continue to receive, correspondents are asked to limit their letters to a maximum of 300 words.

Educational Inefficiency.

DEAR SIR,

I feel I must write in answer to the letter in your valuable paper signed "Troubled Father." I should really have treated such accusations as being unworthy of a reply, but knowing that others in my profession besides myself place BRITANNIA in the day rooms of their schools, I feel I must reply to what I am loth to believe to be a true account of the methods of teaching in what "Troubled Father" classes as a "Preparatory School of the highest standing."

I should have had far more respect for "Troubled Father" if he had shown what we Englishmen are proud to call "guts" and signed his name.

He states that his own schooldays, to use his own words, "have passed into the limbo of the things forgotten," and on reading them I wonder if he was at one of these fine schools he thinks so much about. Do you, Mr. Editor, forget your schooldays? I think these were the happiest days of our lives, and full of memories we shall never forget. The appalling "Scripture Memorisation" to which he refers is unheard of, and a charge which I cannot believe to be true, and what is more I defy him to prove his accusations. Do you think that his small son of eleven was on the precocious side, and trying to pull his daddy's leg as to how much of Old Testament history his proud father really knew.

As regards his geographical remarks, I agree with him to some extent. This is the only perticle of common sense I can see in "Troubled Father's" anxious and worried epistle.

As regards prep., has this poor, troubled one ever done any real prep? Preparation is to prepare for the lessons of the days following the last particular lesson on the subject given, and the master (if he knows his job) instructs his class to read through certain passages to keep in their minds what he has already tried to impart to them, and to give them a slight idea of what has got to come in the future. I should like to ask him what he means by "merely a correction of the last prep." The only prep. one could really correct is maths., and if this subject is taken, as it should be, with daily board work there is no need for prep. I could go much deeper into matters, and if "Troubled Father" will come out into the open, and throw off his anonymous degree, I should be only too pleased to give him a run for his money. I should also like to ask "Troubled Father" what he calls enormous fees, that are now being paid by these poor, misguided, unrealising parents like himself.

E. P. HOPE,

Principal, Knutsford Preparatory College.

SIR,

Poor "Troubled Father"! Had he but troubled more before sending his son to a "Preparatory School of the highest standing" he would have had to trouble less about the effects of his action. Among whom was the school so considered? Did poor "Father" make inquiries as to the qualifications of the staff and the extent of their teaching experience? Does "Father" know what work is being done in the modern preparatory and other schools? Does he realise, what unfortunately the general body of parents does not realise, that modern teaching is both an art and a science in touch with modern movements and learning, in psychology and educational method?

If not, it is time he did. The average preparatory school is staffed by young "sportsmen" who have taken to teaching (?) as a stopgap employment. They may be, and often are, fine fellows in the field, but they can be, and often are, the hopeless cases of the classroom.

No, "Father" has "bought a pup," and now begins to growl. If he will go to any secondary school in the country he will realise that education is a vocation and a skilled task. Many Public Schools are coming to consider it in the same light, and some—but not many—preparatory schools.

Educators know their own shortcomings—they are but human, but they do try to turn out men fitted for modern life. "Father" need not look far for the right type of school for his boy—and he need not be "bled" to pay for it.—Yours faithfully,

"RYM."

[Letters on this subject have also been received from "Mr. King" and W. B.—Ed.]

"Utter Nonsense."

SIR,

A correspondent in last week's BRITANNIA describes a statement of mine that the crisis in the mining industry is due, ultimately, to State interference, as "utter nonsense." I fancy the difference between us is one of words. No action by miners or mineowners can transform a worked-out pit into a fresh and profitable undertaking, nor could the British mining industry have prevented the progress of our competitors abroad, or the growing use of oil fuel. For these causes of the depression in the coal industry there is no remedy.

But they are not the causes of the crisis in the coal industry. The crisis exists because the industry from days long before the war has been at the mercy of political interference. Uneconomic wages have been paid; uneconomic hours worked, uneconomic pits kept going. Royal Commissions have issued reports and political parties have adopted programmes involving state control and the hampering of individual enterprise.

It is this which has prevented the gradual and systematic adaptation and concentration of the British coal industry to meet a situation which every mining engineer foresaw many years ago. The sacrifices and temporary losses entailed by the drastic reorganisation admittedly called for cannot be faced by an industry threatened at every turn by State interference. The threat and the disorganisation alike remain at this moment. So does the crisis.

"SAMUEL JOHNSON."

Trans-Atlantic Speeds.

DEAR SIR,

Reference is made to the article, "The Speed Struggle on the Atlantic," written by Mr. Ernest J. Chaloner. In giving a list of Atlantic liners, showing the speed of each, Mr. Chaloner has apparently taken his information from an erroneous article published in the *Liverpool Journal of Commerce*. I enclose herewith copy of a correction published by them which gives the correct information and would appreciate your also making this correction.—Very truly yours,

TARLETON WINCHESTER,
Director, United States Lines.

The corrected speeds are as follows:—

	KNOTS.
Mauretania	24.49
Leviathan	23.33
Majestic	23.06
Berengaria	22.54
Aquitania	22.29
Olympic	21.73
France	19.51

National Movement in Scotland.

DEAR SIR,

Your correspondent "Silent Watcher" would appear to be misinformed when he states that the

above movement only started at Stirling in June of last year. I think that, if he studies the history of the cause, the inception would reveal itself at a much earlier date.

One point which seems to have been omitted is this:—Those 978 Glasgow students may not all enter the teaching profession, but it is to be hoped that the majority will, for thus they can instil that great love of country which every true Scot has, and admires. The movement is strong just now—stronger it will become, thanks to the treatment we receive at Westminster.

We have no desire to sever partnership with the Empire, but we do feel that we are entitled to self-Government with the same status as Northern Ireland, Canada, Australia, etc.

Parliament restored to our ancient capital would solve many of our troubles, for these Scotsmen would administer according to the requirements of a country that is just a shadow of her former self. God speed to the movement.—Yours sincerely,

ALISTAIR CAMERON.

Bishop Colenso's Belief.

DEAR SIR,

Mr. "Samuel Johnson" credits Bishop Colenso with the opinion that every word in the Bible is true, etc. Surely that is an exact inversion of the facts of the case. It was because of his very free handling of Scripture that he was excommunicated by his Metropolitan. I express no opinion on the point at issue, but it is hardly fair to credit him with holding a position which was the opposite of that for which he contended.—Yours very truly,

W. FIDDIAN MOULTON.

[G. Browning also writes on this subject.—Ed.]

The Ranker Officer.

SIR,

In his article "Policing the Empire," Major Lloyd Jones states that the rank and file do not as a rule take kindly to ranker officers.

As a ranker officer, now retired with 15 years' continuous colour service, I disagree with the opinion of your correspondent. The rank and file are quick to see inefficiency, and among themselves do not forget to criticise an officer whether he is from Sandhurst or whether they remember him as an N.C.O. It would probably surprise the Major if he knew of one quarter of the criticisms I have heard in the barrack rooms, many of them fully justified. I speak now of pre-war days at home and East of Suez.

After all, the ranker officer was offered a commission because of his efficiency and his qualities of leadership. Many of the world's greatest soldiers have risen from the ranks and have fully qualified themselves as leaders, having earned the sincere respect of their men through their experience and abilities.—Yours faithfully,

J. CLARE, Lieut. (Retired).

Supply and Demand.

DEAR SIR,

The Free Traders never seem to realise that an unprofitable trade does not attract people to start new businesses in it, but directly a trade is seen to be making money, dozens come into it and start fresh firms, and companies; for instance, artificial silk, motor and allied trades. Therefore we see new ideas, better methods, and healthy competition brought into play, thereby reducing the price and improving the quality and utility with a resultant bigger market.

It seems to me that these Free Trade "fans" never appreciate the ruthless law of "Supply and Demand." During the period when commerce was successful under Free Trade, there was an open market for wages, and we had few foreign competitors; now we have protection of wages; not to safeguard your work is suicidal.

(Continued overleaf.)

I should be very interested to hear if there is any instance of properly applied safeguarding having the effect, in recent years, of raising the price abnormally for any length of time, that is, after allowing a reasonable time for the home-producing trade to organise itself.—Yours truly,
S. H. FITTER.

Safeguarding of Industries.

SIR,

I have read the articles on Safeguarding with very great interest, and although trading within the Empire is advocated, I find that Australia puts up a barrier against British manufactures.

For example, we cannot export English-made glass bottles to Australia by reason of their putting on a duty of 40 per cent. It is true we are given a preference of 5 per cent. or 10 per cent. over other countries, but the duty entirely precludes our exporting.

Other trades, such as the Birmingham mounting trade, for example, are also affected.

Is this the right spirit for Empire trading?—Yours faithfully,

F. R. LANG.

A Constitutional Puzzle.

DEAR SIR,

When I first went to school I was told that Britain was a monarchy, and taught to sing "God Save the King."

Later on I was informed (by G. K. Chesterton and others) that this was not so; that the British throne had been captured, some time in the seventeenth century, by the *nouveaux riches* of the period, and that from thenceforth the King had been the mere puppet of an aristocracy.

Still later, I listened while the left wing of Labour were being assured that revolution was not at all necessary to the furtherance of their aims; that there was no reform, or other change, that could not be brought about by the proper use of the ballot-box, for Britain was a Democracy.

And now, in the pages of BRITANNIA I have Mr. Keynes telling me (as if I had known all along, and as if it didn't really matter) that the real rulers of this country on all the issues that count—such trifles as the cost of living, unemployment, trade booms and trade depressions, the value of interest on war loan, the value of life insurance (I could go on for a week)—are, to my amazement, the directors of the Bank of England.

I am sure these gentlemen are charming masters, but who are they? In what Abbey have they been anointed, to what Noble Orders do they belong, by what Franchise have they been elected? And should we not revise the National Anthem?

I am quite happily resigned, like most Britons, to our unwritten Constitution, but need it be quite so muddling as all this?—Very sincerely yours,
ROLAND BERRILL.

Music at Brighton.

SIR,

Your issue of October 26th leaves entirely out of account an enterprise on the part of Mr. Herbert Menges and a group of hard-working musicians at Brighton. There are, perhaps, not many towns which can boast of so remarkably successful "Free-will Offering" on the altar of music.

On May 9th, 1925, in the Hove Town Hall, was given the first concert of the "Symphonic String Players" under the sensitive directorship of Mr. Menges. This group of professional and specially qualified amateur players gave only that one performance during the initial season; in the following October the first full series began. A Press notice, dated October, 1925, is apt:

"It can no longer be said that Brighton has no orchestra. We have an orchestra in Mr. Menges's Symphonic String Players which will give us music of a broad range, interpreted by musicians who do not play for a municipal stipend, but because their instruments are dear to their hearts."

Mr. Kalisch said of Brighton that "it does nothing worth talking about." That is municipally true perhaps, but the community need not be blamed for every sin of the Town Council.

The Society grew so amazingly that at the close of the 1926-7 season, it was announced that in the next year full symphony programmes would be undertaken. And it was so! Imagine the criticism and comment and prophecies of early catastrophe that followed their daring! Yet here is the beginning of the 1928-9 season and they still survive.

Moreover, they have engaged some of the world's great players for their concerts.

Mr. Kalisch said that Brighton is dependent upon Celebrity Concerts! We have no municipal effort to provide music for the twin towns; how then can Brighton and Hove express their debt to the Symphonic Players?—Yours truly,

(MISS) ELEANOR G. NEWMAN.
(Associate Member.)

"The Individualist."

SIR,

In your issue of October 26th you do me the honour of referring to my article in *The Individualist* in which, amongst other things, I dealt with the practice of the Law Courts in regard to the Right of Audience. You consider that article shows I am "incapable of intelligent discrimination."

That is the sort of statement which is commonly made in reply to some person who has made a statement which cannot be directly controverted, because it is so obviously true. I said that a plaintiff or defendant in the Law Courts could not employ the services of a friend to conduct his case unless that friend was a solicitor or a barrister, and that this prohibition was made "solely in the interests of a professional class," and it is that statement to which you particularly object.

Whether I am right or wrong in that statement, I think you must admit it expresses the opinion of, at least, nine out of ten men who do not belong to the legal profession, so that, if I am wrong, I am in a large company. The usual expression of opinion is "Yes, the lawyers have a powerful trade union, and they take care of themselves." All the stipendiary magistrates and judges come from this powerful trade union. They have not prevented a person from speaking for himself, however ignorant and incompetent he may be, and, therefore, if ignorance and incompetence waste the time of the Court, that is now permitted; but, if this ignorant, incompetent and inexperienced man asks a friend who is experienced, well-informed and competent, to speak for him, that is illegal, I fail to see on what ground, except in the interests of the registered lawyer.

As the practice of the Courts now stands, a father may not speak for his son, although the father understands the law and the evidence, and is competent to conduct the case, neither may a competent son speak for an incompetent father, neither may a man speak for his wife.

As regards lawsuits being drawn out by professional advocates; there is nothing new in this charge. Dickens, in his novel of *Bleak House*, referred to the case of *Jarndice v. Jarndice* which only ended when the funds of the estate which paid for it were exhausted.—Your obedient servant,

ARNOLD LUTON.

British Typewriters.

DEAR SIR,

I was surprised to read your suggestion that American typewriters are more efficient than our own.

The latest model "Imperial" No. 50 is entirely British and represents the very latest advance in typewriter construction, being the result of over 25 years' experience in this industry. Whereas foreign-made machines have not materially altered their design for the last 8 or 10 years, the "Imperial," which is built on the unit principle, gives greater efficiency and caters particularly for the requirements of the British market.

In spite of the high standard achieved by the British typewriter industry, our foreign competitors have made considerable headway in this country. Whereas in 1914 our models were extremely popular throughout the world, with the declaration of War the Government realised the value of the adaptable machines used by manufacturers of such intricate mechanism as typewriters, and the "Imperial" factories were quickly adapted to meet the Government requirements for material for war service.

On resuming business at the close of the war, our American competitors, having had a monopoly of all our markets during the war period, had been enabled to build up a wonderful organisation, and whilst having this monopoly they had been selling their machines at prices ranging from £40 to £80 where previously the same machines had been sold from £20 to £30.—Yours faithfully,

P.P. IMPERIAL TYPEWRITER CO., LTD.,
N. W. R. MAWLE, Secretary.

Blood Sports and Reincarnation.

DEAR SIR,

With reference to the article appearing in this week's BRITANNIA entitled "Hunting to Kill" by Henry Williamson, I would like to ask the author if he has as yet considered the questions and problems raised in the article in the light of reincarnation.

What is the relation of men and women towards the animal evolution and the attitude of those in a supposed state of civilisation, when engaged in blood sports of any description, the position of the "hunter" and the "hunted"? Personally, I think the theory of reincarnation would shed a wonderful ray of light upon this subject, and in this light one cannot but range oneself on the side of those who are so cruelly hunted.—Yours truly,

KATHLEEN POLSON.

Co-operative Societies and Taxation.

SIR,

The Co-operative Wholesale Society when originally started was quite a small movement, strictly confined to trading with and amongst its own members, and specially permitted by Act of Parliament to trade without payment of income tax on profits. But the co-operative society to-day has become an immense movement, trades with the public in general, competes unfairly in the open market against the heavily taxed trader and shopkeeper, and expanded beyond the legitimate scope for which the Act was intended.

Governments, past and present, have not only allowed such an anomaly to continue but, in addition, have permitted the co-operative society to tender for Government and public work, well knowing that it has to pay no income tax on the profits made.

Surely it is only reasonable that our Government should refrain from trading with a non-taxpaying trader competing against the taxpaying trader. It does not require a great amount of brain power to discover that by escaping the heavy charge of income tax the co-operative trader must of necessity be in a very advantageous position to execute work at a cheaper rate than the trading taxpayer. How long does the Government imagine the taxpaying trader is going to be able to compete against the trader who contributes not one penny towards the revenue that upholds the British Empire, viz.: the money provided by the taxation of profits.

The co-operative movement has spread its tentacles until all trades are now embraced. If you imagine there is one trade which the co-operative movement has not invaded, inquire of the secretary of that organisation, and you will find you are wrong. They are part of the movement all right, and run without taxation on their profits.

Unless the present system be altered, and quickly, too, the co-operative movement will have obtained such a stranglehold on trades by virtue of its stocks, buildings, plant, machinery, reserves and other ramifications, which are only too apparent to the keen trader, that their power will be too great for the taxpaying trader to fight. Just imagine for one moment the immense reserves that must have been accumulated by the co-operative movement during the period when the Excess Profits Tax was in force.

If every voter refused to vote for parliamentary candidates who did not pledge themselves to alter this menace to the British taxpaying trader, the means would soon be found of forcing the Government to repeal the Act which has conferred upon the Co-operative Wholesale Society such an invidious and unfair advantage, and thus give the taxpaying traders once again a fair and sporting chance.—Yours faithfully,

EDDIE WILLIAMS, B.Sc. (Lond.).

F.G.S., F.R.C.S.

Postal Anomalies.

SIR,

At some time in the past, one of your Joneses or Smiths, acting as Postmaster-General, arranged for a Canadian magazine post at a certain rate. He declared another for the British Isles, and yet a third—and most expensive—for "other places abroad." Now, Mr. Editor, we of West Africa, are included as of "other places abroad." Picture it: We, who struggle that England may live are placed in the same category as the Bolshevik of Russia. Can this be right? Are we not of Britain? In the name of all other exiled Britons I appeal to you.—Yours truly,

DERMOT O'CONNOR.

THE TRAVELLER

HARROGATE *for* HEALTH

BY A. H. D'EGVILLE

HARROGATE sits with its eighty-seven wells on the edge of the Yorkshire moors—a coveted position—grandly, 400 feet above sea level, with the dignified, unaggressive air of a town that has “made good.”

It does not rest upon the laurels of history, as does York; no king was incarcerated here; and good Queen Bess certainly never slept here, as far as anyone knows. Compared with many other Yorkshire towns Harrogate is quite modern; it only became prominent after 1571, when William Slingsby, of Knaresborough, found that the spring water did him a lot of good. Since then, as the saying is, the town has never looked back.

There are other matters here that have helped to widen the fame of Harrogate all over the world. One of these is the extreme quality and profusion of its hotels. Of course the hotels have increased and multiplied as the visitors' needs demanded. But you feel about most of them that they really are well run, that they have been accustomed for a couple of generations, and more, to deal with what they would describe as “the right people.” Harrogate has solaced and strengthened and amused much of the aristocracy of all Europe at various times. It is one of our “spot” places in the hotel line.



Harrogate's Pump Room.

Continuously since then some millions of people have come to Harrogate feeling very ill indeed and have gone away feeling “very much better, thanks.” There has never been any question about the rapid and permanent curative properties of its various mineral waters, and so there is no need to enlarge upon the *Magnum donum Dei* that has been given to this alert and smiling Yorkshire town. People in need of its beneficent fluids will not hesitate to drink them and bathe in them at the earliest possible moment.

A Most Efficient Town.

But there is much to interest and charm a person in Harrogate, if he is not concerned with “cures,” and does not intend to drink unpleasant-tasting water, never having felt better in his life. Several things impress themselves on me as I wander about this most efficient town. The healthy man is prone to avoid “one of those invalid places”; they get on his nerves. I have felt it at Davos, in Switzerland. There is no such atmosphere here. On the contrary, every one who is here for the good of his health has an optimistic look about him; the locals seem to say, “I have never had a day's illness in my life”; this is not surprising, because Harrogate is a proverbially healthy place. You cannot picture anyone being depressed after staying there a few days.

There is an *éclat* about the splendid shops, the gay flower gardens, the excellent orchestras, the very-much-alive efficiency of everyone. You become toned up yourself by all this, unconsciously, but surely. The “atmosphere” of health is as potent as its “medicine.”

Unspoilt Beauty.

Another thing that is immensely attractive is the variety and beauty of the walks one can take in every direction in the surrounding countryside. Much of the historical glamour and beauty of Yorkshire is opened to you within a mile or two's stroll through the fields beyond the town. A different walk every day for a fortnight, and you have only partially explored the possibilities and appreciated the exquisite panorama of moor and dale.

For people who prefer an inland town to the sea for a holiday it is difficult to imagine any place more amenable to all tastes and inclinations, energies and indolences than this “compendium of all the world's Spas.” Tennis, excellent golf, dancing, outdoor concerts in the Valley Gardens—a band playing in the Crescent Gardens from 7.45 to 9 p.m. if you are that way inclined—theatres, picture houses, cafés and vivid promenades in the clear air and the strong sunshine.

More or less everything, in fact; at least I cannot think of anything Harrogate has not got that it should have—including the right

AT YOUR SERVICE

Captain d'Egville, who knows more about it than most people, has been specially retained to advise readers of *BRITANNIA* on all matters appertaining to travel. All inquiries should be addressed to him

c/o *BRITANNIA*,

Inveresk House,

Strand, London.

accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.

kind of train service whereby to reach it exultantly and leave it despondingly.

Tangier.

When we think of Africa, we often get the idea that it is a tremendous way away, and that a visit to any part of it is a business of days and weeks and infernal expense.

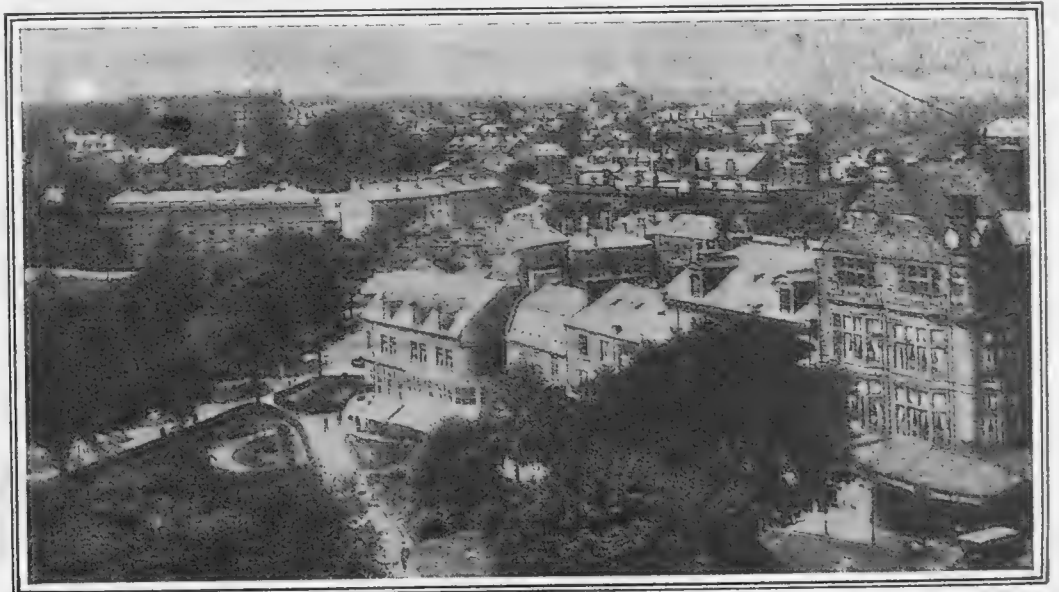
Yet Miss Gleitze swam the distance which separates Europe from Africa. Standing at Gibraltar you can see the white houses of Ceuta, the port in Spanish Morocco, and from Tarifa, in Spain, you can see Tangier.

Perhaps if you have seen Cairo, Luxor and Fez, you may not leap with delight when you visit Tangier. But if you have never visited the East before, and Tangier is the East rubbing up against the West, you will find it a fascinating city.

Viewed from the sea as you approach it, it looks almost entirely Oriental. White and blue-white square houses with the flat roofs that are the regulation house-tops of the Orient; the cupolas of the mosques announcing the sway of Islam and beyond, the brown soil of which you had a foretaste in Southern Spain.

Yet as you drive up the steep hill into the city, you find streets that might be in a French or Spanish town were it not for those gentlemen in short brown burnouses and heel-less yellow shoes, a few women in white with veils over their faces and the fleeting views you get, as you ramble along, of lovely Moorish fountains, mosques and other buildings.

But at the top of the hill—there is the East. A Moorish market that will fascinate you, and leading from it those narrow streets with crowded life and pottering feet and shouting voices, quaint bazaars and *culs-de-sac*, dark arches—donkeys carrying loads as big as themselves; bargaining, singing, music—and then again the West—cafés, French and Spanish restaurants, the Bristol and the British Post Office; and policemen dressed like Napoleon. Through Spain to Gibraltar—and there it is—just across the Straits. A. H. D'E.



A View of Harrogate.

ACES AND KINGS

By JACK DALTON

RATHER a curious thing has happened. I was sitting in my flat thinking what I was going to write about in my next article, when the post arrived, and with it came a letter from India. My correspondent quoted a somewhat curious hand which, he said, was played last month at a club in Calcutta, and he asked for my opinion as to various points in connection with it.

A Similar Hand.

Well, my memory is by no means good, but I usually remember Bridge hands, and the moment I saw this one I was quite convinced that I had already seen it somewhere before, but for the moment I could not place it. Then I got a sudden inspiration, and on looking through my late father's Bridge correspondence I came across identically the same hand that had been sent to him by a lady in 1922, but on that occasion it occurred—or so she said—at a Bridge club somewhere in Kensington! I remembered it because a few weeks ago I was sorting out a lot of old letters, and this particular hand rather caught my eye. I will now describe it to you.

Game all. Love all.

Z	A	Y	B
No	1 No Trump	No	3 ♦
No	3 No Trumps	No	5 ♦
No	4 No Trumps	All pass	

♠ Q, 8, 3.	Y	♠ K, J, 7, 4.
♥ A, K, J, 4.	A B	♥ None
♦ King	Z	♦ A, 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 4, 3, 2.
♣ A, Q, J, 8, 5.		♣ None

Result. A only made 3 No Trumps, thereby failing by one trick to fulfil his Contract.

I am asked the following questions:—

1. Was B's calling correct?
2. Was A's calling correct?
3. How would I read the hands of Y and Z?

A Pre-emptive Call.

B was undoubtedly right to call his Diamonds in both cases, but personally I think I would have felt rather inclined to call "five" in the first instance.

He has got nine of them; he is completely void of two suits, and no matter what is called his hand must be played in Diamonds at all costs. As he is prepared to bid up to five in any case, he had far better make a pre-emptive call seeing that he does not particularly want the opponents to start talking to one another about hearts, and this is a contingency that is by no means improbable.

I now come to A's declaration, and I may say that he has got very little of my sympathy. You will notice that B's first call was not "two" diamonds, but "three," and there is a vast difference. The No Trump is quite a sound one, but B says in the plainest card language, "I have an exceptionally strong diamond call in which I quite anticipate that I can win the game, and unless you have an absolute stone wall certainty in No Trumps you had far better leave me alone."

I can quite understand that, as it was the rubber game, A was naturally very anxious to win it, and it is a very long road in diamonds. His "three No Trumps" therefore, is not what I would exactly describe as a bad call, but it is a very, very doubtful one, and is certainly not one that I would make myself. As for the final bid of "four" No Trumps, I can see no possible excuse. That, to my mind, is abso-

lutely unjustifiable. Possibly he did not have over confidence in his partner, and in addition was stupid enough to be a trifle piqued at being taken out, but even so his partner's calling left very little room for doubt as to its meaning.

The net result was that he lost 20 points on balance, whereas his partner would inevitably have won the game with the greatest of ease in diamonds. When two partners are penalised on such magnificent hands—neither of their opponents ever having uttered a word—you can be quite certain that there must be something radically wrong somewhere.

The Puzzle of Y and Z.

Now for question number 3. This is by no means easy to answer, as it is somewhat difficult to see exactly what my correspondent wishes to know. In view of the fact that neither Y nor Z made any declaration whatsoever, I have very little material to assist me in arriving at the distribution of the cards. All I can think is that he did not actually see the hand played, and was therefore puzzled as to how the cards were placed so as to prevent A from fulfilling his contract. I do not intend going into that now as space does not permit; however, it is certainly rather interesting, and next week I will endeavour to reconstruct the hands.

In the meantime I would like those of you who have a little time to spare to try to do so for yourselves, and when you come to look closely into things you will soon find that you have plenty of data on which to work. If any of you care to do this I will be very interested indeed to hear any conclusions at which you may arrive.

Once you start trying to "count the hands" you will be surprised how soon you will improve at it. It is infinitely better to count them wrongly than never to attempt to do so at all, and it is only practice that makes perfect.

Answers to Correspondents.

"DRIFFIELD."—

(a) Spades: x. Hearts: Ace, knave, x x x. Diamonds: x x x x. Clubs: x x x.

Holding the above hand the correct call is 2 Hearts over your partner's 1 Spade.

(b) Spades: x. Hearts: x x x x. Diamonds: nil. Clubs: Queen, x x x x x x.

Holding the above hand you ought, undoubtedly, to support your partner's Heart call before bidding your Clubs. If necessary, you can do that later on, but your hand contains great assistance for your partner's major suit declaration, and it is of paramount importance that he should know it.

"BIRMINGHAM."—

Z 3 Spades A 3 Hearts
Z says, "not enough." A claims that Z has spoken out of turn, and therefore that no penalty can be exacted.

Answer.—Z has not spoken out of turn—see Law 59. Either of the opponents are entitled to call attention to an under-call, but only the player on the offender's left may actually claim the penalty—Law 35.

In printing an extract from "Land of Hope and Glory" in our issue of November 9th, we regret that we omitted to acknowledge the ownership of the copyright, which is vested in Messrs. Boosey & Co., Ltd.

When do we start?

Adelphi : 8.15 "Clowns in Clover" <i>Revue</i> Matinees: Mon. and Fri., 2.25 (Ger. 6622)	Fortune : 8.30 "Napoleon's Josephine" "Historical" <i>Comedy</i> Matinees: Thurs. and Sat., 2.30 (Temple Bar 7373)
Aldwych : 8.15 "Plunder" <i>Farce</i> Matinees: Wed. and Fri., 2.30 (Ger. 2304)	Gaiety : 8.15 "Topsy and Eva" <i>Musical Play</i> Matinees: Wed., Thurs. and Sat., 2.30 (Ger. 2780)
Ambassadors : 8.30 "Many Waters" <i>Drama</i> Matinees: Tues. and Fri., 2.30 (Ger. 4460)	Garriek : 8.30 "The Runaways" <i>Comedy</i> Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30 (Ger. 9513)
Carlton : 8.15 "Good News" <i>Musical Comedy</i> Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30 (Regent 2211)	Globe : 8.15 "The Truth Game" <i>Comedy</i> Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30 (Ger. 8724)
Comedy : 8.30 "The Squeaker" <i>Detective Drama</i> Matinees: Tues. and Fri., 2.30 (Ger. 8978)	Haymarket : 8.30 "Alibi" <i>Detective Drama</i> Matinees: Wed., Thurs. and Sat., 2.30 (Regent 6030)
Court : 8.30 "The Critic" <i>Comedy (Revival)</i> Matinees: Thurs. and Sat., 2.30 (Sloane 5137)	Hippodrome : 8.15 "That's a Good Girl" <i>Musical Comedy</i> Matinees: Wed., Thurs. and Sat., 2.30 (Ger. 0650)
Criterion : 8.40 "Passing Brompton Road" <i>Comedy</i> Matinees: Tues. and Fri., 2.30 (Ger. 3844)	His Majesty's : 8.15 "Song of the Sea" <i>Musical Play</i> Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30 (Ger. 0606)
Daly's : 8.30 "Blue Eyes" <i>Musical Comedy</i> Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30 (Ger. 0201)	Little : 8.30 "Diversion" <i>Tragedy</i> Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30 (Regent 2401)
Drury Lane : 8.15 "Show Boat" <i>Musical Play</i> Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30 (Temple Bar 7171)	London Pavilion : 8.15 "This Year of Grace" <i>Revue</i> Matinees: Tues. and Thurs., 2.30 (Ger. 0704)
Duke of York's : 8.30 "Such Men are Dangerous" <i>Historical" Tragedy</i> Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30 (Ger. 0313)	Lyceum : 8.15 "The Flying Squad" <i>Detective Drama</i> Matinees: Wed., Thurs. and Sat., 2.30 (Temple Bar 7617)
Lyric : 8.30 "Her Cardboard Lover" <i>Comedy</i> Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30 (Gerrard 3686)	Prince of Wales : 8.30 "By Candle Light" <i>Comedy</i> Matinees: Thurs. and Sat., 2.30 (Ger. 7482)
New : 8.20 "A Damsel in Distress" <i>Comedy</i> Matinees: Thurs. and Sat., 2.30 (Regent 4466)	Princes : 8.15 "Funny Face" <i>Musical Comedy</i> Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30 (Ger. 3400)
Palace : 8.15 "Virginia" <i>Musical Comedy</i> Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30 (Ger. 0834)	Queen's : 8.30 "The Trial of Mary Dugan" <i>Drama</i> Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30 (Ger. 9437)
Playhouse : 8.30 "Excelsior" <i>Comedy</i> Matinees: Wed., Thurs. and Sat., 2.30 (Ger. 5162)	Royalty : 8.30 "Bird in Hand" <i>Comedy</i> Matinees: Thurs. and Sat., 2.30 (Ger. 2690)
St. James's : 8.30 "The Return Journey" <i>Fantastic Play</i> Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30 (Ger. 3903)	St. Martin's : 8.15 "77 Park Lane" <i>Farce</i> Matinees: Mon., Tues., Fri., 2.30 (Ger. 3416)
Savoy : 8.30 "Young Woodley" <i>Tragi-Comedy</i> Matinees: Mon., Wed. and Thurs., 2.30 (Temple Bar 8888)	Shaftesbury : 8.30 "Lucky Girl" <i>Musical Farce</i> Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30 (Ger. 6666)
St. James's : 8.30 "The Return Journey" <i>Fantastic Play</i> Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30 (Ger. 3903)	Vaudeville : 8.30 "Clara Gibbings" <i>Play</i> Matinees: Tues. and Sat., 2.30 (Ger. 3815)
St. Martin's : 8.15 "77 Park Lane" <i>Farce</i> Matinees: Mon., Tues., Fri., 2.30 (Ger. 3416)	Winter Garden : 8.15 "So This Is Love" <i>Musical Comedy</i> Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30 (Holborn 8881)
Savoy : 8.30 "Young Woodley" <i>Tragi-Comedy</i> Matinees: Mon., Wed. and Thurs., 2.30 (Temple Bar 8888)	Wyndham's : 8.30 "To What Red Hell" <i>Drama</i> Matinees: Wed., Thurs. and Sat., 2.30 (Regent 3023)

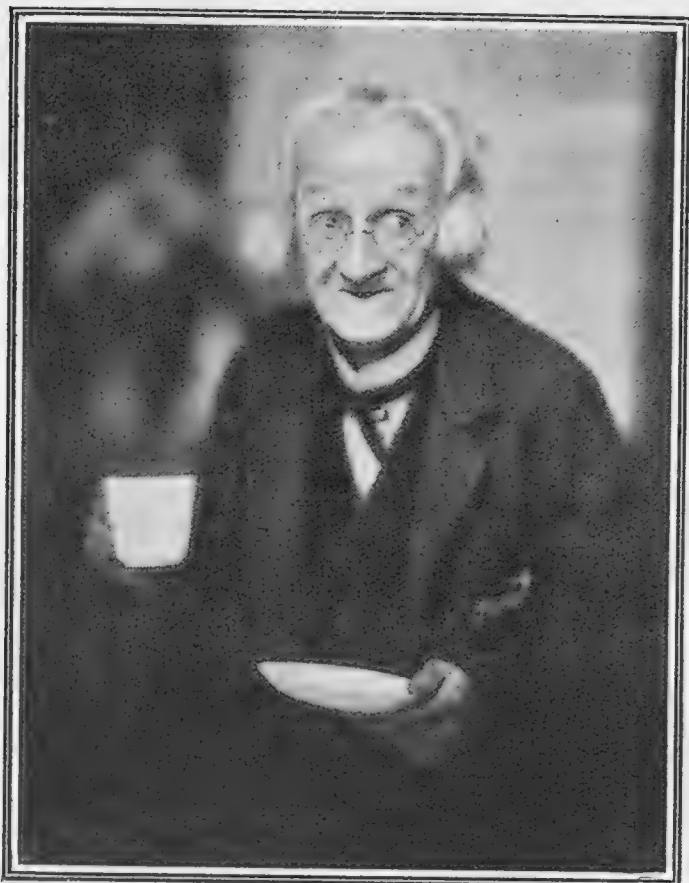
VARIETY.

Alhambra : 2.30, 6.10 and 8.45
Coliseum : 2.30 and 7.45
Holborn Empire : 6.30 and 9
Palladium : 6.10 and 8.45
Victoria Palace : 6.15 and 8.50

MISCELLANEOUS.

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AT THE THEATRE



H. O. Nicholson as the toothless old Benjamin Borlase in "The Runaways" at the Garrick Theatre.

"The Runaways." By Eden Phillpotts. Garrick.

THE English audience being notoriously conservative, Mr. Phillpotts has no doubt done wisely by returning once more in his new play, *The Runaways*, to an apparently well-established formula. He has deserted it once or twice since *The Farmer's Wife*, with not too successful results. *Devonâ tutissimus ibis*, it is plain, therefore, that he exhorted himself as his own proper counsellor; nor be thou lured from the *via rustica* by any comets or other extraneous manifestations. And so we have the mixture as before, or something very like it. Small beer it all is, but with a sparkle, and to some tastes and moods this clear thin amber country ale has a quality and a flavour absent from the more aerated and sophisticated stuff you get in bottles. (Also it would seem, sometimes, the public will be less easily surfeited with it and go on drinking it a prodigious deal longer.)

The Art of Rollicking.

There is a certain secret, unquestionably, at the root of the success that attends comedy of this kind—though only as composed, of course, by a sufficiently (and rarely) cunning hand, and only when that hand strikes the right winning vein. The secret, as I guess it, lies somewhat in this wise. There is nothing much more difficult on the stage (or for that matter elsewhere) than to rollick—to do so, that is, with any resultant reaction on the spectators or non-rollickers but boredom, or something even more actively antagonistic. Think, for instance, of the would-be recklessly hectic revels of evening-dressed people at night clubs and the like that one is sometimes condemned to watch in musical comedy.

Consider the *fortissimo* artificialities of ordinary farce, when the task is to make persons such as you meet in your daily life appear super-jovial and funny. Whereas by starting in a low key, among drab surroundings and the commonplace converse of slowly-moving minds, you can get your effects with the minimum of obvious effort or suggestion of strain. Even

SECRETS of PLAYWRITING

By Maitland Davidson

as the accepted wit's "Pass the mustard" is classically ranked as subtle cause for merriment, so the accepted half-wit may with the simplest horse-collar humour gain not less uproarious applause—especially if his accents be those of Devon (or what passes in the theatre for such).

I would not for a moment put forward the proposition that Mr. Phillpotts has not at his command a store of real wit, and of the rough philosophy that accompanies it. When the excessively stout Mrs. Borlase plaintively remarks: "Every woman 'ave a 'ankering to be rescued from 'er 'usband some time or other," or when a male commentator gloomily points

out that "No good ever came of cheering up other men's wives," one would not venture to question that both are uttering eternal human truths in entertaining guise. But at the same time one cannot help feeling that the salt might not taste quite so Attic if it were served in a drawing-room instead of a farmhouse parlour or hay-field, by Saville Street trousers in place of bucolic breeches and gaiters, or the feminine correlatives thereof.

In the Old Vein.

Not that this is any cause for criticism; far from it. The play is more than the making

of the play, and damn the antecedents—if one may be permitted so to pervert Mr. Kipling and the late Lord Milner all in one breath. The only real point is whether the specimen of dramatic entertainment thus produced is a good one of its kind, and I should say that, from the popular point of view, it is.

Those who were entranced by *The Farmer's Wife* and tickled to death by *Yellow Sands*, will probably undergo similar if slightly modified emotions by reason of *The Runaways*, which has many of the qualities and characteristics of the other two; those who were not roused to similar enthusiasm may still cull from this, as from its predecessors, a pleasant and amusing evening. Fundamentally, the merits and demerits of all three are the same; nothing really happens, but there is plenty of quaintly picturesque incident and homely humour.

Perhaps some of the humours of *The Runaways* are a little beyond the average elementary. Absurdities and incongruities of dress, figure and speech are inevitably the not too recondite source of half the jokes in this type of piece. There is classic example for such incitements to mirth. Did we not read in our Homer once of an occasion in high Olympus itself when "there arose unquenchable laughter among the deathless gods," and of how the enjoyable explanation thereof was the spectacle of poor Hephaestus (*alias* Vulcan) limping about on his lame leg under some peculiarly embarrassing circumstances? But it is possible that the enormous bulk of the farmer's wife in the present play, and its contrast with the exiguous proportions



A scene from "The Runaways" at the Garrick Theatre. Sam Livesey as Matthew Borlase tries to joke his daughter (Eileen Beldon) out of her declaration that she will elope with James Jago, the farm hand.

At the Theatre (contd.)

of her would-be Paris, a Mr. Harold Widger, are emphasised and dwelt upon somewhat beyond the natural limit of the smiles to be superinduced from physical disability or *grotesquerie*.

The Clink of Tea-Cups.

However, there are many pleasing touches about this story or extravaganza of West Country farm life, where the clink of tea-cups at a family meal and the maunderings of a senile grandfather (most realistically played by Mr. H. O. Nicholson, who has somehow managed to produce the illusion of genuine toothlessness) introduce us to a congeries of mildly dramatic situations. Not only does portly Keturah Borlase threaten to go off with her little forked radish of a Shallow, because of the unaccountable humours of her own robustious farmer lord, and his suspected infidelity with "a flashy wretch, all teeth," but her daughter plans to elope with a nameless farm hand (though "there's a lot of good men got by accident") and the son announces in and out of season his impending suicide. "I give it out," says he, "that I die before 'ay 'arvest"—the reason being that he has been jilted; or, in his own racy-of-the-soil phrasing, "this b—ch 'ave thrown me over."

As was only to be suspected from the play and the author, the entanglements are more or less disentangled by final-curtain time, though not before a whole row of banisters has been Homerically crashed in the first steps towards abortive elopement of the Heavyweight Helen—an exposition of artless roister-doister which the piece could well do without. It owes a good deal to its players, several of whom have been seen in other productions by Sir Barry Jackson. Miss Eileen Beldon is especially excellent as the daughter, and by her sincere and unforced acting adds a not altogether unneeded air of reality to theatrical Devon. Mr. Colin Keith-Johnston similarly makes a quite possible person out of the preposterous son. That fine actor Mr. Sam Livesey malages to put up a good show in a rather undistinguished rôle, and the rest do full justice to "every iotum"—as one of the characters has it—of their parts.

Music or Comedy?

"Lucky Girl." Music by Philip Charig. Shaftesbury.

There are forty different ways, a national versifier once assured us, of constructing tribal lays, and every single one of them is right. So, too, doubtless, with musical comedy, but remarkably few of its begetters appear to avail themselves of the multiplicity of choice. A song and a dance and a hank of plot—that same poet continues to supply the refrain—seem to sum up the recipe, with negligible variations.

Lucky Girl, the new show at the Shaftesbury, is just slightly, though only slightly, differentiated by reason of the fact that it has a little, though only a little, more plot than most. And it should be added that (1) this plot, even in the original play *Mr. Abdulla*, from which it is taken, is suitably fantastic, and (2) it is so plastered and overlaid with musical items, especially in the second act, that it does not notably obtrude on the real business of the evening, which is, of course, the musical rather than the comedy or farce.

On the whole, in the present case, this is perhaps rather a pity, for the farcical side is

better than the musical. The show opens with a bang—a comic chant by a Ruritania-clad bodyguard; a breathless whirling Russian dance by a brilliantly expert male "extra turn," a volley of slick verbal persiflage from Mr. Gene Gerrard, cool, graceful and impudently ingratiating; the entrance of Mr. Clifford Mollison, accomplished comedian, to join in the fun as an *incognito* King of a tiny mid-European Statelet, on the loose in London and longing for fresh amusement worlds to conquer. ("What about a night club?" "Oh, I'm sick of seeing policemen dance.")

So far, so jolly good. And then, a little uncomfortably (one feels), a mutual friend named Wickes-Mostyn (with Eric in front of it, too, which ought to have warned someone) offers to introduce them to a house he knows where there are lots of girls.



A scene from "Clara Gibbings," in which Violet Loraine makes her return to the stage after seven years, at the Vaudeville Theatre. The picture shows Violet Loraine as Clara Gibbings and Cecil Parker as Justin Kerr.

Where are the Voices?

Instantly and unanimously, King Mollison and his Chancellor Gene misunderstand the friend's meaning and take him to be referring to a *salon de rendezvous* (here rendered for our benefit as "a sort of Hyde Park with a roof on"), whereas the actual mansion in prospect is the country house of the extremely starched Duke and Duchess of Pevensy, who have a number of young feminine relatives staying with them. They accept with avidity—and hereafter comedy or farce yields place to music.

Now music, like wine, makes glad the heart of man, and Mr. Charig's is of quite a cheerful brand, but the vocal side of it demands voices, and no one in the otherwise very efficient company has got one worth writing home about. That regretfully said, I would hasten to add that the rhythmic recitative or chirping of sweetly assiduous small birds presented to us as *ersatz* is not only passable but quite en-

gaging. Also that Miss Anita Elson dances nimbly (I have seldom seen a neater) and Miss Greta Fayne has the vitality which covers a multitude of things. Vitality is the note, indeed, of this very bright show.

The Earl and the Bar Girl.

"Clara Gibbings." By Aimée and Philip Stuart. (Vaudeville.)

Nothing—perhaps it is a pity—really startles us in the theatre world of to-day. Time was when a whole network of reticences and conventions enveloped it. People in plays kept to their proper stations there, and the lines between the "classes" were rigidly drawn; an Earl, or even a Bart., was a creature quite apart from the common herd of the more lowly-born, whose principal function in stage life was to serve as "comics."

The relations between the sexes, again, were approached from an entirely different angle—or rather, one would say, from no angles at all, but on rigidly stereotyped lines of assumption. According to these, a woman was labelled either maiden or Magdalen, true wife or wanton, and no bones about it; there might be question, it is true, as to which was her status, but none as to the rigidity of demarcation between sheep and goats; nor any discussion of half-lights in such matters.

In their new play, *Clara Gibbings*, produced at the Vaudeville last Monday, it seems to me Mr. and Mrs. Stuart have in a sense brought the old to meet the new. There is in it, for instance, a distinctly early Earl, the aloofness of whose rank is emphasised as heavily as he leans on his traditional stick, while his Countess is as haughty and unbearably rude as any that trod the boards forty, fifty years ago. And the bar lady, who turns out to be the Earl's long lost (but never sought for) daughter, is almost more impossibly flamboyant in her traditional manner than aught that ever was on sea or land or Limehouse. There is also a solemn family council on the not too appallingly terrible news that the Earl's nephew, a famous cricketer, has got mixed up in a motor smash with other Bright Young People and been fined £10 at Vine Street.

On the other hand, the nephew and a young married woman discuss their "affair" with considerable frankness and self-analysis, not to say some sentimentousness on the lady's part—though, be to sure, the barmaid brings us back to our bearings in a final scathing speech, whereby vulgarity and virtue put aristocracy and morality in their proper place.

However, nothing about the play matters much in comparison with the fact that it serves as an excellent vehicle for bringing back to our stage that truly delightful comedienne, Miss Violet Loraine. What a wealth of radiant humanity is hers, and how gloriously she can exploit the inflections of a Cockney accent! For her the best lines of the piece have been devised, and in her utterance they roll out to a richly Rabelaisian life. "I've always said a joke's a joke," she declares after an (unheard) story of apparently "smoking room" character, "but it's got to be a good one."

Clara Gibbings—rightfully Lady Clara—is a bit of a joke herself, judged by serious dramatic standards, but in Miss Loraine's hands she is a remarkably good one. She gives comic reality to the piece, or anyway her piece of the piece, which is a pretty large slice, and successfully sheers us off from the critical examination which it is not too well built to bear.

THE WEEK ON THE SCREEN

TRAGEDIES of MIRTH

By Maitland Davidson

"Laugh, Clown, Laugh." Empire (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer).

ETERNAL, I suppose, and immortal as an inspiration for drama, verse or fiction, is the motif of the tragic maker of mirth. *Pagliacci* and *Rigoletto* are but two outstanding examples of its popularity with the seekers after sentimental contrast. And naturally—since the painted and bedizened face, the grotesque costume, provide the most violent irony of opposing extremes—the professional clown is first favourite as the exponent and burnt-offering of this more or less moralistic theme. I do not suggest that it is not a perfectly legitimate one; only it has been exploited so often that one encounters with a certain excusable dubiety and reserve of judgment any fresh incursion on the well-worn path.

A Fine Picture.

I am glad to be able to say without any sort of hesitancy that the latest variation, which the public will be able to see for the first time at the luxurious new Empire to-morrow, is of the quality that rings theatrically true. This film, *Laugh, Clown, Laugh*, is in fact, take it for all in all, by and large, one of the very best efforts so far in the way of screen drama. It is of the popular sort, yet not too cheaply appealing to the simpler emotions; hardly once are our tear-ducts or risory muscles noticeably overstimulated by a palpably artificial tug. Here is sob-stuff, if you will, but not overdone beyond the amount inevitably arising out of the question; while the drama, though infinitely helped by some first-rate photography, is in no sense dependent on glitteringly impressive crowd scenes or other adventitious aids for its effect. Except in one comparatively brief incident, indeed, the tumult and the shouting which are always at call in a story of show life, are, with a rare reticence, left to implication alone.

The haunting charm of Italy's hill-country ushers in the first beginnings of the romance, when Tito the clown, magnificently played throughout by Mr. Lon Chaney, finds in the bushes by a lake where the travelling circus has camped, a tiny girl abandoned by her parents. (How admirably, by the way, these infants of the screen, unnamed on the programme, play their parts!) There and then unofficially christened Simonetta (a ruse of Tito's to reconcile his dour colleague Simon to her adoption) she grows up into charming young-womanhood and is taken into the company by Tito, whereupon Simon quits it, declaring that "women bring bad luck." Meanwhile, straying into the grounds of a country-house to get a rose for her hair, she has had a momentary meeting with a young Italian Count, a handsome libertine whose tentative flirtation with her is fortunately interrupted by a jealous mistress.

The Arm of Coincidence.

Later the arm of coincidence is perhaps a little stretched to make Tito and the Count meet at the house of a neurologist whom both have come to consult—the Count about his uncontrollable laughing fits and Tito (now become the famous clown Flik) for similar fits of crying. It appears woman is the cause in each case.

Count Luigi (after a test which at first seemed

to indicate locomotor ataxy) is told that he has loved "too well, perhaps too many," but that if he falls in love sincerely with the right kind of woman, the trouble may disappear. Tito is informed that he is suffering from repressed love and that he must "lose no time in winning the lady." The two patients take a fancy to each other and strike up a friendship, and one can guess the tragedy that is to follow, for of course it is Simonetta for whom Tito cherishes the love he is too self-sacrificing, and thinks himself too old, to declare.

The stage and dressing-room scenes are particularly well and picturesquely done, and Mr. Herbert Brenon, the British director, has shown a fine artistic sense as well as selective restraint. I do not know where the picture was actually "shot," but the Italian illusion is well kept up, even to the personality of the Count, who is of perfect Italianate type though he has the Scandinavian-sounding stage-name of Nils Asther.

Mr. Chaney is, of course, the big noise, but this is by no means a one-man film; Mr. Bernard Siegel is excellent as the rugged Simon; and a delightfully un-starlike freshness is brought into the part of Simonetta by Miss Loretta Young. I understand that this very young American actress has here her first big part; her slim beauty and unaffected manner are most attractive.

Curious Titling.

What a curious matter is the titling of a film—as performed by some of the screen directors? Who would guess, for instance, that under the Americanly melodramatic appellation *Drums of Love* lay hid the story of Paolo and Francesca? Yet this and no other is in truth the content of a picture thus named which is to be given at the New Gallery next week. Why should "Paolo and Francesca" not be good enough? Is it really thought by those responsible that this world-famous legend of love is known only to a highbrow few? If they were filming *Hamlet* would they re-title it *Paroxysms of Passion*,



Loretta Young and Lon Chaney in a scene from "Laugh, Clown, Laugh," at the Empire Theatre.

I wonder? Or would *Macbeth* emerge from their hands as, say, *The Loves of the Laids*?

This somewhat crude sex-appeal complex would seem to be working considerable havoc—objectively, of course, I mean—among the brains of the film industry. I don't seem to remember, when Stephen Phillips's *Paolo and Francesca* was staged in London about twenty-five years ago, that the mellifluous title did anything but add to its popular drawing power. In this screen version Mr. Lionel Barrymore is the husband, then played, on the stage, by Sir George Alexander; charming Miss Mary Philbin and Mr. Don Alvarado are the Paolo and Francesca whom Mr. Henry Ainley and Miss Evelyn Millard once so exquisitely portrayed. Incidentally, by the way, this mediæval-Italian love-tragedy has been staged, in the film under review, in Portugal. Again, why? Presumably there were some good reasons, and anyway doubtless it was thought no one in the uninstructed audience would notice. Perhaps they won't, bless 'em. On the other hand, it is just possible that the completely trustful ignorance of the film-fan millions is occasionally over-estimated. Again, who knows?

Those Noble Ladies.

The Tivoli reopens next Monday under its new management with *The Woman Disputed*, an Allied Artists picture in which Miss Norma Talmadge plays the part of one of those noble-hearted street ladies who exist solely and exclusively in fiction. She has two serious lovers, Russian and Austrian, who are drawn into official as well as amorous opposition by the Great War. Finally, there arrives a crisis in which Mary Ann—such is her pathetically simple name—is called upon, in order to save some prisoners, to make a sacrifice similar to that of de Maupassant's immortal *Boule de Suif*. Unlike her, however, she is acclaimed after this noble nocturnal act, by a whole army, kneeling, with a full general standing at attention. A sublimely beautiful idea, is it not?

PICTURES TO SEE NEXT WEEK.

ASTORIA.—"Exiled" and "Modern Mothers."

CAPITOL.—"Show Life." (Second week.)

EMPIRE.—"Laugh, Clown, Laugh." (See this page.)

NEW GALLERY.—"Drums of Love." (See this page.)

PICCADILLY.—"The Home-Towners" ("talkie").

RIALTO.—"The Melody of Love" ("talkie").

STOLL.—Nov. 26-28: "The Triumph of the Scarlet Pimpernel"; Nov. 29-Dec. 1: "Wife Savers." (Wallace Beery) and "A Perfect Gentleman." (Monty Banks.)

TIVOLI.—"The Woman Disputed." (See this page.)

APPEALS on behalf of the various organisations which work for the ex-soldier have rather a belated appearance this week. But, perhaps, as an aftermath of appeal, they may attract more attention than they would have done had they appeared before Armistice Day.

Earl Haig's Fund, which deserves everything that can be done for it, or given towards its work, was presented from thousands of pulpits and in countless Press notices before Armistice Sunday. I will, therefore, make no further appeal for the moment on its behalf, but deal with some of the kindred and associated organisations which are concerned with particular parts of this public duty towards our soldiers.

Ex-Service Men's Welfare.

NOW I will give the first place to the Ex-Services Welfare Society (53, Victoria Street, S.W.1). This Society, founded and inspired by Sir Frederick Milner, is the only ex-service organisation which deals exclusively with those who are suffering from mental disability. It passes imagination to grasp what the mentally disabled and those who suffer from nervous disorders caused by War service endure. Many of them are men of refinement, who volunteered in the first days of the War, giving up their careers to serve their Country in her hour of need. Sir Frederick Milner's work is based on the conviction not only that we owe, in compassion and admiration, a duty to these men, but also that these sufferers cannot be regarded from a civic point of view as now useless, but, on the contrary, with proper treatment, and, in many cases, with industrial training, they can be numbered in the future among the useful classes of our citizens. Not a few of the men for whom this Society is working are enabled, sooner or later, to undertake some valuable form of employment.

The two centres where healing and training work is carried on are Eden Manor, Beckenham, where the work is mainly curative, and the Frederick Milner House, Leatherhead, which is practically an industrial colony. I cannot do better than reproduce the appeal which Sir Frederick has sent forth this month:—

"Each Armistice Day brings an anniversary ever memorable to each one of us; the true message of which is to remind us of our debt to those who went forth in the sacred cause of liberty. Of those who live, some thousands are in asylums, while there are over 30,000 suffering from nervous disorders. Think of those poor wounded souls whose hopes are centred in this Society. Think of what agonies they have suffered, of what distress of mind many of them are still suffering, ten years after. Their shattered nerves are the tragic price of victory.

"The Ex-Services Welfare Society is fighting might and main to help these gallant men, and, in addition, the large number of pitiful cases which Government provision cannot touch. The Society has, on behalf of these mentally disabled ex-service men:—Championed the

CHARITY AT HOME

Conducted by PREBENDARY A. W. COUGH

*In Faith and Hope the world will disagree,
But all mankind's concern is Charity.—POPE.*

cause of those in asylums, the conditions in which have been greatly improved, saved by its efforts many from drifting into asylums, secured work for them on discharge from asylums and hospitals, secured pensions and grants, and helped their relatives.

"During the past year, several thousand men suffering from nervous disorders as a result of their war service, and their families, have received in some form or other assistance from the Society. At its two homes at Beckenham and Leatherhead, by means of sympathetic care, curative treatment and occupational training, remarkable cures have been effected



Patients making Basket Chairs in one of the Workrooms at the Sir Frederick Milner Home at Beckenham.

—men who were regarded as derelicts and lost to the world having been made once more self-supporting and self-respecting members of the community.

"Hundreds of men are still pleading to be employed. To do this, capital expenditure is necessary to establish other centres for the carrying on of suitable industries. Those for whom I appeal gave all that was asked of them. All they ask in return is a chance to regain the life of usefulness and hope which was their privilege and joy before they went to fight our battles.

"You can personally help to restore reason, health, happiness and love of life to some piece of war's wreckage. Can you find it in your heart to refuse? With all the earnestness at my command, I ask you to honour and mark this day by sending all you can afford as an Armistice Day Donation to the Ex-Services Welfare Society."

National Union of Limbless Ex-Service Men.

THIS Society was founded in May, 1926. In the memorable days at the beginning of the month, when the State was passing through

the greatest danger of its history, many a limbless ex-service man found himself unable to get to his place of work.

To meet the requirements of these men a band of volunteers provided an emergency transport service of private motor cars, thus assisting some 5,000 of these maimed workers.

From this beginning as a temporary adventure, a permanent organisation has risen which assists in various ways the forty to fifty thousand limbless ex-service men who are in this country. The help rendered includes such matters as pension troubles, advice on appliances, housing difficulties, unemployment, advice on small holdings, etc., financial assistance and even domestic troubles and purely personal matters.

The Headquarters (64, Victoria Street, S.W.1) are visited day by day by a stream of broken but honourable humanity, bringing its wants and prepared still to do its part in the economic life of the Nation.

Help for Discharged Prisoners.

I wrote recently about the good work which is being done by people with defective bodies, and what I said then applies also to many people of defective character. Many a man who has been sentenced to imprisonment may be capable of doing good and being good in spite of a minor offence which has brought him into trouble.

The Central Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society, of which His Majesty the King is Patron, is, I think, to be strongly recommended for the work that it does in this hope.

His Majesty wrote on November 2nd last year that he has always sympathised with its noble aim of helping a brother who has drifted into crime and who is now trying to get a fresh start rather than to abandon hope. The Home Secretary, speaking of this and kindred societies, says:—"It is

my duty not merely to keep men and women in prison; it is one of the least and perhaps one of the most unpleasant parts of my work; but it is undoubtedly my duty to keep men and women out of prison, and there is no means to that end so effective as the work of the Prisoners' Aid Society."

The Society, as its Chairman declared at the annual meeting held last July, exists in order to bring to the conscience of the community the fact that, in the new and improved disposition of prison management as in the old, a sentence is in fact a life sentence in many cases, because the man who has been condemned to imprisonment for six months or so, too often emerges from gaol into a world of hopelessness and despair where he finds every man's hand against him. When that is the case, he might as well have remained within the prison walls, because when he comes out to such circumstances as these, he tends to turn his hand against every man; society having declared itself his enemy and deprived him of the hope of ever re-establishing himself in the community which he has offended.

This society has its office at Victory House, Leicester Square, W.C.2.



Admiral of the Fleet, EARL JELlicoe, O.M.

An Impression by Kapp.

AUTO SUGGESTIONS

"SAFETY FIRST"

A New Bill for Motorists

By the

Hon. Victor and Mrs. Bruce

LIGHTING-UP TIMES.

Monday, November 26th.

London	..	..	4.24 p.m.
Newcastle	..	..	4.19 p.m.
Plymouth	..	..	4.50 p.m.
Inverness	..	..	4.14 p.m.
Glasgow	..	..	4.25 p.m.

IT is rather amazing that so much misconception should still exist as to the real causes of motor car accidents, and that such strenuous and no doubt well-intentioned efforts to improve conditions should be so ill directed.

The Road Vehicles Regulation Bill, introduced recently in the House of Lords by Viscount Cecil of Chelwood, is the immediate cause of these remarks. It is an unworthy thought to imagine that the sponsor of the Bill desires harm to the motorist, the motor movement or the motor industry, and one is forced to believe that "the main object of the bill" (to quote a memorandum) "is to diminish the very large number of road accidents that are at present occurring." The provisions of the Bill are not wholly bad; with much of the contents even the most enthusiastic motorist must be in whole-hearted agreement; but an antiquated mode of thought is shown throughout.

Compulsory Insurance.

ONE of the provisions which should not evoke motoring complaint is that for compulsory insurance against third party risk. Every right-minded car owner who is not himself rich enough to meet any claim which might conceivably be made against him realises that such insurance is a moral and public duty. No one can say that an accident involving injury or loss to an inoffending third party could not happen in his case, since he drives so carefully.

We can and should, and doubtless do, take every possible precaution, but sometimes, with the best will in the world, circumstances are against us. In many cases neither party, or each party equally, is to blame, and although it is difficult to justify the statement that an accident is "unavoidable," the possibility of being involved in trouble through no fault of his own, and in spite of all precautions, is one that each of us must face. No compulsion to insure is needed in the vast majority of instances; and it is not generally realised that the vast increase in hire-purchase transactions has definite bearing on the question. Insurance is already com-

pulsory in these transactions, since the corporation financing the deal insist that the car be adequately covered for their own protection—and the third party clause is automatically a part of every policy.

The Question of Speed.

ANOTHER point raised in Viscount Cecil's Bill with which one cannot quarrel is the requirement that each applicant for a driving licence should produce evidence of physical fitness. The position in regard to the licence at present is simply farcical—in fact the document is valueless except as a means of identification, and as a source of revenue to the Government. But on the principle that a person is innocent until proved guilty, the most unsuitable person is doing no harm in walking about with a driving licence in his pocket. If he drives a car and causes an accident through his unsuitability, then the law has something to say. Of course, it is all wrong; we want to prevent the accidents, not to punish the criminals.

The danger, from the motorist's point of view, in supporting a proposal to demand evidence of physical fitness before the issue of driving licences is the elasticity of the term. There are so many physical disabilities that need not debar one from driving, and so many minor ailments which are not recognised as disabilities that a definite and equitable schedule would be somewhat difficult of attainment. At the same time, there can be no question that the regulations in this respect do need tightening up. Just how is not for us to settle in this place, but the principle must be admitted.

Speed, Dangerous and Otherwise.

WHERE this Bill does fall down badly is in the apparent ignorance of those who drafted it on the question of speed. One is surprised that the old error of arbitrary speed limits should be perpetuated at this late date, when it is to be presumed that the fanatical prejudice against motor cars, which once existed, has died a natural death. Surely it is generally recognised nowadays that speed in itself is not dangerous; that the word speed is meaningless without the context. Viscount Cecil himself must know, if he ever rides in a car at all, that he is seldom driven at less than twenty miles an hour, and yet his Bill proposes the most stringent tightening up of the penalties for excess of the speed limit.

He suggests even the reversal of the present procedure, in that when a person is convicted of any offence under the Act—"any" offence, mark you—his licence shall be suspended for not less than three months unless the Court expressly directs otherwise.

It is scarcely necessary to go over all the old arguments again, for the fallacy of an arbitrary speed limit is surely well proven. Whether it is advisable for us to press for the total abolition



"Old Cocks" run to Brighton. The driver of the Wolseley (1902) has to get out and get under on the road near Crawley.

of the speed limit is another matter, though the policy of "letting sleeping dogs lie" does seem to be rather an admission of weakness. Accidents, however, are seldom, if ever, caused by the fast driver. He is fast only because he has such perfect control over his vehicle that he can slip along surely and safely when more hesitant people might cause an accident through sheer confusion. Probably statistics to prove the point do not exist, but how often does one read of an accident in which a fast, sporting type of car is concerned?

Speaking very generally, there is far more danger in running a car which can barely exceed 40 miles an hour at 37 or 38 than in doing 50 or more with another vehicle which can easily exceed a mile a minute. The controllability of the car, the proficiency and temperament of the driver, and the circumstances of traffic are vital points which must be taken into consideration before one can say that a certain speed is or is not dangerous. And even then, much depends upon the point of view and the powers of accurate observation of the person who presumes to judge. Taking everything into account, it would almost appear that the very serious subject of Viscount Cecil's Bill has been treated too lightly.

The Hon. Victor and Mrs. Bruce will be pleased to advise readers on any subject connected with motors or motoring. Inquiries should be addressed to them, c/o "Britannia," and accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.



The Devil's Den.

Brakes and Accidents.

IF the authorities really do want to do something to minimise the accident problem, why not turn their attention to the question of motor-car brakes? Far be it from us to suggest further hindrances and interferences with our own liberty; but if it were possible for the police to stop a car and insist upon a simple demonstration of its braking efficiency, they would be much better employed than in trapping over perfectly safe and comparatively deserted roads.

Laxity in the maintenance of the brakes of a car is inexcusable, but it is to be feared that many of us, in the hustle of modern life, do continue to run long after our brakes are in serious need of attention. It is, even now, an offence to use a car which is not mechanically safe, but the offence comes to light only when an accident has been caused through the hidden derangement. Again, it is a question of catching the offender in preference to the prevention of the offence. One does not seriously suggest that the police should be empowered to stop any and every car and call for a braking test, of course, although there would be more point in this than in the present occasional outbreaks of activity, when we have the tape measure run over our number plates, and so on. The detection of trivial, technical offences is apparently so much more important than the question of public safety.

An Excuse for a Run.

WHEN the weather is glorious, the roads dry and conditions perfect, motoring is worth while for its own sake, and it does not much matter in which direction the car's bonnet is turned, or whether we make for anywhere in particular. But in winter time it is just as well to have a definite destination in mind.

Here is one excuse for a run, suitably sombre to match the winter skies—the Devil's Den. This is situated in Clatford Bottom, near Marlborough, Wilts. Its origin is unknown, as it was built by a people of whom we have few records. The intention is probably to mark the grave of some ancient warrior; but it is difficult to explain how, with the primitive appliances possessed by the builders, the top stone, which measures some 32 feet in circumference, was raised to its present position. Many legends surround this kistvaen in the district. If you pour water into any of the cup-shaped cavities on the roof stone at midnight, it will have

vanished by morning—it's a thirsty devil who inhabits the den, apparently! Another legend is that, at midnight each night, Satan arrives with a team of eight white oxen, and endeavours to pull the structure down, while a white rabbit with fiery eyes sits on the top stone and watches the proceedings.

This run, organised by the *Daily Sketch* and *Sunday Graphic* and the *Autocar* to celebrate the 32nd anniversary of the day when it was legally permissible for a motor car to run without a pedestrian pilot carrying a red flag, brought to light more than forty cars, of ages ranging from twenty-five to thirty-seven years,

the majority of which are the pride of their owners' hearts, if one might judge by the excellent condition in which they have been kept. No fewer than thirty succeeded in making the fifty-mile run within the time limit of 6½ hours, while one actually accomplished the journey in two hours. Benz, Sunbeams, Wolseleys, Lanchester, Darracq, Renault, Daimler—all demonstrated admirably that they really made motor cars in those days.

This Old Cocks' Run to Brighton has excited such tremendous public interest that it is to be perpetuated as an annual affair, to be held as near to the anniversary of the date (November 14th, 1896) of the original Emancipation Day run as possible.

Sir Edward Iliffe, M.P., presiding at the banquet after the run, thanked all those who had helped towards the success of the event, and made special reference to the fact that the idea of the celebration, and the organisation of the initial run, last year, lay to the credit of Mr. Robert W. Beare—who is, incidentally, the Radio Contributor to *BRITANNIA*.

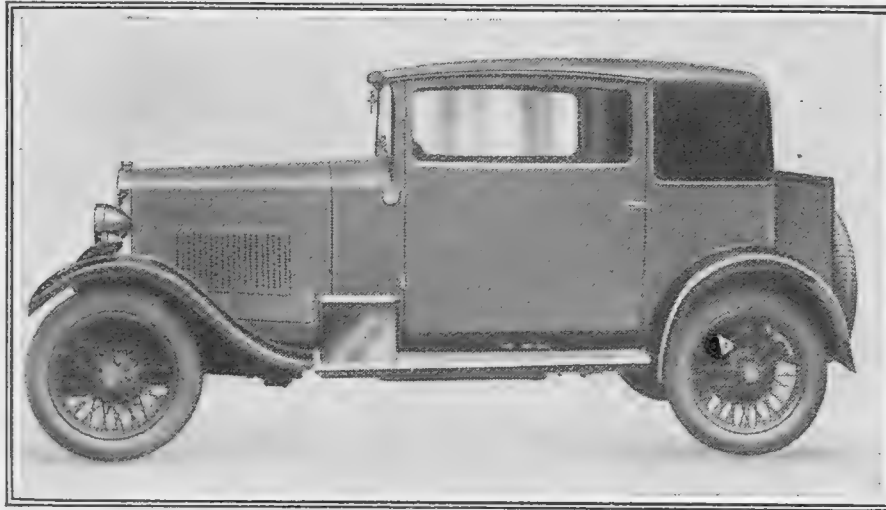
Small Beginnings.

STORIES of the early days of that mammoth organisation, the Automobile Association, have often been told, but one that has not seen the light of day before serves to emphasise the contrast between "then" and "now."

Major Stenson Cooke, one Friday in 1905, found to his horror that the office boy had absconded with the office and road staff wages, which had been drawn from the bank ready for the weekly walking of the ghost. The position was so serious that there was even some question of the ability of the A.A. to carry on under this terrible blow, but, fortunately, the whole of the £9 was made good, and the organisation continued on its upward path. The membership total is

now somewhere in excess of 370,000, representing more than a million motorists riding in A.A.-badged cars, and it is rather interesting to know that of the total no fewer than 50,000 are women members—not merely the wives of members, but members in their own right.

Trying Out the Two-Litre Rover



ONE of the best examples of the British "light six," the two-litre Rover, has the additional credit of being among the first cars to introduce the new type of coachwork known, in this case, as the Sportsman's Coupé. It is a body which probably has a wider application to different motoring purposes than any other, and it does not suffer from the usual fault of com-

promises of failing completely to satisfy the various conflicting requirements. Used as a two-seater, the coupé is almost ideal; as a four-seater, it provides adequate comfort for all the passengers. Luggage accommodation is amply provided for by a capacious rear trunk, in the top tray of which the tools are accessibly carried. The general lines of the body give a satisfying combination of up-to-date raciness with a suggestion of internal luxury, and the addition of a sliding sunshine roof still further extends the usefulness of the car. This type of body is obtainable on both of the two Rover chassis models—the "Nippy Ten" and the two-litre, six-cylinder—but that which was tested was the last-named chassis.

The engine is as sweet and lively as a good moderate-powered six should be, and has an excellent top gear performance. With a satisfying maximum speed, the car is capable of a high average over a long run, and the comfort of the driving

Engine	..	Six cyl., 65 mm. by 101.6 mm., 2,023 c.c. overhead valves.
Tax	..	£16.
Ignition	..	Coil.
Clutch	..	Plate.
Gear box	..	Three speeds, central change.
Electrical equipment	..	Lucas 12 volt.
Fuel system	..	12-gallon rear tank and Autorac; 2-way reserve tap.
Suspension	..	Semi-elliptic all round.
Bodywork	..	Weymann Sportsman's Coupé.
Price	..	£425.

position is such that fatigue is reduced to a minimum. In this matter, however, an improvement would be gained if the central gear and brake levers fell more readily to hand. With so flexible an engine, the use of the gear box is seldom required, while the four wheel brakes, operated by the pedal, are so efficient that the hand brake is required only for holding the car when it is stationary.

At the same time, it was necessary to lean forward to reach the levers, and the already simple gear box control in particular would be still further simplified if the lever were more readily accessible. This comparatively trivial and easily remedied matter is the only point in connection with the car which calls for criticism. In other respects it fulfils modern requirements, and is a most creditable example of a type of car which is an essentially British production, at a most moderate price considering the high degree of refinement which has been attained in regard to both the general appearance and fitting of the car and to its actual road performance. In each of the Rover models two types of body are available—the standard and the Regal, the latter being a *de luxe* affair, embodying various little luxuries which, while not essential, are worth far more than the quite nominal extra sum that is charged.

The Old Cocks.

Seldom has there been a more representative gathering of notabilities in the motoring world than that which attended the banquet at Brighton on Sunday last, after the wonderful run of veteran cars from London to the coast.

THE BETTER WAY

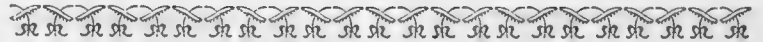
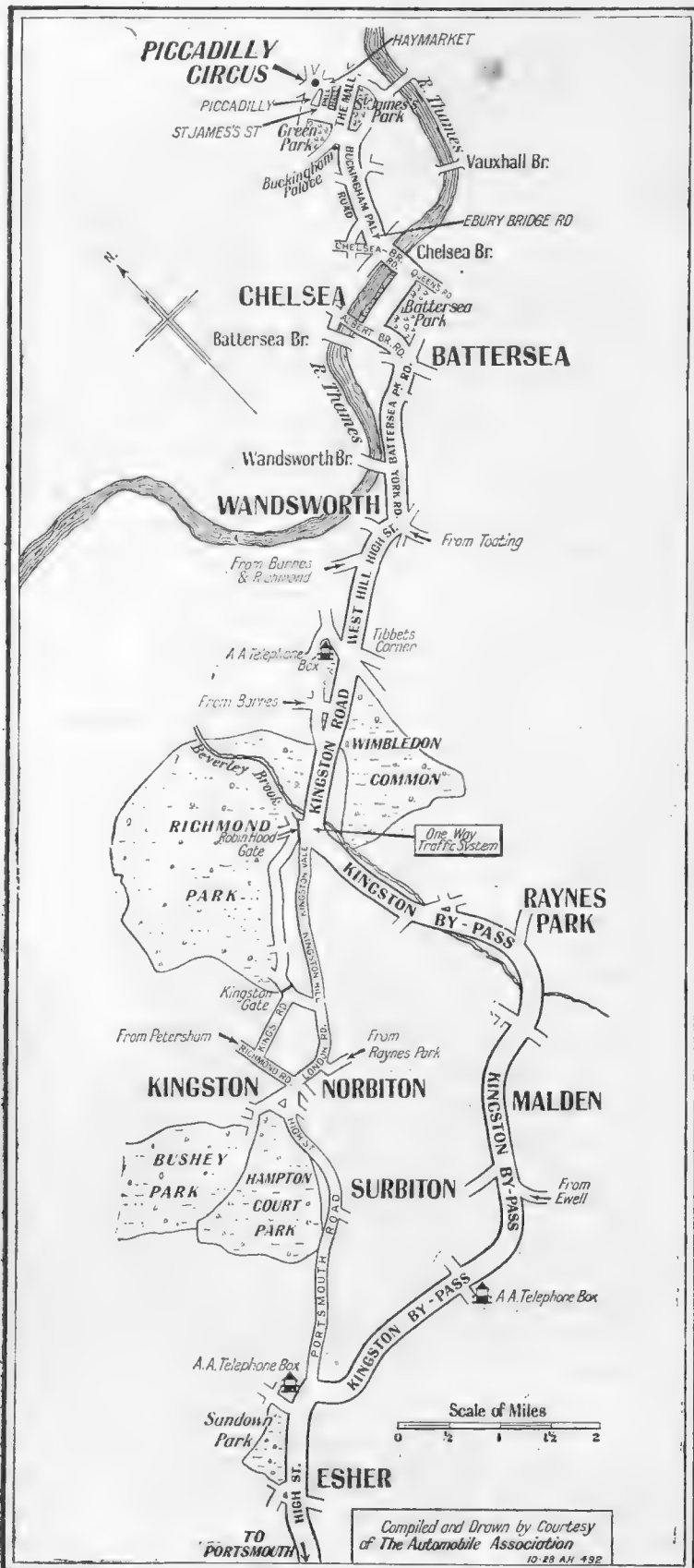
THOSE who are at all concerned with the welfare of the motor industry of this country must view with the greatest of satisfaction the ever more general recognition of advantages of the motor car as a means of transport.

But, those who have begun to use the car as a more convenient means, for instance, of travelling to and from office and home are loth to return to the public travel services, even though an hour or more a day may be wasted in irritating traffic hold-ups.

Now, there is an easy remedy in almost every case, if it can be found. That remedy lies in tracing out an alternative and less populous route between one's usual starting point and destination, and a little study of the map appearing on this page should help the motorist to avoid congested areas, thereby proving both quicker and more pleasant.

I have, from unfortunate necessity, devoted a considerable amount of study to this subject, and the idea of this series of short articles is to suggest the outline of an alternative route to each of the more crowded ways out of and about London.

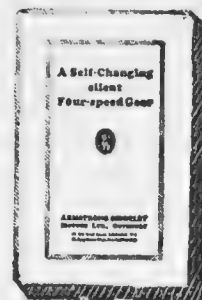
Since the Portsmouth Road, and the exits from London thereto, is probably the most crowded thoroughfare of all, I think it is a suitable route with which to start the series. There are several, in fact, many ways of reaching the Portsmouth Road, and it depends to a certain extent upon the district in London itself from which one wishes to start as to which particular series of streets is selected. Piccadilly Circus, however, is sufficiently central to take as a standard starting point for our immediate purposes.



ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY

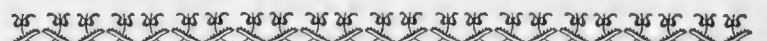
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By "BLACKFRIAR"

Gordon Richards.

Flat Racing Season Ends.

TWO more days and we shall bid good-bye to flat racing until March comes round again. There will be quite a lot of folk only too willing to say "Adieu" at Manchester to-morrow and the loudest voices will doubtless be those of the bookmakers. Yet, taking everything into consideration, I do not think there has been a great deal of which to complain in spite of the Betting Tax, sparse attendances and the general uncertainty created by the decision to introduce the Totalisator. Perhaps, as a member of the large army of little punters I am biased; for it is not disputed that it has been one of the best seasons backers have enjoyed for years. All the same, I am sure impartial people will have seen signs of the dawn of a brighter, healthier and more straightforward era in the happenings of the past six months or so.

I doubt whether the Jockey Club has ever been so active. Totalisator schemes, new starting-gates, alterations in hoary rules and the stern repression of malpractices have kept the racing world stirred as it has not been stirred for years. Not unnaturally these measures have bred a spirit of rebellion in certain affected quarters, but this is the common experience of every household during spring-cleaning operations. That rebellious spirit soon dies out, however, once the task is accomplished and the former recalcitrants have been able to realise that their temporary discomforts were only created for their ultimate good.

Plenty of Outsiders.

I wrote just now that this has been a very good year for backers. Yet when one looks back over the results of important races of the season it is a little difficult to understand how this could be so; for the tally of successful favourites or even well-backed horses is by no means a long one. In fact, until Goodwood dawned, it looked like being another "outsiders' year." Up to that time the only well-fancied horses to triumph had been the "Guineas" winners, Scuttle and Flamingo, Fohanaun (Victoria Cup), Abbot's Speed (Jubilee Handicap), Brown Jack (Ascot Stakes) and Priory Park (Royal Hunt Cup).

Things then took a turn the other way, a series of successes by well-backed horses, culminating in the great Newmarket double, Arctic Star and Palais Royal II, doing much to restore the balance before the pendulum swung back again in favour of the bookmakers by the victories of Plantago and Constant Son at Liverpool and Derby respectively. Certainly a "backers' year" is hardly suggested by the following list of big race winners:—

Lincolnshire Hdp. . .	Dark Warrior	28-1 agst.
Liverpool Spring Cup	Grandflight . .	100-9 "
Grand National . . .	Tipperary Tim	100-1 "
Queen's Prize . . .	Zeno . . .	100-7 "
Newbury Cup . . .	Vantage Belle	100-8 "
City and Suburban . .	Priory Park	20-1 "
Chester Cup . . .	St. Mary's Kirk	25-1 "
Yorkshire Cup . . .	Royal Pom	100-6 "
The Derby . . .	Felstead . .	33-1 "
Ascot Gold Cup . . .	Invershin . .	100-8 "
Wokingham Stakes . .	Hera . . .	100-6 "

Liverpool Summer Cup	Playboy . .	10-1 agst.
Prince Edward Hdp.	Troubadour .	100-7 "
Liverpool Autumn Cup	Plantago . .	100-8 "
Derby Cup	Constant Son	20-1 "

Why Bookmakers Lose.

How is it then that we have heard so much about these so-called heavy losses suffered by the bookmakers? Those with whom I have discussed the subject have declared that the smaller, everyday events have been chiefly responsible; not forgetting, too, the "iniquitous

eight to one, feeling secure in his belief that the favourite is sure to win. This season an abnormally large number of these middle-priced horses have proved successful and to this, as much as anything, may be attributed the present parlous condition of the Ring.

The New Gate.

When horses can be drilled to obey commands in the same way as does the soldier on parade, the day of the perfect start will have dawned. Until then there will always remain an element of luck in securing an equitable dispatch. All the same, the news that the Jockey Club has decided to adopt next season a gate similar to that in use in Australia, India, France and elsewhere is, in the opinion of most racing folk, a step in the right direction. With the new contrivance, which consists of iron uprights and several rope or leather strands, such a thing as broken tapes will be impossible and there will be no more of those vexatious delays while these are repaired and those horses that have careered away down the course brought back to the post.

Whether it will be as effective in getting the horses off in line remains to be seen. Captain Allison, the official starter, seemed very dubious on the point when I invited his opinion last week. "It is in use on most racecourses abroad which, I think, is sufficient ground for hoping that it will," he said. "But whatever gate is used that alone cannot ensure good starts." From which I took it that Captain Allison meant to imply that the horses themselves will always remain the deciding factor.



Reginald Day.

Trainer of Constant Son, winner of the Derby Cup.

ad valorem tax." Day after day, week after week, there has been a steady but certain dwindling of their capital owing to the regularity with which well-backed horses have won. Very rarely, indeed, has any layer been able to claim a "skinner."

It is a common belief that whenever a hot favourite gets beaten it is good for "the books"; but I am assured that more often than not the upsetting of an odds-on chance by a fancied but longer-priced horse has been more disastrous to the layers than if the favourite had won.

The idea that bookmakers always work strictly to figures is a wrong one. Many of them base their prices on current form as much as on the amount of money that may come for a particular horse. The result is that a layer frequently has very little money for a "favourite," whereas he may have laid plenty of bets against horses starting round about five to

Another Derby Cup for Day.

I suppose we could hardly expect to go right through the season without a spell of bad weather; but we have certainly had some drenchings lately. Liverpool's experience was mild compared to that of Derby, where the racing on Cup day was ruined as a spectacle by an almost continuous downpour. The going was naturally affected and it is more than likely that some of the surprising results that accrued were due to the heavy track. Some of the horses, too, showed a disinclination to face the driving rain.

I feel sure the conditions had something to do with the success of Constant Son in the Cup. Neither Cap-a-Pie nor Blackness appeared able to raise a gallop and remained in the rear throughout. Knud also had to give in after making the running for over half the way. In fact, the only horse that seemed to like the mud was the "Irishman" West Wicklow.

He ran resolutely enough, but clearly has only one pace. This was made apparent when, having disposed of Knud and turned into the straight looking all over a winner, he could not accelerate when challenged in the last furlong by Constant Son. The result was that although he was still going as strong as ever at the finish he was easily beaten.

Constant Son, who was bred by his Newcastle owner, Mr. Tom Davidson, proved himself a worthy son of Son-in-Law by the way he battled through the mud. It was easily his best performance and his success naturally pleased his trainer, Reggie Day, whose third triumph in the

"Blackfriar's" 20 to 1 Winner.

Last week-end, "Blackfriar's" selections included:—

Cherrypicker, who won at 20 to 1 against.

Other winning selections were: Tiber (100-30) and Mr. Jinks (evens).

Derby Cup it was. Day first won the trophy in 1919 with Alasnam, and four years later another of Son-in-Law's progeny, Daughter-in-Law, succeeded. Both horses, like Constant Son, were three year olds at the time.

English Fare Likes Derby.

English Fare provided a striking example of the soundness of the "horses for courses" theory when he just got the better of Grandace in a fine finish for the Chaddesden Plate. English Fare, who belongs to the London sportsman, Mr. J. T. Coltman, won the corresponding race two years ago under 8 st. 6 lb., and won again last year with 7 st. 13 lb. in the saddle. During those three years he has taken part in 27 races on the flat—for he is also, of course, a smart performer over hurdles—yet his only other victory during that time was that gained in the Houghton Handicap at Newmarket shortly before Palais Royal II won the Cambridgeshire.

Nearly a Stone in Hand.

Lord Derby has had a wonderful season, and Garnock added to his lordship's winning total when he easily won the Markeaton Plate. He must have had nearly a stone in hand, for getting slowly away. Weston found such great difficulty in getting an opening that he was forced to pull right to the outside of his field. Yet he was able to overhaul the lot before the distance was reached and draw right away to win easily from Sunny Trace. The latter ran much better than he had done in recent outings, but I am afraid he has not yet recovered from the gruelling he got at Epsom.

Orbindos, taking part in his second race in three days—he had run unplaced at Leicester on Tuesday—and his fourth in a month, ran as if he had grown wearied of racing. He made no show at all.

Better Selling Prices.

There was a noticeable improvement in the prices realised by the winners of the selling plates. At the corresponding meeting last season the aggregate reached 1,485 guineas; but last week the total rose to 2,055 guineas, an increase that doubtless was very gratifying to Mr. John Ford. Mr. Reid Walker, a steward of the meeting, seemed determined to secure the Midnight colt after this youngster had won the Breadsall Selling Plate. While the owner was content to make his bids in fives or tens, Mr. Reid Walker spoke in hundreds. No one else was interested, and finally the owner of Invershin secured the son of Stedfast for 500 guineas. Mr. Dollar quickly found a horse to replace his colt when he paid 340 guineas for Gafadoun. This strongly-built gelding will be put to jumping, and should do well in spite of his slight respiratory trouble.

Mr. Jinks Not Extended.

What promised to be one of the best juvenile events of the season, the Great Two-Year-Old Stakes at Hurst Park last Saturday, proved distinctly disappointing. Apart from the fact that Mr. Jinks won in almost effortless fashion after having allowed the consistent Welcome Gift to make most of the running, the absence

of Reedsmouth, Arabella, Beachcomber and Totalisator rendered the race practically valueless as a guide to next season's "Classic" possibilities.

Two facts were, however, made plain. One, that Mr. Jinks cannot be very far removed from the best of his age, at any rate over the shorter distances; the other that Grand Terrace's position in the placings behind his stable companion, Costaki Pasha, in the Middle Park Stakes, must have been a false one, as I have maintained all through. In appearance he was perhaps the least attractive in the field on Saturday, his lack of size being apparent to the most unpractised eye. In the race he never looked like making a fight of it.

A good deal of interest was taken in the saddling operations of Lord Derby's debutant Bosworth. So assiduous was Mr. George Lambton in his attentions, that Mrs. Lambton laughingly remarked: "See that his eyebrows

copper appears to have taken a similar view, for the horse is more leniently weighted than has been the usual case this season. Burnside, on his best form, must have a chance, but he seems to reserve all his best efforts for Newmarket. The penalised Constant Son will doubtless be permitted to rest on his Derby Cup laurels, for he can hardly be expected again to beat West Wicklow on the altered terms.

Adieu's Chance.

A three year old that might show up boldly is Cheerio, who ran up a series of successes over similar distances during the summer. She may be a trifle lacking in class, however. Twelve months ago Adieu only just failed to win this event for Mr. Horlock, and although he is not always inclined to do his best, he has an undeniable chance with only four pounds more on his back than he carried into second place last year.

The Bibury Cup specialist, Lulworth Cove, has done very little of note this season, his best performance being when he failed by a length to give two stone to Poor Man over eleven furlongs at Stockton in August. But he has been shaping very well at exercise recently, and might gain his first victory for nearly eighteen months. Buoyant Bachelor is a horse that has put up some useful performances this season, and I hear he is fancied; yet at the weights, I much prefer Saracen. This son of Gay Crusader, who fetched the top price in the yearling sales of 1926, is said to be better than ever he has been in his life, and I shall take him as the danger to Lady Curzon of Kedleston's candidate



Mr. Jinks winner of the Great Two-Year-Old Stakes at Hurst Park being unsaddled by H. Beasley. Major McCalmont (owner) is seen on right of picture.

are brushed straight." Bosworth, who ran quite well to finish third, is a shapely, sturdily-built son of Son-in-Law, and he was obviously well in himself, for his almost black coat shone like satin. I noticed, however, that he has the bad habit of hitting his off hind leg when on the move. Although he wore a protective pad, the blows were distinctly audible as he walked round the paddock.

The November Handicap.

Owing to the conditions that prevailed, it may be unwise to take too much notice of the Derby Cup running when seeking the winner of the Manchester November Handicap tomorrow. At the same time, I can see no reason for expecting Sir Joshua to win under top-weight after last week's inglorious display; while such as Lordland and Samphire II should again be beaten by West Wicklow. I am inclined to think the last-named will be better suited by this mile and a half, and that it would be unwise to let him run loose if he goes to the post.

Blackness, who has finished with racing, gives place to Baralong, who is fancied; but I have gained the impression that this son of Galloper Light is somewhat overrated, and the handi-

LULWORTH COVE

who strikes me as one of the best handicapped horses in the race.

Week-End Selections

MANCHESTER, FRIDAY.

Ordsall S. Nursery.—Themis.
Flying Hdp.—Pricelist, if absent,
Sea Kale.
Sedgeley Handicap.—Physic Ball.
Lavenstine Nursery.—Golden Rain.
Ellesmere Welter Handicap.—Easter
Gift, if absent, Bachelor's Vow.
Pendleton Maiden Plate.—Dafila.

MANCHESTER, SATURDAY.

Farewell Handicap.—Green Orb.
Beresford Plate.—Canfield.
November Handicap.—Lulworth Cove.
Worsley Nursery.—Black Minstrel.
Final Plate.—Sweet Wall.

LINGFIELD, SATURDAY.

Apprentices S. Plate.—Woolton's
Selected.
Back End S. Handicap.—High Spray.
Country Nursery.—Dupplin.
Final Handicap Plate.—Blancaona.
November Nursery.—The Girl Friend.
Open Club Welter Stakes.—Camp
News.

THE BRITISH TEAM IN QUEENSLAND

By

F. GORDON LOWE

A Good Start.

THE British tourists after a victorious time in New Zealand were welcomed by Norman Brookes, the ever-famous veteran, and President of the Australian L.T.A., on their arrival at Sydney. After practice games during the morning they were subsequently entertained at an official luncheon, at which Sabelli, the non-playing manager, as usual, acted as spokesman for the British party. Afterwards our men left for Brisbane, where they were accorded a civic reception. Their performances there were distinctly satisfactory.

Queensland is not quite so rich in lawn tennis talent as Victoria or New South Wales; nevertheless, with Cummings and Moon opposed to them, our men must be congratulated on winning their first encounter against this State by the handsome margin of eight rubbers to three. Cummings and Moon, it will be remembered, played with distinction at Wimbledon, where the latter beat Lycett and Ohta. Later in the season these two won the championship of Germany at Hamburg.

Cummings in Form.

Individually Cummings had the best record on either side. In his first match he unexpectedly beat Austin, it being reported that in this match the umpiring was not too good, while on the next day he defeated Gregory by 6-4, 8-6. Recovering some of his true form, Higgs managed to secure both his singles against Thurlow and Grinstead, though not without losing the initial set in each case.

As usual, Collins, a born match player, acquitted himself well, winning a terribly close match against Thurlow. Perhaps the best British performance occurred on the second day, when Austin and Gregory, reaching great heights, just beat Cummings and Moon by 6-2, 4-6, 7-5. Moon, who had been previously beaten in his singles by both these Englishmen, was distinctly below form.

A Severe Test.

In Melbourne and Sydney under a hot Australian sun and with Crawford, Hopman, Patterson and Hawkes amongst others opposing them, our men will be severely tested; they appear, however, to be playing well together as a team, and should therefore give a good account of themselves, provided staleness does not step in—always a danger on such a protracted tour. It is a pity that Sharpe and Olliff, two young men with time to spare, could not have enjoyed the experience of this trip. Many critics would probably place the former second to Austin or certainly third in a British ranking list.

The County Championship.

The Surrey L.T.A., whose uncrowned king is Mr. Percy Rootham, after their withdrawal from the Inter-County Championship on grass this year, are appropriately offering a few suggestions in regard to this competition for the consideration of the various counties. Firstly, Surrey want a return to the old geographical system with one day allotted to each match instead of the scheme now in force which means

devoting an entire week to the championships. I myself am confident that the former plan is more practicable and far less expensive to all concerned.

Then Mr. Rootham and his advisers are suggesting that each county should be represented by six men, who would play six singles, one apiece, and three doubles. As an alternative it is proposed that these matches should be played on Davis Cup lines: four on a side would then be engaged, two playing two singles each, and one double. Personally, if teams of six a side are still in favour, I would certainly add singles but would not cut the double matches down from nine to three.

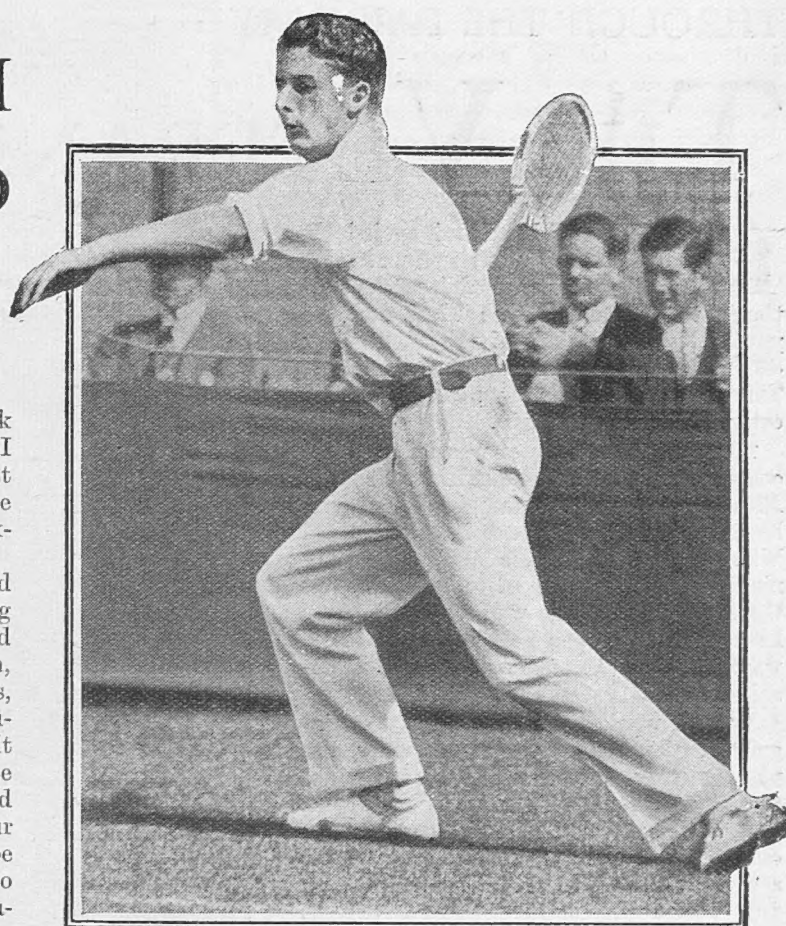
Surely this should not be too much for young players! If matches are to be restricted to teams of four, and there is something to be said for this, it might possibly be better to play the matches on Wightman Cup rather than Davis Cup lines, thus providing seven matches instead of five. This would allow one veteran to be chosen who could stand out in the singles!

Too Many Good Things.

I do not, however, believe the County Championship will ever create much enthusiasm among the leading players or the public; the reason is that there are far too many other good things taking place in the tennis world during the summer months for the Championships to carry much weight. Rightly or wrongly, probably the latter, tournaments are the chief attraction and the basis of the game in this country. Until this system is revised I think the County competition might just as well be cut out altogether. Why not let us concentrate on improving the Hard Court County Championship which is played during the winter months, when there is plenty of time to attend to and to play in this competition? This might even provide the excuse for building some of those much-needed covered courts in various parts of the country.

Lawn Tennis Professionals at Badminton.

The Badminton world, among which are many Lawn Tennis players, is possibly not too pleased at the exhibition games of Badminton which have been played at the Coliseum. They do not feel that Colonel Duff's performers are quite qualified enough to do full justice to the finer points of the game; there are, however, so few professional Badminton players, and the best amateurs, such as Devlin, Uber, Hodge, and Sir George Thomas, would obviously not be eligible to play, even if they wanted to, that Colonel Duff was of necessity restricted in his choice. At any rate, the exhibitions have proved extremely popular, and in the opinion



H. W. Austin who was unexpectedly beaten by Cummings in Queensland.

of most have given a fair representation of the game of Badminton, which is all that the promoters set out to do.

Colonel Duff, who acted as introducer and has an aptitude for teaching this game, considers that the skill of his team would correspond to county form at Lawn Tennis. As a matter of fact, Last and Sprey Smith, who have been taking a prominent part in the show, are two well-known Lawn Tennis professionals; Davies is a Badminton internationalist; while Wynnstay makes up the four. Two ladies have also been helping in these exhibitions.

Lawn Tennis and Squash.

No game of recent years, especially in London, has become so increasingly popular as squash racquets. Almost every club in the metropolis now has its court. As a means of keeping fit in the winter, squash is a wonderful game, and, contrary to the general belief, is an aid to Lawn Tennis. A few games will quicken a man up to a surprising degree and will help to improve his backhand.

Being easy to play, a complete duffer at games can soon learn to enjoy it and to obtain all the exercise he can possibly want in a very short time. Tennis strokes can be and are often used, although, of course, the proper under-cut squash stroke is better.

The Champion of New Zealand.

Andrews, the New Zealander who beat Hunter at Wimbledon, is a first-class squash player and the champion of his country. He showed his ability the other day at Queen's by comfortably defeating Pennell, a useful player. Andrews is devoting himself entirely to squash just now, and will captain the Cambridge side in their testing match against Oxford which will be played at Queen's on December 3rd. The Amateur Championship will begin at the Bath Club on December 10th, and the progress of Andrews in this event will be closely watched by his Lawn Tennis admirers, although he is not quite in the same class as a player of W. D. Macpherson's calibre.

THROUGH THE FAIRWAY

THE VETERANS' CHAMPIONSHIP

By Gerard Fairlie

HE. TAYLOR has done it again! It must be many years now since he won his first scratch medal, yet he continues to defy old Father Time and the youthful golfing talent of the country by declining to give them best in competitions. This habit of collecting medals, formed early, he refuses to forgo.

True, his latest success was only against comparative youth. The rules of the *Golf Illustrated* Veterans' Championship, which he has just won on the course of the Royal Wimbledon Golf Club, allowed men only nine years junior to him to compete, but the score in which he won would probably have beaten an open field restricted in no way. And yet he only won the championship by a single stroke from S. H. Fry.

As luck would have it, these two distinguished golfers were playing together, and playing very well. Finally, Taylor appeared to have the championship in his pocket when he led Fry by three strokes on the eighteenth tee, requiring a four for a seventy-one. The position seemed even more secure when he hit a grand drive right down the middle of the fairway to within very easy reach of the green. Fry followed this gallantly enough, but he was a good deal further away from the hole when his ball came to rest. He played a beautiful shot, however, for his second to about four yards from the pin.

Taylor then startled himself and his caddy. His second, intended as a run up to the green, did not run very far and ran very crooked. His third, another easy shot, was very short indeed. Evidently deciding that this timidity did not become him, Taylor overran the hole with his fourth by at least two yards.

It was now Fry's turn and opportunity. There was never any doubt about it; the ball went straight into the back of the hole, meaning that he had accomplished a seventy-three and that Taylor had to hole his two yarder if, after all, he were to win.

It was a nasty one, too, and a bit of borrow had to be allowed for. But of such stuff is this Taylor made that he did hole the putt; it was a very near thing, however, and must have frightened him considerably. That it aged him in any way is inconceivable: H. E. Taylor is not subject to such a possibility.

The winner's seventy-two is a very fine score indeed, for Royal Wimbledon as it is now designed is a very difficult course to score on. Sidney Fry, only one stroke worse, has nothing to reproach himself with either. C. Wood, who accomplished a seventy-seven to finish third, also played well; this was the sort of score that most people thought would be good enough to win before the event started.

The course was in beautiful order, and the weather in an excellent mood.

Green Crawling.

A correspondent writes to me as follows: "With reference to your article entitled 'The Tortoise on the Golf Course,' let me say at the outset that I agree with every word of it. But you have committed one sin, and that a sin of omission. You say something about criticism being of no value unless it be constructive, and very rightly offer us some suggestions with regard to quickening up our play, but you apparently have a particular objection to what you term green crawling, and you do not suggest any method of getting over the

less and selfish, since nowadays there are always more players on a golf course during the week-ends than can conveniently be accommodated, and he is probably not keeping his place on the course.

The Omission Remedied.

But since, as I have already stated, I am prepared to grant that some people must of necessity take some time to see the correct line, and on occasion I can understand that a look from the other side of the hole may be of the utmost value, it is necessary for me to evolve some plan whereby this may be done both quickly and efficiently if I am to avoid my correspondent's censure. Obviously, of course, the whole question should be left to the good sense of every golfer playing the game; if each one will do these things quickly, instead of in the present all too prevalent prowling manner, nobody would have any complaint. But the following idea may be of some use in hastening up the process.

We will assume that Mr. A. is playing Mr. B. Both have played on to the green, and are now walking up towards it. They arrive to see their respective balls in the position shown in the accompanying diagram. It is obvious that A must play first; since he is farther away from the hole.

I suggest that B, seeing that his putt is a difficult one and may require careful scrutiny, should immediately walk to the position marked with a cross on the diagram, where he will in no way interfere with A while the latter putts, and whence he can be already studying the line from the hole end. A putts, and B then immediately crouches down, if he finds it necessary, in order to see the line more clearly, then walks to his ball and looks at the line in the ordinary way, and proceeds with the business of striking the ball.

Of course, this cannot always be done, as sometimes B would get in the line of sight of his opponent's putt, but it can very often be done with no inconvenience whatsoever to A. And in any case it is very seldom necessary to look at the line of a putt from both ends; when it is, this fact is usually obvious from the moment the player reaches the green and sees the position of his ball.

Conceited Committees.

A friend who read my article on "Conceited Committees" writes to say that on a certain championship course, in a certain year, the furthest back teeing grounds were in use, not unnaturally. But on some of these tees the line in front of which one may not tee one's ball was so far back on the tee itself that, since there was a wall or some other obstruction actually at the back of the tee, it was only just possible to swing a club. Even when there is nothing behind, the fact of the line being at the far end of the tee makes it probable that a player with a flat swing will find his clubhead come in contact with long grass. It is easy to see how this can baulk a man.



H. E. Taylor (left), the winner of the Veterans' Championship, and S. H. Fry, the runner up.

difficulty of finding the right line in one quick glance. Surely you don't mean to suggest that everyone can see the line to the hole at the very first look?"

My correspondent is right to assume that I had no intention of suggesting this. Some people undoubtedly can see the line to the hole at the first glance, and they are usually the best putters, since they do not concentrate so effectively on the line that they forget to hit the ball. But these people are lucky in having this knack; for the majority a careful study of the green is essential. My contention was that this study is now very frequently overdone; it is no exaggeration for me to say that I have often seen a man playing in a competition take a long look at the line of his putt from behind the ball, then walk very slowly to the other side of the hole and examine the line from that end, return towards his ball as if he were stalking it, take two or three practice swings with his putter, get down to it again from the original end, and then hit the ball. Since I am one of those people who think that no mortal

can do two things at one and the same time at all effectively, I contend that the player has now so completely blotted out from his mind any thought of anything but the line to the hole that there is no longer any room therein for such important considerations as keeping his eye on the ball and the distance which it is necessary to propel the ball. I also contend that the man who does this is thought-

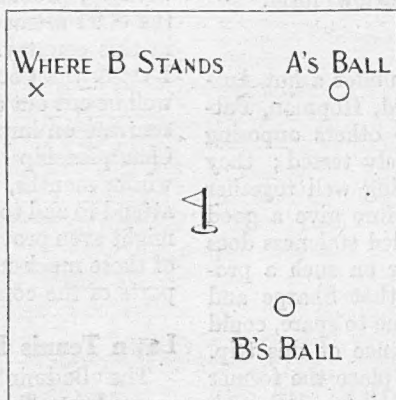
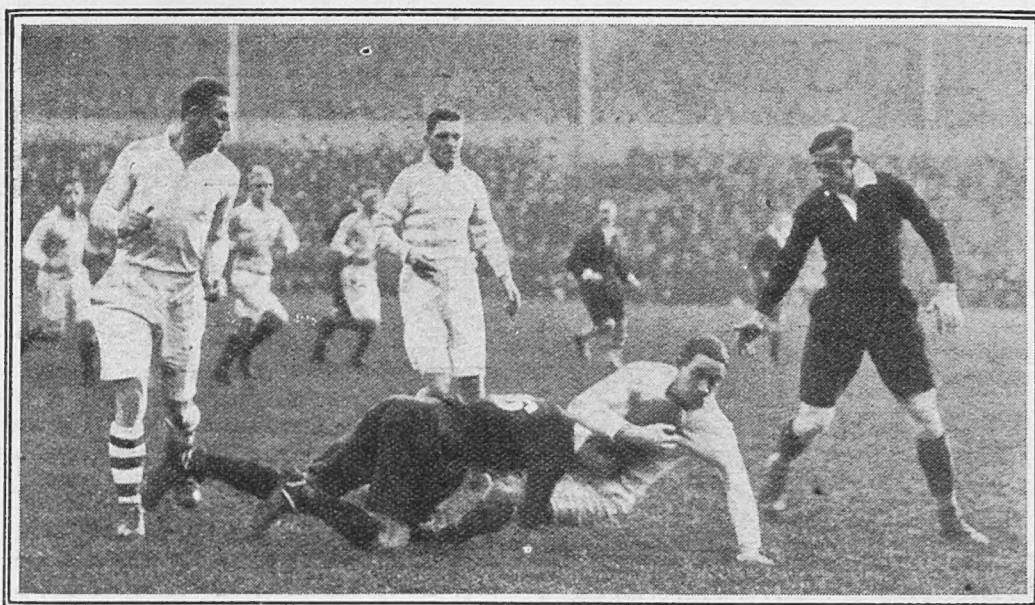


Diagram illustrating my remarks on speeding up play on the green.



"Well tackled, sir!" Aarvold (left) and Bowcott waiting for the ball to roll loose.

WELSH RUGBY HOPES

Will the Twickenham Record be Smashed?

By Mitford Brice

WALES has made many brave attempts to defeat England at Twickenham, but this great triumph has been denied her since Twickenham was opened in 1910—often enough by an exasperatingly small margin. What fierce joy there will be when that proud day arrives! What an outpouring of song! And why not? It will be a great achievement; good luck to her in her efforts.

England, at the moment, is the arch-enemy. Wales beat Scotland last season, France in 1927, and Ireland in 1926; England she has not defeated anywhere since 1922, when she beat her at Cardiff by the (to her) satisfactory score of 28 points to 6. In all her onslaughts on the Twickenham record she has never been so irritatingly near to success as she was in 1923. Those of us who saw the match can still remember Leo Price's try straight from the kick-off, and Smallwood's dropped goal that soared on and on like a golf drive, the ball keeping a low trajectory but seeming to rise in its flight the farther it travelled. That, however, is ancient if interesting history; Welsh eyes are now fixed on January 19th, when Wales has every expectation of bringing to Twickenham a team that will at last humble the Englishman on his own doorstep. She will have a young team, and there's nothing like young feet and hands for the accomplishment of brave deeds.

Artisan Talent.

For a long time Wales, in contrast to the other Unions, has made great use of her artisan talent; now there is a marked tendency to encourage her University players. For two reasons. In the first place, there are men at both Universities with Welsh qualifications who are playing Rugger with some distinction; in the second place, Wales is growing tired of nursing and training up her artisan players to international standard only to see them bought by the Northern Union at the end of it all.

This year's Welsh XV will in-

clude a leaven of Varsity players that should do it a power of good; and leaven has its uses! Rowe Harding, Turnbull, Windsor Lewis, Ivor Jones, W. G. Morgan, the two Roberts, Evans, Bowcott, Bartlett and Davies are all University players or ex-Blues, and are all possibles for their national team; and they offer a further inestimable advantage in the fact that some of them are in the habit of playing together.

In Wales last year hard words were used about the Welsh selectors; it was said that after the first match (the England match) the selectors fell into a panic from which they never recovered. It is certainly true that no less than 26 different players represented the Principality in the course of the season; and there should have been no need for heroic methods after that first match, since Wales was only beaten by J. V. Richardson's place kicking. However, a great effort is to be made this season to play football that is worthy of the glories of the past, and if only the best team is chosen Wales may well hold as good a chance of carrying off the championship as any of her rivals.

Possible Caps.

Her chief weakness promises to be her forwards, who, in the first trial at any rate, showed themselves (with the exception of Ivor Jones of Llanelli) to be a ragged lot; but outside the scrum there is the possibility of undoubted brilliance. As usual, Wales will have a good full-back, whomever she plays. The three-quarters are likely to be a fast, thrustful line; Roy Jones, J. Roberts, Guy Morgan and A. Jenkins are a fine lot of inside threes for a selection committee to choose from; while Gwyn Davies, D. Jones, Harding and Bowcott (who is capable of playing an excellent game anywhere outside the scrum) are wing threes well above the average. Nor should Wales be let down at half-back. The two Johns; Windsor Lewis and W. C. Powell, who are at their best when playing in partnership; young W. Roberts, who is quite as good as, and may eventually be better than, brother John—five splendid halves.

Cambridge.

The result of the Cambridge-Blackheath match can be ignored as a guide to form. Tom Devitt's unfortunate double fracture of the wrist, incurred during the first five minutes, spoilt the entire game from the point of view of its being a test for Cambridge. Apart from the fact that Blackheath lost the services of one of their best players, it weakened them where they most needed strength; with Devitt off the field, John Taylor was transferred to Devitt's wing on the right and Haydon was taken out of the pack to play on the left. This meant that Haydon had to mark the storm troops of the Cambridge attack, the Aarvold-Smeddle wing. That he found the task too heavy is no discredit to him; if anything wins the match for Cambridge it will be Aarvold and Smeddle's close backing up of each other; an understanding so excellent as this is as rare as it is effective. They are so good as a pair that Smeddle is almost certain to be played in the trials on this account, and must be in the running for an England Cap. But I must walk carefully; Aarvold tells me that I am too flattering about Cambridge. He is wrong. I have never "flattered" Cambridge in these columns, but I have said, and I say again what every Rugger man knows—that Aarvold himself is the best centre three-quarter England has had since the war. If Oxford lose, it is the ubiquitous Aarvold, not Cambridge, who will beat them.



Footwork by Oxford. W. W. Wakefield (in scrum cap) on the left.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

Ups and Downs in the Leagues

By ARTHUR NEWNHAM

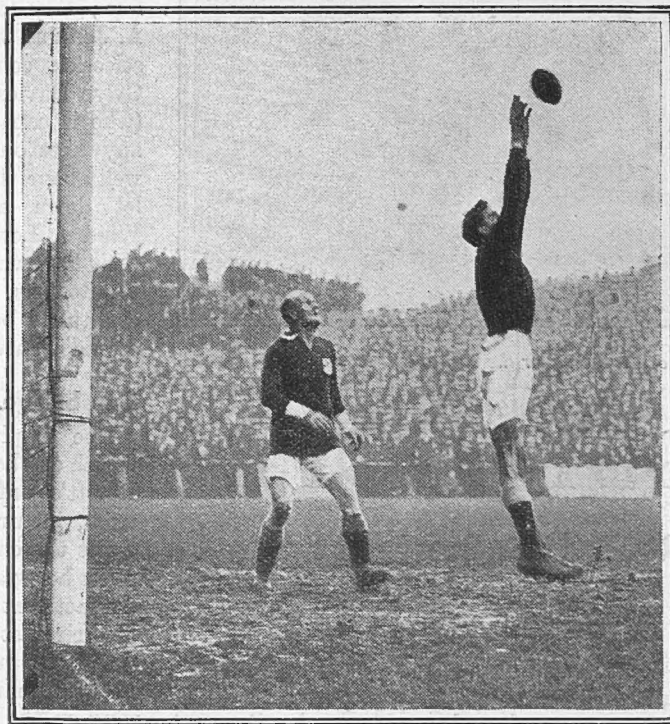
IT being a weakness of present day human nature to stress sensation at the expense of virtue, so in League football do rapid changes of fortune make a greater appeal to the popular mind than mere consistency.

The Soccer season is three months old to-morrow, and this seems a suitable moment in which to pause and draw breath amidst the helter-skelter of Saturday results and take some stock of the ups and downs of the different clubs.

The "Ups."

The most noticeable of the "ups," as compared with the end of last season, are Liverpool, who have risen from the 16th place to the 6th, and Sheffield Wednesday, from the 14th place to the 2nd, in Division I; Southampton from the 17th place to the 4th, Hull City from the 13th to the 2nd, and Notts County from the 15th to the 1st in Division II; Coventry City from the 20th to the 4th, and Wigan from the 20th to the 5th in Division III, South and North respectively.

The recent achievements of The Wednesday are beyond all praise. On November 1st, January 1st, February 1st, March 1st and April 1st of last season they occupied—unchallenged—in most cases—the last position in the First Division Table. Between March 24th and the last day of the season (May 5th) they played ten matches and suffered defeat in none of them, and to the astonishment and admiration of the football world saved themselves from what had appeared certain relegation. That this remarkable revival was no flash in the pan is shown by their



Wales saves against England—Russell "Stands by."

continued success this season; with nine matches won and only three lost, they are one point behind the leaders, Derby County, and they have the comfortable knowledge that nothing less than an avalanche can cause them the same anxieties that they suffered last winter. Indeed, it is quite possible that they may spend most of one season at the bottom of the table and most of the next season at the top!

In speaking of the "ups," mention must also be made of Leeds United, who, promoted this year from the 2nd Division, have already figured as leaders of the 1st Division and are still challengers for the leadership.

The "Downs."

Amongst the "downs" Bury and Huddersfield are outstanding in Division I. At the end of last season Huddersfield were 2nd and Bury 5th; to-day Huddersfield are 16th and Bury 22nd. The supporters of these two clubs, however, may find some comfort in the fact that this time last year Huddersfield were 11th and Bury were 17th; so that these teams would appear to come under the category of "slow starters." In Division II Swansea and Oldham were 6th and 7th respectively when last season's footer boots were oiled and put aside; to-day they occupy the 18th and 22nd place. In Division III (South) Brighton was 4th last season and is 18th to-day.

Such results emphasise the truth that there is no sure road to success in football; not even skill and shekels can command it. Team work, luck, freedom from injuries, clever management, good captaincy and a contented team—all these elements, acting separately and collectively, are the main ingredients of the pie that is called football success. Money and extreme cleverness of play may be added and may lend a touch of spice and kick; but the secret of every dish lies in its blending.

AUSTRALIA'S TEAM

Dr. R. H. BETTINGTON
NOT CHOSEN

THE team that has been selected to represent Australia in the first Test is a good team fore and aft but not a dangerous one. England should beat it and beat it handsomely.

The selectors have shown their faith in the "old hands," except in two or three cases such as Kippax and Don Bradman, who, if I may be forgiven the hackneyed expression, have selected themselves.

The selection of Ironmonger and Gregory is a notable confession of weakness. Ironmonger is over 40 and neither of them are now up to Test Match standard. The omission of Andrews weakens the fielding. Ryder's appointment as captain has surprised most people but seniority in test cricket constitutes a strong claim.

The batting as a whole is strong; the fielding fair; the bowling poor.

Dr. "Reg" Bettington, whose exclusive services were procured by BRITANNIA for the purpose of cabling expert commentaries on the Test Matches before he left England, has been unlucky, inasmuch as he does not figure in the Australian XI.

His "form" in the match just completed at Sydney must have commanded the earnest consideration of the Australian Selection Committee. By being the equally most successful bowler in England's first innings, he must have established a special claim at a moment when Australians are crying out for bowlers, bowlers all the time. It would have been stronger still had he held an easy caught and bowled from Tate on the second day. His last season's experience of English batsmen and bowlers is an asset that will yet be useful.

Dr. Bettington's Prophecy.

England must beware of Don Bradman. Only 20 years of age, the fact remains that he has scored nearly 400 runs for three times out against our bowlers. Before he left England, Bettington told me, "We have no young hopes amongst the bowlers; but watch Bradman." It seems that a prophet has honour in another man's country.

In the Sydney match, Mead and Tyldesley made a brave effort to establish their claims to inclusion in the Test Team, and they did great work for England. It is a pity they are so weak in the field.

Duckworth's wicket-keeping has commanded admiration on all sides. As I have often pointed out, he is superior to Ames as a wicket-keeper, and so long as our batsmen maintain their splendid form he may be played.

It may be a fool's game to prophesy when you are apt to be proved a liar within a fortnight; but courage is always worth while, so this is the team that I suggest will battle for old England on November 30th:—

Hobbs, Sutcliffe, Jardine, Hammond, Hendren, Leyland, Chapman, Tate, Larwood, White and Duckworth. It may not be the popular—according to the rest of the sporting Press—selection, but I doubt if there are more than two inaccuracies, and, in any case, the wicket-keeper and the last bowler are very open questions.

M. B.



*Grace and effectiveness.
A high shot saved by Spiers.*